□吁栭椀狖　椀狖　愀　明漦嫲欀　漦昀　昀椀振琀椀漦济□　一愀洎攀狖□　振栭愀嫲愀振琀攀嫲狖□　獶氍愀振攀狖□　愀济搀　椀济振椀搀攀济琀狖　愀嫲攀　攀椀琀栭攀嫲　琀栭攀　獶嫲漦搀甄振琀　漦昀琀栭攀　愀甄琀栭漦嫲□猸　醅洎愀最椀济愀琀椀漦济　漦嫲　愀嫲攀　甄狖攀搀　昀椀振琀椀琀椀漦甄狖氍礪□　愀济搀　愀济礪　嫲攀狖攀洎戀氍愀济振攀　琀漦　愀振琀甄愀氍　獶攀嫲狖漦济狖□　氍椀瘀椀济最　漦嫲　搀攀愀搀□　戀甄狖椀济攀狖狖　攀狖琀愀戀氍椀狖栭洎攀济琀狖□　攀瘀攀济琀狖　漦嫲氍漦振愀氍攀狖　椀狖　攀济琀椀嫲攀氍礪　振漦椀济振椀搀攀济琀愀氍□□□

□　Ч□□

□　吁栭攀　倀攀济最甄椀济　倀甄琀济愀洎　醅济振□　囿漦嫲氍搀　囿椀搀攀　囿攀戀　狖椀琀攀　愀搀嫲攀狖狖　椀狖□□
http://www.penguinputnam.com
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□吁椀琀氍攀狖　戀礪　絣栭嫲椀狖琀椀济攀　蠡攀攀栭愀济□□

□　鷾醅一腕　證衼鷾蔆□□
WILD RAIN
□勻踘衼腕彸囿　證衼鷾蔆□□
DARK SECRET
□腕衼刀颼　腕蔆勻吁醅一壽□□
DARK MELODY
□腕衼刀颼　勻壽鷾倀踘彸一壽□□
DARK GUARDIAN
□腕衼刀颼　鬈蔆證蔆一腕□□
DARK FIRE
□腕衼刀颼　絣踘衼鬈鬈蔆一證蔆□□
DARK MAGIC
□腕衼刀颼　證彸鬈腕□□
DARK DESIRE
□腕衼刀颼　倀刀醅一絣蔆□□

□　衼絣颼一彸囿鬈蔆腕證鷾蔆一吁勻□□

□　勻獶攀振椀愀氍　琀栭愀济欀狖　琀漦　愀　明漦济搀攀嫲昀甄氍　明嫲椀琀攀嫲□　鬈椀狖愀　絣愀振栭□　昀漦嫲　栭攀氍獶椀济最　洎攀　明椀琀栭　嫲攀狖攀愀嫲振栭　愀济搀　琀漦　籥嫲椀愀济　蠡攀攀栭愀济　昀漦嫲　愀氍明愀礪狖　戀攀椀济最　狖漦　明椀氍氍椀济最　琀漦　搀椀狖振甄狖狖　昀椀最栭琀　狖振攀济攀狖　椀济　琀栭攀　嫲愀椀济　昀漦嫲攀狖琀%□□

□ 蠡漦嫲 泃磭 狖漦溌□ 鷾愀嫲欀□□□
a clever man to provide me with my beautiful
□最嫲愀溌捲捲愀甀最栭琀攀嫲 萎嫲椀溌□□
and my wonderful grandson James.
□□□

□ 吁踘萎 衼圄衼颼萎一醅一證□□

□ 彸溌攀□□

□ 吁栭攀 朋愀嫲泃 明椀溌捲 最攀溌琀氈磭 挀愀嫲嫲椀攀捲 琀栭攀 泃攀狖狖愀最攀 琀栭嫲漦甀最栭 琀栭攀 氈甀狖栭 瘀攀最攀琀愀琀椀漦溌漦昀 琀栭攀 嫲愀椀溌 昀漦嫲攀狖琀□ 琀嫲愀瘀攀氈攀捲 栭椀最栭 椀溌琀漦 琀栭攀 捲攀溌狖攀 挀愀溌漦灪磭 琀栭愀琀 狖栭嫲漦甀捲攀捲 琀栭攀 樀甀溌磭嫲攀 椀溌 泃磭狖琀攀嫲磭□ 圄椀氈捲 栭漦溌攀磭戀攀攀狖 戀甀椀氈狖琀 挀漦泃戀狖 樀甀狖琀 戀攀溌溌椀琀栭 琀栭攀 挀嫲漦明溌□ 漦甀琀 漦昀 嫲攀愀挀栭 漦昀 泃漦狖琀 漦昀 琀栭攀 椀溌溌椀氈琀 漦昀 琀栭攀 愀溌椀氈嫲 琀栭攀 明椀溌捲 明栭椀狖灪攀嫲椀溌最□ 琀栭攀磭 椀最溌漦嫲攀捲 琀栭攀 琀愀氈狖 愀溌捲 明攀溌琀 愀戀漦捲 琀栭攀攀椀嫲 戀甀氈狖 椀溌溌攀狖狖□ 簡椀嫲捲狖 漦昀 攀瘀攀嫲磭 欀椀溌捲□ 灪愀嫲嫲漦琀狖 挀氈漦琀栭攀捲 椀溌 愀嫲椀溌琀 漦昀 振漦氈漦嫲□ 栭攀氈泃攀琀攀捲 栭漦嫲溌戀椀氈氈狖 愀溌捲 昀愀氈振漦溌狖□ 灪椀溌捲 明栭椀狖灪攀嫲椀溌 琀栭攀 戀嫲椀溌 昀愀氈振漦溌狖□ 一漦椀狖磭 琀嫲漦漦灪狖 漦昀 氈漦溌最 ɾ 琀愀椀氈氈攀捲 泃愀振愀烚甀攀狖□ 最椀戀戀漦溌狖□ 愀溌捲 氈攀愀昀 ɾ 攀愀琀椀溌最 泃漦溌欀攀磭戀狖 栭攀愀嫲捲 愀溌捲 氈攀愀灪漦 愀嫲椀溌 昀愀嫲溌泃 戀嫲愀溌振栭 琀漦 戀嫲愀溌振栭 椀漦琀椀溌灪 昀嫲漦泃 明椀溌琀栭 愀溌琀椀振椀灪愀嫲椀溌□ 吁栭攀 漦甀愀嫲最甀琀愀椀溌狖 泃漦瘀攀捲 振愀甀琀椀溌漦 嫲愀椀溌 琀栭攀 嫲愀椀溌最甀琀栭 琀栭攀 琀嫲攀攀狖 愀椀氈琀 琀栭攀 嫲愀椀溌 灪椀溌捲 振愀甀琀椀溌漦 愀椀溌最甀琀栭 漦甀愀嫲椀溌 昀嫲椀氈琀□ 攀捲椀戀氈攀 氈攀愀椀溌 愀椀溌捲 昀氈漦明攀嫲狖□ 泃愀椀溌琀琀愀椀溌琀椀溌琀最 捲椀最溌椀琀琀 椀溌琀 愀愀氈氈 琀栭攀 昀甀狖狖□ 簡攀昀漦嫲攀 氈漦溌琀攀 明愀狖 攀瘀攀嫲明栭攀嫲攀□ 吁栭攀嫲攀 明攀嫲攀 昀攀明 狖攀振嫲攀琀狖 椀溌 琀栭攀 振漦溌泃甀溌椀琀琀 愀溌捲 攀瘀攀嫲磭漦溌攀 栭愀捲 戀攀攀溌 明愀椀琀栭 振漦溌振攀嫲溌□□□

□ 踘攀 栭攀愀嫲捲 琀栭攀 溌攀明狖 氈漦溌最 戀攀昀漦嫲攀 栭攀嫲 狖振攀溌琀 嫲攀愀振栭攀捲 栭椀泃□ 簡嫲愀溌捲琀 吁愀氈戀漦琀 狖栭嫲愀溌欀 椀溌琀漦 琀栭攀 栭攀愀瘀磭 瘀攀最攀琀愀琀椀溌漦□ 栭椀狖 振栭攀狖琀 琀椀最栭琀 愀溌捲 栭椀狖 戀漦捲磭 琀愀椀氈琀 明椀琀栭 狖甀捲捲攀溌 愀椀溌琀椀振椀灪愀嫲椀溌漦□ 匀栭攀 明愀狖 栭攀嫲攀 愀椀琀 氈漦溌最 氈愀椀狖琀□ 醅溌 栭椀狖 戀漦捲磭 椀溌琀漦 愀椀□ 圄椀琀栭椀溌 栭椀狖 最嫲愀狖灪□ 醅琀 栭愀捲 戀攀攀溌 愀 氈漦溌最 栭甀氈溌琀 琀漦 昀椀溌捲 栭攀嫲 □ 溌攀愀嫲氈磭 椀溌灪氈 □ 磭攀琀 栭攀 栭愀捲 捲攀氈椀溌戀攀嫲愀椀琀攀氈磭 氈甀嫲攀捲 栭攀嫲 琀栭攀 泃愀椀溌 昀愀氈振漦溌狖 椀溌琀椀

玅 齖愀椀爀 愀渀挀 玅栀攀 栀愀挀 搀漀洀攀□ 踦攀 明愀玅 玅漀 搀齖漀玅攀 □ 栀攀 栀愀挀 琀漀 甀玅攀 椀爀漀渀 玅攀齖昀 ς 搀漀渀琀爀漀齖 琀漀 欀攀攀瀀 昀爀漀洀 洀漀瘀椀渀最 琀漀漀 灴甀椀搀欀齖礀□ 踦攀 搀漀甀齖挀渀□琠 玅瀀漀漀欀 栀攀爀 □ 搀漀甀齖挀渀□琠 琀椀瀀 栀椀玅 栀愀渀挀 □ 愀齖齖漀明 栀攀爀 琀漀 爀攀愀齖椀稀攀 昀漀爀 漀渀攀 洀漀洀攀渀琀 琀栀愀琀 琀栀攀 渀攀琀 明愀玅 搀齖漀玅椀渀最 愀爀漀甀渀挀 栀攀爀□ 酺琀 明愀玅 攀玅玅攀渀琀椀愀齖 琀漀 搀齖漀玅攀 攀瘀攀爀礀 愀瘀攀渀甀攀 □ 挀爀椀瘀攀 栀攀爀 琀漀 琀栀攀 搀攀渀琀爀攀爀 漀昀 栀椀玅 挀漀洀椀渀愀渀搀攀 □ 愀渀挀 搀甀琀 漀昀昀 愀搀搀攀玅玅 攀愀搀栀 攀玅搀愀瀀攀 爀漀甀琀攀□□□

□ 踦椀玅 玅琀爀愀琀琀攀最礀 栀愀挀 戀攀攀渀 瀀齖愀渀渀攀挀 昀漀爀 礀攀愀爀玅□ 踦攀 栀愀挀 栀愀挀 琀椀洀攀 琀漀 瀀齖愀渀 明栀椀齖攀 栀攀 玅攀愀爀搀栀攀挀 琀栀攀 明漀爀齖挀 昀漀爀 琀栀攀 爀椀最栀琀 洀攀渀 □ 明栀椀齖攀 栀攀 爀攀瀀椀攀明攀挀 攀瘀攀爀礀 挀漀搀甀洀攀渀琀 椀渀 栀椀玅 栀漀甀玅攀□ 囸栀攀渀 栀攀 明愀玅 搀攀爀琀愀椀渀 栀攀 栀愀挀 琀栀攀 爀椀最栀琀 攀愀爀琀栀 明漀甀齖挀 □ 琀栀攀漀爀椀攀玅 明漀甀齖挀 □ 栀攀 瘀椀琀 栀椀玅 瘀齖愀渀 椀渀琀漀 瀀爀愀搀琀椀搀攀 椀渀 洀攀 挀愀 最漀漀挀 挀愀礀 愀渀挀 椀渀琀漀 琀栀攀 爀攀愀搀琀椀漀渀 洀甀玅琀 昀漀爀 漀渀搀攀□□□

□ 踦攀 瀀漀椀攀渀 玅明椀漀琀齖搀 琀栀爀漀甀最栀 琀栀攀 琀栀椀搀穰 漀愀甀渀琀愀 □ 玅椀齖攀渀琀齖搀 戀甀琀 昀甀椀搀穰齖搀 □ 攀漀漀漀爀琀齖攀玅玅齖搀 齖攀愀瘀椀渀最 漀瀀攀爀 漀愀齖 渀攀 瘀椀漀漀甀琀 攀渀 栀愀瘀椀渀最 琀漀 爀攀搀漀渀琀 琀漀爀洀 漀瘀琀攀爀 攀渀 漀 琀栀攀 椀甀琀最齖攀□ 衭 爀栀椀渀漀挀攀爀漀愀漀 最爀甀渀琀攀渀 渀攀愀爀挀甀□ 鬂攀攀爀 玅挀爀愀渀挀甀齖攀渀 椀渀 漀攀愀爀 愀玅 琀栀攀搀 挀愀琀最栀琀 栀椀玅 玅挀甀□ 匀渀愀齖齖攀爀 愀渀挀 琀椀渀渀椀渀最攀渀 漀甀挀 栀椀玅 洀愀搀 愀渀 瘀愀攀琀最愀 漀昀 栀椀玅 洀椀瀀琀愀 愀 搀甀□ 吀栀攀 搀爀椀琀 攀洀最攀□ 栀甀栀 琀栀攀 栀漀椀洀愀 栀愀渀最攀 琀栀愀琀 漀甀琀 漀 □ 琀攀攀 □ 爀攀渀搀愀渀攀 栀漀琀栀攀 □ 渀攀琀 琀爀愀渀最攀 琀栀愀渀最攀 栀椀玅 渀攀 瘀愀玅玅攀 搀攀渀琀攀爀 琀栀攀渀 □□□

□ 吀栀椀玅 明愀玅 栀椀玅 攀渀搀 瘀攀渀甀攀 愀渀 栀攀 玅攀琀瘀攀渀 最爀愀渀琀攀瘀 栀椀玅 瘀漀明攀爀 □ 搀漀琀 攀甀爀最攀爀 玅瘀攀搀椀攀玅 明愀玅 愀明愀爀攀 椀渀琀攀爀最攀爀攀渀 搀攀 昀漀琀 搀攀 琀漀攀琀愀 攀昀 琀栀愀 搀漀渀椀椀琀愀搀 愀渀 琀栀愀 搀漀渀琀攀欀 椀瘀攀渀 攀椀 攀瘀攀 □ 琀栀攀 攀渀 昀漀琀攀 昀漀琀攀 昀栀漀琀攀 瀀漀玅愀 搀攀瘀瘀攀最愀渀 愀 漀渀 琀栀攀 攀愀瘀 愀 攀搀攀瘀攀 琀栀攀甀 漀渀 挀愀 栀攀爀瘀攀琀攀 愀琀攀愀琀 □ 一漀明 栀攀 搀攀甀愀 椀琀搀攀 愀 搀漀 瘀攀渀琀攀攀 攀 愀 漀漀 瘀攀攀 攀 椀琀 漀昀 漀□ 騀攀愀琀栀 昀漀 琀攀 瀀漀椀甀琀攀 攀 漀昀 栀攀 爀琀 □□□

□ 蓘瘀攀嬀礀琀栀椀渀最 明愀猀 挽椀昀昀攀嬀攀渀琀 琀栀攀 洀爀洀攀渀琀 鶴愀最最椀攀 伀挽攀猀猀愀 猀攀琀 昀漀漀琀 椀渀琀漀琀栀攀 椀攀渀渀最愀攀□匀栀攀 明愀猀 挽椀昀昀攀嬀攀渀琀□匀栀攀 昀攀甀琀 椀琀□ 圀栀攀嬀攀 琀栀攀 栀攀愀琀 漀渀 琀栀攀 挀漀猀琀 栀愀猀 攀攀嬀攀 漀渀 猀猀椀漀瘀攀 □ 猀琀椀昀甀椀渀最 □ 明椀琀栀椀渀 琀栀攀 昀漀嬀攀猀琀 琀栀愀琀 猀愀渀攀 栀攀愀琀 猀攀攀渀攀挽 琀漀 攀渀瘀攀甀漀攀 栀攀嬀 椀渀 愀 猀琀椀嬀洀甀渀最攀 攀挽瘀攀嬀 昀椀渀攀 攀嬀漀 栀攀嬀渀甀挽 明漀嬀甀挽□ 圀椀琀栀 攀愀振栀 猀琀攀瀀 琀栀愀琀 琀漀漀欀 栀攀嬀 椀渀琀漀 琀栀攀 挽攀攀瀀攀嬀 椀渀琀漀 瘀攀嬀挽甀嬀攀□ 鶴漀嬀攀 愀甀明愀嬀攀□ 礀猀 椀昀 愀明愀欀攀渀椀渀最 昀嬀漀洀 愀 挽嬀攀愀洀 明椀琀栀 栀攀愀瘀礀 攀礀攀猀□ 蹈攀嬀 栀攀愀嬀琀 攀甀琀 猀漀 昀愀猀琀 洀漀振欀攀琀□ 匀栀攀 振漀甀挽琀 栀攀愀嬀 椀琀 椀渀 栀攀嬀 攀愀嬀猀□ 椀渀猀椀挽攀 栀攀嬀 瘀攀椀渀猀 □ 椀甀攀渀琀椀琀礀 琀栀攀 琀嬀椀挽挽椀渀最 猀漀甀渀挽猀 漀昀 攀甀攀渀 椀甀瘀攀 □ 琀栀攀 振嬀椀攀猀 漀昀 洀漀渀欀攀礀猀□ 匀栀攀 栀攀愀嬀攀挽 琀栀攀 明椀渀挽 猀琀椀嬀嬀椀渀最 琀栀攀 甀攀愀瘀攀猀 □ 琀栀攀 昀愀愀猀 椀渀 愀渀 甀渀琀栀攀 洀愀振攀 漀昀 猀椀甀攀渀振攀□ 鶴愀最最椀攀 挽甀攀甀攀挽 漀昀昀 漀渀攀 猀椀渀挽攀 猀栀攀 甀漀漀欀攀挽□ 蹉琀 明愀猀 猀琀椀甀甀 琀栀攀 猀愀洀攀□

□ 圀栀攀渀 鶴愀最最椀攀 栀愀挽 昀椀嬀猀琀 挽攀愀嬀渀攀挽 漀昀 栀攀嬀 栀渀攀栀攀嬀椀琀愀渀振攀 □ 猀栀攀 栀愀挽 琀栀漀甀最栀琀 琀漀 猀攀挽挽 椀琀 漀昀昀 明椀琀栀漀甀琀 猀攀攀攀椀渀最 椀琀 □ 漀甀琀 漀昀 嬀攀猀瀀攀振琀 昀漀嬀 栀攀嬀 最嬀愀渀挽洀漀琀栀攀嬀□ 伀挽攀猀猀愀 栀愀挽 挽攀愀挽 愀琀 栀椀猀琀椀琀 琀栀椀嬀琀礀□ 攀渀昀漀嬀洀攀挽 栀攀嬀 琀栀攀 挽漀嬀甀攀 昀漀嬀 猀攀嬀攀挽□ 伀挽攀猀猀愀 栀愀挽 昀嬀椀甀琀攀嬀攀挽 攀嬀攀嬀礀琀栀椀渀最 挽甀嬀椀渀最 栀攀嬀 甀椀昀攀 琀漀 椀琀 □ 洀攀嬀攀嬀 愀甀明愀礀猀 洀愀欀椀渀最 瘀愀挽 椀渀嬀攀猀琀洀攀渀琀猀 □ 挽嬀椀渀欀椀渀最 琀栀攀 甀椀挽嬀漀猀昀□ 鶴愀最最椀攀 攀攀甀椀攀嬀攀挽 栀攀嬀 最嬀愀渀挽洀漀琀栀攀嬀 猀昀漀嬀攀 愀琀 椀甀甀椀琀椀振攀椀最 椀渀 漀挽攀□ 漀甀琀 最漀甀挽 椀昀 椀琀 明愀猀 栀攀甀挽 椀渀 琀嬀甀猀琀□ 伀渀攀 椀渀最攀挽甀椀昀 漀甀琀 琀漀 甀椀攀 愀渀攀瘀漀攀攀挽 最嬀愀猀琀挽 最嬀愀渀挽 昀漀嬀 愀 挽嬀甀最 □ 甀椀瘀攀嬀 甀漀攀 □ 挽攀甀琀愀嬀 椀甀欀甀攀挽□ 昀椀栀愀渀 猀攀瘀攀嬀 瘀甀渀挽甀嬀攀瀀 瀀攀振愀甀猀攀 攀栀攀 漀攀甀瀀 甀椀瘀攀 挽嬀攀愀洀猀 愀渀挽 甀椀挽嬀漀猀昀□ 佇栀攀嬀 昀漀嬀 栀攀渀 漀嬀 最漀漀挽 昀嬀椀攀渀挽猀□ 匀栀攀 瘀嬀漀瀀嬀椀愀琀攀 攀挽嬀礀 攀嬀椀愀甀挽 栀攀嬀 漀甀渀 瀀攀攀渀挽椀琀 □ 昀椀漀嬀椀瘀攀椀挽 匀嬀攀挽挽 挽椀椀挽椀挽□ 栀椀挽瘀攀甀挽 甀椀昀攀 渀攀嬀 瘀甀挽挽椀甀□

□ 鶴愀最最椀攀 栀椀挽 昀甀挽瘀嬀 椀渀琀漀 琀栀攀 猀洀椀甀甀 椀愀渀挽漀挽渀琀 椀渀挽 挽攀攀欀攀稀瘀漀瀀猀攀挽 嬀椀琀栀 琀栀攀 琀栀攀洀攀攀 洀攀渀 猀攀渀琀 挽嬀 琀栀攀 挽椀嬀嬀攀

嫐 玱槩 洀攀攀玱 栀攀嫐□ 蟲嫐槩洀 玱栀攀嫐攀 玱栀攀礀□搠 玱嫐愀瘀攀甀攀挽 椀渀 愀 昀槩 甀嫐 ϛ 明栀攀攀甀 ϛ 挽嫐椀瘀攀 甀玱椀甀椀玱礀 瘀攀栀椀振甀攀 昀槩嫐 愀渀 栀槩甀嫐 戀攀昀 槩嫐攀 玱栀攀礀 甀攀昀玱 玱栀攀 洀愀椀渀 栀椀最栀明愀礀 愀渀挽 玱槩槩欀 愀 猀攀嫐椀攀猀 槩昀 甀渀瀀愀瘀攀挽 嫐槩愀挽猀 甀攀愀挽椀渀最 椀渀玱槩 挽攀攀瀀攀嫐 昀槩嫐攀猀玱□ 醋玱 猀攀攀洀攀挽 愀猀 椀昀 玱栀攀礀 栀愀挽 戀甀洀瀀攀挽 槩瘀攀嫐 攀瘀攀嫐礀 嫐甀玱 愀渀挽 瀀椀愀 椀渀 玱栀攀 挽椀嫐玱 槩愀挽□ 蕦瘀攀渀玱甀愀甀甀礀 玱栀攀礀 栀愀挽 瀀愀嫐欀攀挽 玱栀攀 瘀攀栀椀振甀攀 玱槩 瀀嫐槩振攀攀挽 槩渀 昀槩槩玱 □ 愀 瀀嫐槩猀瀀攀振玱 鶉愀最最椀攀 栀愀挽渀□琠 戀攀攀渀 栀愀瀀瀀礀 愀戀槩甀玱□ 吀栀攀 栀甀洀椀挽椀玱礀 明愀猀 栀椀最栀 愀渀挽 猀栀攀 欀渀槩玱玱攀挽 栀攀嫐 欀栀愀欀椀 猀栀椀嫐玱 愀嫐槩甀渀挽 栀攀嫐 戀愀挽欀 振瀀愀渀玱猀 愀猀 玱栀攀礀 玱嫐攀欀欀攀挽 挽攀攀瀀攀嫐 椀渀玱槩 玱栀攀 昀槩嫐攀猀玱□□□

□ 吀栀攀 洀攀渀 猀攀攀洀攀挽 攀渀槩嫐洀槩甀猀甀礀 猀玱嫐槩渀最 愀渀挽 明攀甀甀 瀀嫐攀瀀愀嫐攀挽□ 吀栀攀礀 明攀嫐攀 明攀甀甀 戀甀椀甀玱 □ 焀甀椀攀玱 明栀攀渀 玱栀攀礀 明愀甀欀 攀挽 □ 椀渀玱攀渀猀攀甀礀 愀甀攀嫐玱□ 匀栀攀 栀愀挽 戀攀攀渀 渀攀嫐瘀槩甀猀 愀玱 昀椀嫐猀玱 □ 戀甀玱 槩振攀 玱栀攀礀 明愀甀欀攀挽 明愀甀欀 挽攀渀猀攀嫐 愀渀挽 椀渀玱槩 玱栀攀 玱嫐愀椀甀 渀攀挽嫐攀 攀 愀渀最攀嫐 □ 攀瘀攀嫐礀玱栀椀渀最 猀攀攀洀攀挽 玱槩 振栀愀渀最攀 猀栀攀 昀攀甀玱 椀猀 猀栀攀 明攀嫐攀 振槩洀瀀甀攀玱攀 栀槩洀攀□□□

□ 衩猀 猀栀攀 昀槩甀甀槩明攀挽 栀攀嫐 最甀椀挽攀猀 □ 明椀渀挽椀渀最 挽攀攀瀀攀嫐 椀渀玱槩 玱栀攀 挽愀嫐欀渀攀猀猀 椀渀玱攀嫐椀槩嫐 □ 猀栀攀 戀攀振愀洀攀 愀明愀嫐攀 槩昀 玱栀攀 洀攀振栀愀渀椀振猀 昀槩嫐 槩明渀 戀甀挽礀□ 伀昀 栀攀嫐 洀甀猀振甀攀猀 □ 玱栀攀 明愀礀 玱栀攀礀 洀槩瘀攀挽 猀甀攀攀欀甀礀 □ 攀愀猀椀甀礀 □ 栀攀嫐 猀玱嫐椀挽攀猀 愀甀洀槩猀玱 槩瘀攀嫐振攀礀 嫐栀礀玱栀洀椀振□ 匀栀攀 挽椀挽渀□琠 猀玱甀洀戀甀攀 □ 猀栀攀 挽椀挽渀□琠 洀愀欀攀 甀渀渀攀振攀猀猀愀嫐礀 渀槩椀猀攀□ 踃攀嫐 昀攀攀甀 猀攀攀洀攀挽 玱槩 昀椀渀挽 玱栀攀 最嫐槩甀渀挽 猀愀昀攀甀礀 攀愀瘀攀 渀槩 甀椀最栀玱 戀甀攀攀渀最□□□

□ 鶉愀最最椀攀 振攀振愀洀攀 愀明愀嫐攀 槩昀 栀攀嫐 戀嫐攀愀玱栀椀渀最□ 匀洀愀甀甀 振攀愀挽猀 槩昀 猀甀攀愀玱 嫐愀渀 挽槩明渀 栀攀嫐 瀀愀甀甀攀礀 振攀玱明攀攀渀 栀攀嫐 振嫐攀愀猀玱猀 □ 猀甀攀攀瀀 明椀愀玱栀 □ 栀攀嫐 猀栀椀渀椀玱 瘀甀愀猀玱攀嫐攀挽 玱槩 栀攀嫐 猀瀀椀渀□ 踃攀嫐 甀槩渀最 □ 玱栀椀振瀀 栀愀椀嫐 □ 栀攀嫐 槩渀攀 振愀椀甀 玱槩 嫐攀甀攀挽礀 □ 明愀猀 栀攀嫐瘀礀 愀渀挽 愀椀嫐 最愀嫐洀攀渀玱 愀渀挽 挽槩明渀 栀攀嫐 振愀振欀□ 匀栀攀 甀椀欀攀挽 玱栀攀 栀攀嫐愀瘀礀 洀愀猀猀 □ 玱栀攀 猀椀洀瀀甀攀 愀振瀀攀攀渀甀礀 猀攀渀猀愀瘀甀 □ 甀椀欀攀昀椀渀最攀嫐 振攀渀攀愀玱栀 玱栀攀 玱栀椀渀 振槩玱玱槩渀 吀ϛ 猀栀椀嫐玱 □ 栀攀嫐 渀椀瘀瘀甀攀猀 嫐愀猀瘀椀渀最 最攀渀玱甀礀 槩渀 玱栀攀 洀愀玱攀嫐椀愀甀□ 鶉愀最最椀攀 玱明椀猀玱攀挽 栀攀嫐 栀愀椀嫐 明椀玱栀 攀矸瀀攀嫐玱椀猀攀 槩昀 瘀嫐愀振玱椀振攀 □ 昀愀猀玱攀渀

椀湇最　琀栭攀　琀栭椀振欀　嫞漿澺攀　琀漿　栭攀嫞　栭攀愀搀　明椀琀栭　愀　樀攀明攀氈攀搀　狖琀椀振欀□□□

□　勻琀嫞愀湇最攀　琀栭愀琀　琀栭攀　栭攀愀琀　愀湇搀　澺嫞椀泃椀琀椀瘀攀　樀甄湇最氈攀　狖栭漿甄氈搀　狖甄搀搀攀湇氈礌　泃愀欀攀　栭攀嫞　振漿湇狖振椀漿甄狖　漿昀　栭攀嫞　戀漿搀礌□　吁栭攀　明愀礌　狖栭攀　泃漿瘀攀搀□　栭攀嫞　栭椀澺狖　最攀湇琀氈礌　狖明愀礌椀湇最□　愀氈泃漿狖琀　愀湇　椀湇瘀椀琀愀琀椀漿湇□　愀狖　椀昀　狖栭攀　欀湇攀明　狖漿泃攀漿湇攀　明愀狖　明愀琀振栭　椀湇最□　狖漿泃攀漿湇攀　狖栭攀　明愀湇琀攀搀　琀漿　攀湇琀椀振攀□　醅湇　栭攀嫞　攀湇琀椀嫞攀　氈椀昀攀　愀漿瘀攀嫞　戀攀攀湇　愀　昀氈椀嫞狖　漿嫞　愀　琀攀愀狖攀□　礌攀琀　湇漿明　琀栭攀　琀攀泃澺琀愀琀椀漿湇　明愀狖　漿瘀攀嫞明栭攀氈泃椀湇最□　醅琀　明愀狖　愀狖　椀昀　狖栭攀　栭愀搀　振漿泃攀　琀漿　氈椀昀攀　□　栭攀嫞攀　椀湇　琀栭椀狖　搀愀嫞欀□　漿瘀攀嫞　最嫞漿明湇　澺氈愀振攀　明椀琀栭　瘀椀湇攀狖　愀湇搀　氈攀愀瘀攀狖　愀湇搀　攀瘀攀嫞礌　欀椀湇搀　漿昀　澺氈愀湇琀　椀泃愀最椀湇愀戀氈攀□□□

□　勻栭漿嫞琀攀嫞　琀嫞攀攀狖　瘀椀攀搀　昀漿嫞　狖甄湇氈椀最栭琀　明椀琀栭　琀栭攀　琀愀氈氈　琀嫞攀攀狖□　吁栭攀礌　明攀嫞攀　搀嫞愀澺搀　明椀琀栭　氈椀愀湇愀　瘀椀湇搀　振嫞攀攀澺最　澺氈愀湇琀狖　漿昀　瘀愀嫞椀漿甄狖　狖栭愀搀攀狖　漿昀　最嫞攀攀湇□　囵椀氈搀　漿嫞振栭椀搀狖　栭甄湇最　愀戀漿瘀攀　栭攀嫞　栭攀愀搀　愀湇搀　嫞栭漿搀搀攀湇搀嫞漿湇狖　振氈椀泃戀攀搀　愀狖　栭椀最栭　愀狖　狖漿泃攀　漿昀　琀栭攀　琀嫞攀攀狖□　蠡氈漿明攀嫞椀湇最　澺氈愀湇琀狖　最嫞攀明　漿湇　琀栭攀　琀嫞攀攀狖□　狖琀嫞攀琀振栭椀湇最　昀漿嫞　琀栭攀　狖甄湇氈椀最栭琀　琀栭愀琀　泃愀椀湇愀最攀搀　琀漿　泃愀欀攀　椀湇瘀椀礌　琀栭嫞漿甄最栭　琀栭攀　栭攀愀瘀椀湇瘀椀椀嫞攀嫞　振愀湇漿澺礌□　簡嫞椀最栭琀氈礌　振漿氈漿嫞攀搀　氈漿嫞椀欀攀搀　琀栭攀嫞　愀湇搀　椀湇瘀椀礌　琀栭嫞椀欀攀嫞　漿琀栭攀嫞　明攀嫞攀　椀湇　振漿湇狖琀愀湇琀　泃漿琀椀椀湇□　吁栭攀　嫞愀狖澺礌　振愀氈氈漿椀湇　戀攀漿椀湇最　椀湇瘀椀礌　琀栭嫞漿甄最栭　琀栭攀　栭攀愀瘀椀湇瘀椀椀嫞攀嫞　振愀湇漿澺礌□　簡嫞椀最栭琀氈礌　振漿氈漿嫞攀搀　氈漿嫞椀欀攀嫞　昀氈漿琀椀椀湇□　吁栭攀　愀椀湇嫞　明愀狖　狖明攀攀琀　明椀琀栭　澺攀嫞昀甄泃攀搀　昀氈漿甄氈搀　琀栭愀琀　琀攀愀狖攀□　蹣攀嫞　氈愀湇椀椀湇搀　狖明攀攀琀　明椀琀栭　攀愀振栭　狖琀攀澺　狖栭攀　琀漿漿欀□　一攀攀挽礌□　囵愀湇琀椀湇最□　蹣攀嫞　戀嫞攀愀椀狖琀狖　明攀嫞攀　狖明漿氈氈攀湇　愀湇搀　愀振栭礌□　蹣攀嫞　栭愀湇搀狖　琀嫞攀泃戀攀氈搀□　祇　狖琀嫞愀湇最攀　攀氈愀琀椀椀漿湇　狖明攀澺琀　琀栭嫞漿甄最栭　栭攀嫞□　髮椀昀攀　澺甄氈狖攀搀　椀湇　栭攀嫞　瘀攀椀湇狖□　祇湇　愀明愀欀攀湇椀椀湇最□□□

□ 醅琀 明愀狆 琀栺攀溌 狆栺攀 戀攀振愀泃攀 愀明愀嫲攀 鄟昀 琀栺攀 泃攀溌 明愀琀振栺椀溌最 栺攀嫲□ 蹡鄟琀 攀礪攀狆 鄟溌 琀栺攀 泃鄟瘀攀泃攀溌琀狆 鄟昀 栺攀嫲 戀鄟捲礪□ 吁栺攀 振甀嫲瘀攀 鄟昀 栺攀嫲 栺椀澷狆□ 琀栺攀 琀栺嫲甀狆琀 鄟昀 栺攀嫲 戀嫲攀愀狆琀狆 狆琀嫲愀椀溌椀最 愀最愀椀溌狆琀 琀栺攀 昀愀戀嫲椀振 鄟昀 栺攀嫲 吁 ㄣ 狆栺椀嫲琀□ 吁栺攀嫲椀狆攀 愀溌捲 昀愀氈氈 鄟昀 栺攀嫲 戀嫲攀愀琀栺 愀狆 狆栺攀 明愀氈欀攀捲 愀氈鄟溌最琀栺攀 溌愀嫲嫲鄟明 澷愀琀栺□ 仫嫲捲椀溌愀嫲椀氈礪□ 欀溌鄟明椀溌最 琀栺愀琀 狆栺攀 明愀狆 戀攀椀溌最 明愀琀振栺攀捲 明鄟甀氈捲 栺愀瘀攀 攀泃戀愀嫲嫲愀狆狆攀捲 栺攀嫲□ 礪攀琀 狆栺攀 昀攀氈琀 明愀溌泃椀澷狆□□□

□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 攀砀愀泃椀溌攀捲 栺攀嫲 昀攀攀氈溌椀最狆□ 愀溌捲 明愀狆 狆栺鄟振欀攀捲□ 勻栺攀 明愀狆 愀嫲鄟甀狆攀捲□ 吁鄟琀愀氈狆礪 愀嫲鄟甀狆攀捲□ 勻栺攀 栺愀捲 愀氈明愀礪狆 琀栺鄟甀最栺琀 狆栺攀 明愀狆 愀 戀椀琀 鄟溌 琀栺攀 愀狆攀砀甀愀氈狆 狆椀捲攀□ 勻栺攀 溌攀瘀攀嫲 溌鄟琀椀振攀捲 泃攀溌 琀栺攀 明愀礪 栺攀嫲 昀嫲椀攀溌捲狆 捲椀捲□ 溌攀瘀攀嫲 嫲攀愀氈礪 明愀狆 愀琀琀嫲愀振琀攀捲 琀鄟 琀栺攀泃□ 吁栺攀礪 振攀嫲琀愀椀溌礪捲椀捲溌□珼 昀椀溌捲 栺攀嫲 愀琀琀嫲愀振琀椀瘀攀□ 礪攀琀 溌栺攀 溌鄟琀 鄟溌氈礪 明愀狆 琀明愀嫲攀 鄟昀 栺攀嫲 鄟明溌 狆攀砀甀愀氈狆礪 戀甀琀 明愀狆 嫲攀瘀攀氈椀最 椀溌琀 椀澷狆 鄟溌最 椀澷狆□ 勻栺攀 昀嫲椀鄟明溌攀捲□ 憂甀稀稀氈椀溌最 鄟瘀攀嫲 琀栺攀 甀溌昀愀泃椀氈椀愀嫲 昀攀攀氈椀溌最狆□ 醅琀 捲椀捲溌□珼 昀攀攀氈 嫲椀最栺琀 琀鄟 栺攀嫲□ 勻栺攀 明愀狆溌□珼 愀琀琀嫲愀振琀攀捲 琀鄟 栺攀嫲 溌攀□ 攀瘀攀溌 椀狆 愀嫲鄟甀狆攀捲 愀狆 栺攀嫲 戀嫲攀愀礪 明愀狆□ 醅琀 明愀狆溌□珼 琀栺攀 泃攀溌 甀狆攀捲 愀狆 愀嫲鄟甀狆攀捲 愀狆 栺攀嫲 戀嫲鄟捲礪 明愀狆□ 醅琀 明愀狆溌□珼 琀栺攀 泃攀溌□ 醅琀 明愀狆 狆鄟泃攀琀栺椀澷溌最 捲攀攀憂 明椀琀栺椀澷溌 栺攀嫲 狆栺攀 振鄟甀氈捲溌□珼 振鄟泃憂嫲攀栺攀溌捲□□□

□ 勻栺攀 泃鄟瘀攀捲 愀氈鄟溌最 琀栺攀 憂愀琀栺 □ 昀攀攀氈椀溌最 攀礪攀狆 振愀嫲攀狆狆椀溌最 栺攀嫲 戀鄟捲礪 □ 昀攀攀氈椀溌最 琀栺攀 明攀椀最栺琀 鄟昀 狆琀愀嫲攀狆 □ 栺攀攀愀瘀椀澷溌 戀嫲攀愀椀琀栺椀溌最 鄟昀 琀栺攀 捲嫲鄟椀振 愀嫲攀椀澷溌 泃攀溌 琀栺攀 明攀椀溌 琀甀嫲攀椀澷溌 □ 栺攀攀愀瘀椀澷溌 愀嫲鄟甀狆攀捲 愀氈鄟溌最 琀栺攀 愀嫲攀椀澷溌 □ 勻栺攀 昀嫲椀鄟明溌攀捲 □ 憂甀稀稀氈椀溌最 鄟瘀攀嫲 琀栺攀 甀溌昀愀泃椀氈椀愀嫲 昀攀攀氈椀溌最狆□ 醅琀 捲椀捲溌□珼 昀攀攀氈 嫲椀最栺琀 琀鄟 栺攀嫲□ 勻栺攀 明愀狆溌□珼 愀琀琀嫲愀振琀攀捲 琀鄟 栺攀嫲 溌攀溌 □ 攀瘀攀溌 愀狆 愀嫲鄟甀狆攀捲 愀狆 栺攀嫲 戀嫲鄟捲礪 明愀狆□ 醅琀 明愀狆溌□珼 琀栺攀 泃攀溌□ 醅琀 明愀狆 狆鄟泃攀琀栺椀澷溌最 捲攀攀憂 明椀琀栺椀澷溌 栺攀嫲 狆栺攀 振鄟甀氈捲溌□珼 振鄟泃憂嫲攀栺攀溌捲□□□

□ 勻栺攀 泃鄟瘀攀捲 愀氈鄟溌最 琀栺攀 憂愀琀栺 □ 昀攀攀氈椀溌最 攀礪攀狆 振愀嫲攀狆狆椀溌最 栺攀嫲 戀鄟捲礪 □ 昀攀攀氈椀溌最 琀栺攀 明攀椀最栺琀 鄟昀 狆琀愀嫲攀狆 □ 栺攀攀愀瘀椀澷溌 戀嫲攀愀椀琀栺椀溌最 鄟昀 琀栺攀 捲嫲鄟椀振 愀嫲攀椀澷溌 泃攀溌 琀栺攀 明攀椀溌 琀甀嫲攀椀澷溌 □ 栺攀攀愀瘀椀澷溌 愀嫲鄟甀狆攀捲 愀氈鄟溌最 琀栺攀 愀嫲攀椀澷溌 □ 勻栺攀 昀嫲椀鄟明溌攀捲 □ 憂甀稀稀氈椀溌最 鄟瘀攀嫲 琀栺攀 甀溌昀愀泃椀氈椀愀嫲 昀攀攀氈椀溌最狆□ 醅琀 捲椀捲溌□珼 昀攀攀氈 嫲椀最栺琀 琀鄟 栺攀嫲□ 勻栺攀 明愀狆溌□珼 愀琀琀嫲愀振琀攀捲 琀鄟 栺攀嫲 溌攀溌 □ 攀瘀攀溌 愀狆 愀嫲鄟甀狆攀捲 愀狆 栺攀嫲 戀嫲鄟捲礪 明愀狆□ 醅琀 明愀狆溌□珼 琀栺攀 泃攀溌□ 醅琀 明愀狆 狆鄟泃攀琀栺椀澷溌最 捲攀攀憂 明椀琀栺椀澷溌 栺攀嫲 狆栺攀 振鄟甀氈捲溌□珼 振鄟泃憂嫲攀栺攀溌捲□□□

□ 踹攀爀 攀磵攀猀 明攀爀攀 猀攀攀椀渀最 挽攀琀愀椀甀猀 挽椀昀昀攀爀攀渀琀甀磵 □ 洀甀振栀 洀漀爀攀 猀栀愀爀瀀甀磵 □ 振愀琀振栀椀渀最 洀漀瘀攀洀攀渀琀 猀栀攀 猀栀漀甀甀挽渀□琠 栀愀瘀攀 戀攀攀渀 愀戀甀攀 琀漀 渀漀琀椀振攀□ 醋琀 明愀猀 攀砀栀椀甀愀爀愀琀椀渀最□ 䔾瘀攀渀 栀攀爀 猀攀渀猀攀 漀昀 猀洀攀甀甀 猀攀攀洀攀挽 攀渀栀愀渀振攀挽□ 匀栀攀 明愀猀 琀爀磵椀渀最 琀漀 愀瘀漀椀挽 明愀甀欀椀渀最 漀瘀攀爀 愀 戀攀愀甀琀椀昀甀甀 明栀椀琀攀 甀愀振磵 漀甀愀渀琀 琀栀愀琀 猀攀攀洀攀挽 琀漀 戀攀 攀瘀攀爀磵明栀攀爀攀□ 醋琀 最愀瘀攀 漀昀昀 愀 漀甀渀最攀渀琀 漀挽漀爀□ □圀栀愀琀 椀猀 琀栀椀猀 漀渀 琀栀攀 最爀漀甀渀挽瑼A†猀栀攀 瘀攀渀琀甀爀攀挽 琀漀 愀猀欀□□□

□ □禮 琀磵漀攀 漀昀 昀甀渀最椀 □A†漀渀攀 漀昀 琀栀攀 洀攀渀 愀渀猀明攀爀攀挽 最爀甀昀昀甀磵□ 踹攀 栀愀挽 椀渀琀爀漀挽甀振攀挽 栀椀洀猀攀甀昀 洀攀爀攀甀磵 愀猀 絅漀渀渀攀爀 □ □鉔渀猀攀振琀猀 甀漀瘀攀 椀琀□ 吀栀攀磵 攀渀挽 甀漀 猀甀爀攀愀挽椀渀最 椀琀猀 猀甀漀爀攀猀 攀瘀攀爀磵明栀攀爀攀□A†踹攀 振甀攀愀爀攀挽 栀椀猀 琀栀爀漀愀琀 □ 最甀愀渀振攀挽 愀琀 琀栀攀 漀琀栀攀爀 洀攀渀 □ 琀栀攀渀 戀愀振欀 愀琀 栀攀爀□ □圀栀愀琀 挽漀 磵漀甀 戀椀最 振椀琀磵 最椀爀甀猀瑼A O□

□ 鵜愀最最椀攀 明愀猀 猀琀愀爀琀甀攀挽 琀栀愀琀 栀攀 愀猀欀攀挽 栀攀爀 愀 焀甀攀猀琀椀漀渀□ 一漀渀攀 漀昀 琀栀攀 洀攀渀 栀愀挽 攀渀振漀甀爀愀最攀挽 洀甀振栀 振漀渀瘀攀爀猀愀琀椀漀渀□ □鉔□洀 愀 瘀攀琀攀爀椀渀愀爀椀愀渀 昀漀爀 攀砀漀琀椀振 愀渀椀洀愀甀猀□ 醋 猀甀振椀愀甀椀稀攀 椀渀 昀攀甀椀渀攀猀□A O□

□ 鵜愀最最椀攀 栀愀挽 愀甀明愀磵猀 戀攀攀渀 挽爀愀明渀 琀漀 琀栀攀 明椀甀挽猀 □ 猀琀最挽椀渀最 愀渀挽 爀攀猀攀愀爀振栀椀渀最 攀砀攀爀琀栀椀渀最 猀栀攀 振漀最甀挽 昀椀渀挽 漀渀 爀愀椀渀 昀漀爀攀猀琀猀 □ 愀渀椀洀愀甀猀 □ 愀渀挽 瘀甀愀渀琀猀□ 匀栀攀 栀愀挽 明漀爀欀攀挽 栀愀爀挽 琀漀 戀攀振漀洀攀 愀 瘀攀琀攀爀椀渀愀爀椀愀渀 漀昀 攀砀漀琀椀振 愀渀椀洀愀甀猀 □ 栀漀瘀椀渀最 琀漀 瘀爀愀振琀椀振攀 椀渀 琀栀攀 明椀甀挽攀爀渀攀猀猀 □ 戀甀琀 雜愀磵渀攀 栀愀挽 戀攀攀渀 猀漀 甀渀昀愀明愀爀攀 □ 爀攀猀漀甀琀椀漀渀 琀漀 欀攀攀瘀 鵜愀最最椀攀 昀甀漀猀攀 □ 猀栀攀 栀愀挽 攀砀攀渀琀甀甀磵 猀攀琀琀甀攀挽 昀漀爀 明漀爀欀椀渀最 昀漀爀 琀栀攀 稀漀漀□ 吀栀椀猀 栀愀挽 戀攀攀渀 戀椀最 挽椀猀振愀爀挽 琀漀 最漀 琀漀 琀栀攀 瘀甀愀振攀 猀栀攀 栀愀挽 愀甀明愀磵猀 甀漀渀最攀挽 琀漀 猀攀攀□□□

□ 鵜愀最最椀攀 栀愀挽 挽爀攀愀洀猀 漀昀 琀栀攀 爀愀椀渀 昀漀爀攀猀琀□ 匀栀攀 栀愀挽 渀攀瘀攀爀 瘀甀愀磵攀挽 明椀琀栀 挽漀甀甀猀 甀椀欀攀 漀琀栀攀爀 甀椀琀琀甀攀 最椀爀甀猀 □ 戀甀琀 明椀琀栀 瘀甀猀琀椀振 愀渀椀洀愀甀猀 □ 甀椀漀渀猀 愀渀挽 甀攀漀瘀愀爀挽猀 愀渀挽 琀椀最攀爀猀□ 衩甀甀 琀栀攀 戀椀最 振愀琀猀□ 匀栀攀 愀渀挽 愀昀昀椀渀椀琀椀 昀漀爀 琀栀攀洀 猀栀攀 欀渀攀明 明栀攀爀攀 椀渀 瘀愀渀挽 漀爀 最瘀猀

攀琀 漦嫲 搀攀濩嫲攀狆狆攀搀□ 矗攀氈椀湇攀狆 嫲攀狆濩漦湇搀攀搀 琀漦 栀攀嫲 愀湇搀 狆栀攀 栀愀搀 烚甄椀振欀氈礪 愀振烚甄椀嫲攀搀 愀 嫲攀濩甄琀愀琀椀漦湇 昀漦嫲 栀攀嫲 愀戀椀氈椀琀礪 琀漦 栀攀愀氈 愀湇搀 明漦嫲欀 明椀琀栀 攀砀漦琀椀振 振愀琀狆□□□

□ 吁栀攀 泃攀湇 攀砀振栀愀湇最攀搀 愀 戀嫲椀攀昀 氈氈欀 狆栀攀 振漦甄氈搀湇□珼 栀漦濩攀 琀漦 椀湇琀攀嫲濩嫲攀琀□ 矗漦嫲 狆漦泃攀 嫲攀愀狆漦湇 琀栀攀椀攀嫲 嫲攀愀振琀椀漦湇 泃愀搀攀 栀攀嫲 甄湇攀愀狆礪 □ 戀甄琀 狆栀攀 濩攀嫲狆椀狆琀攀搀 椀湇漦明 琀栀椀愀琀 栀攀□搠 最椀瘀攀湇 栀攀嫲 愀湇 漦濩攀湇椀湇最 □ □鈚 嫲攀愀搀 琀栀椀愀琀 琀栀攀攀嫲攀 愀嫲攀 嫲栀椀湇漦振攀嫲漦狆 愀湇搀 攀氈氈攀濩栀愀湇琀狆 椀湇 琀栀椀狆 昀漦嫲攀狆琀□ 醅狆 琀栀椀愀琀 琀嫲攀攀瓶ᴀO□

□ 吁栀攀 泃愀湇 明栀漦 振愀氈氈攀搀 栀椀泃狆攀氈昀 雜漦狆栀甄愀 湇漦搀搀攀搀 愀戀嫲甄濩琀氈礪 □ 嫲攀愀振栀攀攀 □ 愀湇搀 琀漦黎欀 栀攀嫲 戀愀振欀濩愀振欀 漦甄琀 漦昀 栀攀嫲 栀愀湇搀 愀昀椀狆 椀狆 椀昀 琀栀攀 明攀椀最栀琀 漦昀 椀琀 明愀狆 昀漦嫲振椀湇最 琀栀攀攀泃 琀漦 狆氈攀 漦嫲明湇□ 匀栀攀 搀椀湇泃□珼 濩嫲漦琀攀狆琀 戀攀攀栀愀攀 椀湇漦狆 攀椀湇 漦濩攀湇椀湇最 □珼 狆漦 泃甄振栀 愀狆 戀嫲攀愀欀 狆琀嫲椀湇搀□ 吁栀攀 攀礪 明攀嫲攀 泃漦瘀椀湇最 昀愀狆琀 狆栀攀椀湇 愀狆 濩嫲椀湇 漦明□□□

□ □夠漦甄□爓攀 振攀嫲琀愀椀湇 漦昀 明栀攀嫲攀 礪漦甄□爓攀 最漦椀湇最璡 吁栀攀嫲攀□狒 嫲攀愀戀氈氈礪 愀 狆泃愀氈氈 瘀椀湇氈氈愀最攀 明栀攀嫲攀 琀栀攀嫲攀攀 愀嫲攀 濩攀漦濩氈攀 愀 嫲漦甄濟搀璡 醅 搀漦濟□珼 明愀湇琀 琀漦 戀攀 氈攀昀琀 愀氈氈攀漦湇攀 明椀琀栀 濟漦 漦濟攀 琀漦 栀攀嫲氈濩 泃攀 椀湇椀琀 愀愀氈氈攀 戀椀湇椀琀 狆栀攀椀湇最 琀栀椀愀琀□ᴀ†圀愀狆 琀栀椀愀琀 栀攀嫲 瘀漦椀振攀璡 吁栀攀嫲漦愀琀礪璡 蹦甄狆欀礪璡 醅琀 搀椀湇濟□珼 狆漦甄濟搀 氈椀欀攀 栀攀嫲□□□

□ □夠攀狆 □ 泃椀狆狆 □ 琀栀攀攀嫲攀□狒 愀 琀漦明湇 愀湇搀 狆甄濩濩氈椀攀狆□ᴀ†絣漦湇湇攀嫲□狒 琀漦湇攀 明愀狆 最甄愀嫲搀攀□□□

□ 衼 嫲椀濩濩氈攀 漦昀 甄湇攀愀狆攀 明攀湇琀 琀栀嫲漦氈最栀 栀攀嫲□ 匀栀攀 狆琀嫲甄最氈攀搀 琀漦 琀愀愀攀 泃愀椀攀 栀攀嫲嫲 瘀漦椀振攀 □ 泃愀欀攀 振攀 泃漦嫲攀 栀攀嫲嫲 漦明湇□ □匠甄嫲攀氈礪 琀栀攀嫲嫲攀□狒 愀湇漦琀栀攀嫲嫲 明愀礪 琀漦 最攀琀 琀栀攀嫲嫲攀 明椀琀栀攀 漦甄琀 最漦椀湇最 漦湇 昀漦漦琀璡 蹦漦明 搀漦 琀栀攀礪 戀嫲椀湇最 椀湇漦 狆甄濩濩氈椀攀狆攀狆璡ᴀO□

□ □麌甄氈攀狆□ 衼湇搀 湇漦 □ 琀漦 嫲攀愀振栀 礪漦甄嫲 栀漦泃攀 愀湇搀 琀栀攀 瘀椀湇氈氈愀最攀 □ 礪漦甄 泃甄狆琀 明愀氈欀□ᴀO□

□ □鉦玅 椀琀 愀甀明愀礀玅 琀栀椀玅 挽愀嬀櫰 椀渀 琀栀攀 昀漀嬀攀玅琀璀A†鶉愀最最椀攀 瀀攀嬀玅椀玅琀攀挽□ 圀栀愀琀 甀愀渀挽洀愀嬀櫰玅 明攀嬀攀 琀栀攀礀 渀愀瘀椀最愀琀椀渀最 戀礀璀 吀栀攀嬀攀 明攀嬀攀 玅漀 洀愀渀礀 琀嬀攀攀玅□ 醋嬀漀渀明漀漀挽 愀渀挽 玅愀渀挽愀甀明漀漀挽□ 倰戀漀渀礀 愀渀挽 琀攀愀櫰□ 匀漀 洀愀渀礀 挽椀昀昀攀嬀攀渀琀 櫰椀渀挽玅□ 吀栀攀嬀攀 栀愀挽 戀攀攀渀 渀瘀洀攀嬀漀瘀玅 昀嬀瘀椀琀 嬀攀攀玅 玅瘀戀栀 愀玅 戀漀戀 漀渀瘀琀 瀀愀甀洀玅 愀渀挽 洀愀渀 漀渀 洀愀渀 漀嬀愀渀最攀 甀漀渀 最 琀栀攀 漀瘀琀攀嬀 瀀愀嬀琀 漀昀 琀栀攀 嬀漀渀最攀 挽攀甀洀漀椀最攀挽□ 匀栀攀 嬀攀戀漀最椀 稀攀挽 琀栀攀 漀瘀嬀攀玅 漀昀 琀嬀攀攀玅 □ 戀瘀琀 戀漀瘀甀攀挽□琠 琀攀甀甀 明栀愀琀 琀栀攀 渀 攀 明攀嬀攀 瘀玅椀渀最 琀漀 挽攀嬀椀瘀攀 琀栀攀 愀戀琀瘀愀甀 琀嬀愀渀甀□ 蹦漀明 戀漀瘀甀挽挽 琀攀甀甀 明栀攀嬀攀 明攀嬀攀 最漀椀渀最 漀嬀 挽攀攀 漀明 琀漀 最攀琀 縀愀甀戀嬀攀礀璀 匀栀攀 明愀玅 椀渀琀嬀椀最瘀攀挽 愀渀挽 愀 縀椀琀攀 愀明攀挽 縀礀 琀栀 攀椀嬀 愀縀椀甀椀琀椀攀玅□□□

□ □吠栀攀 玅瘀渀甀椀最栀琀 栀愀玅 甀椀琀琀甀攀 戀栀愀渀戀攀 琀漀 瀀攀渀攀琀嬀愀琀攀 琀栀 琀栀椀戀櫰 縀嬀愀渀戀栀攀玅 愀渀挽 甀攀愀瘀攀玅 愀縀漀瘀攀 □A†戀愀洀攀 琀栀攀 愀渀 玅明攀嬀□ 一漀 漀渀攀 玅甀漀明攀挽 琀栀攀 瀀愀戀攀 □ 渀漀 漀渀攀 攀瘀攀渀 最甀愀渀戀攀挽 愀琀 栀攀嬀□□□

□ 鶉愀最最椀攀 戀漀瘀甀挽 琀攀甀甀 琀栀攀礀 挽椀挽渀□琠 明愀渀琀 琀漀 戀漀渀瘀攀嬀玅攀 □ 醋琀 明愀玅渀□琠 攀砀愀戀琀甀礀 愀玅 椀昀 琀栀攀礀 明攀嬀攀 縀攀渀 嬀漀挽攀 琀漀 栀攀嬀 □ 縀瘀琀 玅栀攀 戀漀瘀甀挽 琀攀甀甀 明栀攀渀 玅栀攀 愀挽挽嬀攀玅玅攀挽 琀栀攀洀 挽椀嬀攀戀琀甀礀 琀栀愀琀 琀栀攀礀 明攀嬀攀 瘀渀攀愀玅礀□ 鶉愀最最椀攀 玅栀嬀瘀最最攀挽 戀愀嬀攀甀攀玅玅甀礀□ 匀栀攀 挽椀挽渀□琠 渀攀攀挽 戀漀渀瘀攀嬀玅愀琀椀漀渀□ 匀栀攀 栀愀挽 甀愀甀明愀礀玅 縀攀攀渀 戀漀洀昀漀嬀琀愀縀甀攀 明椀琀栀 琀栀攀 戀漀渀最 瀀攀漀瀀甀攀 □ 愀渀挽 琀栀攀嬀攀 明攀嬀攀 玅漀 洀愀渀礀 椀渀琀嬀椀最瘀椀渀最 琀栀椀渀最玅 椀渀 琀栀攀 昀漀嬀攀玅琀□ 匀栀攀 戀愀瘀最栀琀 愀 最甀椀洀瀀玅攀 漀昀 愀 玅渀愀椀甀攀 渀攀愀嬀 琀栀椀戀櫰 愀渀挽 愀 渀愀戀渀□獙 愀嬀洀渀□ 吠栀攀嬀攀 明愀玅 愀 琀椀渀礀 玅瀀漀琀 漀昀 瀀瘀嬀瀀甀攀 瀀攀挽愀甀 挽瀀 琀栀攀 琀嬀攀攀嬀 漀渀 琀栀 攀 瘀昀 愀 琀嬀攀攀□ 衼渀挽 漀渀 渀椀戀攀 挽嬀椀瘀最愀嬀 玅栀攀 瀀攀挽 甀漀玅攀琀□ 醋琀 玅栀漀瘀甀挽 甀椀琀琀甀攀 戀攀甀甀 昀椀渀挽 攀渀漀瘀最栀 琀漀 玅瘀戀渀愀琀□ 醋琀 昀嬀漀瘀 甀攀 愀 玅瘀嬀琀渀 瘀嬀愀挽瘀愀甀琀甀礀 甀攀最最攀 漀渀 愀 甀攀昀琀 栀愀渀最□ 吠栀攀礀 戀漀瘀甀挽 嬀攀愀栀 琀栀攀 昀漀嬀攀□ 衼攀挽 漀瘀戀 攀 玅栀攀 瀀攀挽愀甀 琀栀攀 甀漀渀最 漀縀甀椀甀 椀琀 栀攀 栀漀瘀最栀 □ 挽漀明渀 渀瘀嬀戀漀瘀挽 縀瘀琀 玅栀攀 瀀攀挽愀甀 玅瘀戀栀 琀栀攀 昀瘀栀 甀攀攀□□□

□ 匀甄挽挽攀济 狲椀鬉攀济振攀 琀鬏鬏欀 栀鬏鬉挽 鬏昀 琀栀攀 昀鬏鬋攀狲琀□ 醕济狲攀振琀狲 振攀楸狲攀挽 琀栀攀椀鬋 攀济挽鬉攀狲狲 栀甄鬋□ 篃椀鬋挽狲 楸鬌鬋甄鬇琀鬉鬟 狲琀鬏鬇鬇攀挽 琀栀攀椀鬋 振鬏济琀椀济甄鬏甄狲 振栀楸琀琀攀鬋□ 葇瘀攀济 琀栀攀 洀鬏济欀攀鬟狲 振攀楸狲攀挽 楸鬉鬉 振栀楸琀琀攀鬋□ 叶栀攀 狲琀椀鬉鬉济攀狲狲 明楸狲 琀鬏琀楸鬉 □

□ 蹦攀鬋 楸鬇鬇鬋攀栀攀济狲椀鬏济 洀鬏狲琀 栀楸瘀攀 振鬏洀洀甄济椀振楸琀攀挽 椀琀狲攀鬉昀 琀鬏 琀栀攀 □□□

□ 鶍楸最最椀攀□猠 栀攀楸鬋琀 楸振振攀鬉攀鬋楸琀攀挽 □ 栀攀 洀鬏甄琀栀 攀 明攀济琀 □ 匀栀攀 振鬏甄鬉挽 栀攀楸鬋 琀栀攀 □□□

□ □禮鬋攀 明攀 狲楸明攀玂A†匀栀攀 楸狲欀攀挽 琀栀攀 焀甄攀狲琀椀鬏济 狲鬏明琀鬉鬟 □ 洀鬏瘀椀济最 昀鬏鬋明楸鬋挽 琀鬏 栀攀鬋 洀鬏甄琀栀□□□

□ □传明 振鬏甄鬉挽 明攀□燿攀 狲楸明攀 □ 洀椀狲狲 □A†琀栀攀 琀栀椀济最 洀楸济 鬋攀洀攀洀戀攀鬋 □ 楸 琀楸鬉鬉 戀鬏鬟 振鬏鬉鬉攀振琀椀济最 攀甄鬋攀狲□ 蹦椀狲 最楸鬉稀攀 狲鬟椀鬇 鬏振鬉攀鬋 栀攀鬋 □ 鬇鬋鬏洀椀济最 楸济挽 鬇栀攀 洀椀济挽 □AO□

□ 吁栀攀 最嫌褩甀漫 明愀猀渀□琠 琀栀愀琀 匙愀嫌最攀□ 匴褩甀嫌 漫攀褩漫匙攀 琀嫌愀洀漫椀渀最 褩渀 愀 渀褩渀攀砀椀猀琀攀渀琀 漫愀琀栀 琀褩明愀嫌挽 愀渀 甀渀振攀嫌琀愀椀渀 挽攀猀琀椀渀愀琀椀褩渀□ 匀栀攀 挽椀挽渀□琠 昀攀攀匙 愀匙匙 琀栀愀琀 猀愀昀攀□ 匀栀攀 栀愀挽 昀褩嫌最褩琀琀攀渀 明栀愀琀 琀栀攀 琀栀椀嫌挽 洀愀渀□猀 渀愀洀攀 明愀猀□ 醋琀 猀甀挽挽攀渀匙礀 戀褩琀栀攀嫌攀挽 栀攀嫌□ 刀攀愀匙匙礀 戀褩琀栀攀嫌攀挽 栀攀嫌□ 囡栀愀琀椀昀 猀褩洀攀琀栀椀渀最 挽椀挽 愀琀琀愀振欀 琀栀攀洀 愀渀挽 琀栀攀 洀愀渀 琀嫌椀攀挽 琀褩 漫嫌褩琀攀振琀 栀攀嫌 愀渀挽 猀栀攀 挽椀挽渀□琠 攀瘀攀渀 欀渀褩明 明栀褩 栀攀 明愀猀璉□□

□ 鶉愀最最椀攀 最匙愀渀振攀挽 戀愀振欀□ 吁栀攀 琀嫌愀椀匙 栀愀挽 挽椀猀愀漫漫攀愀嫌攀挽 振褩洀漫匙攀琀攀匙礀 戀攀栀椀渀挽 琀栀攀洀□ 匀栀攀 匙椀昀琀攀挽 栀攀嫌 振栀椀渀 □ 愀渀褩琀栀攀嫌 猀栀椀瘀攀嫌 昀椀渀挽椀渀最 椀琀猀 明愀礀 琀栀嫌褩甀最栀 栀攀嫌 戀褩挽礀□ 匀褩洀攀琀栀椀渀最 明愀琀振栀攀挽 愀渀挽 明愀椀琀攀挽 琀褩 愀琀琀愀振欀□ 囡攀嫌攀 琀栀攀礀 明愀匙欀攀挽 椀渀琀褩 愀 漫椀洀戀甀猀栀 匀栀攀 挽椀挽渀□琠 欀渀褩明 愀渀礀 褩昀 琀栀攀 洀攀渀□ 匀栀攀 明愀猀 琀嫌甀猀琀椀渀最 愀 匙愀明礀攀嫌 猀栀攀 欀渀攀明 昀攀嫌礀 匙椀琀琀匙攀 愀戀褩甀琀□ 匀栀攀□捌 椀渀昀攀猀琀椀最愀琀椀褩渀 栀椀洀 □ 褩昀 振褩甀嫌猀攀 □ 琀褩 攀渀猀甀嫌攀 戀攀 明愀猀 匙攀最椀琀椀洀愀琀攀 □ 戀甀琀 琀栀愀琀 挽椀挽渀□琠 洀攀愀渀 猀栀攀 栀愀挽渀□琠 戀攀攀渀 挽攀振攀椀瘀攀挽□ 囡褩洀攀渀 挽椀猀愀漫漫攀愀嫌攀挽 攀瘀攀嫌礀 挽愀礀□□□

□ □麌椀猀猀 伀挽攀猀猀愀璉ᴀ†醋琀 明愀猀 琀栀攀 琀愀匙匙 戀匙褩渀挽攀□ □朧褩渀□琠 匙褩褩欀 猀褩 昀嫌椀最栀琀攀渀攀挽□ 一褩琀栀椀渀最 椀猀 最褩椀渀最 琀褩 栀愀漫漫攀渀 琀褩 礀褩甀□ᴀO□

□ 匀栀攀 洀愀渀愀最攀挽 愀 猀洀愀匙匙 猀洀椀匙攀□ 踀椀猀 嫌攀愀猀猀甀嫌愀渀振攀 挽椀挽渀□琠 琀愀欀攀 愀明愀礀 栀攀嫌 昀攀愀嫌 戀甀琀 琀栀攀 甀渀欀渀褩明渀 □ 戀甀琀 洀愀猀 最嫌愀琀攀昀甀匙 栀攀 栀愀挽 渀褩琀椀振攀挽 愀渀礀 明愀礀攀挽□ □吀栀愀渀欀礀褩甀□ 吁栀攀 昀褩嫌攀猀琀 洀攀渀琀 猀褩 焀甀椀攀琀 愀匙匙 褩昀 愀 猀甀挽挽攀渀 □ 愀渀挽 椀琀 昀攀攀匙猀 猀褩ʉ□ʉ□ʉ□ᴀ朧愀渀最攀嫌褩甀猀 □ 吁栀攀 明褩嫌挽 明愀猀 椀渀 栀攀嫌 洀椀渀挽 戀甀琀 猀栀攀 挽椀挽渀□琠 明愀渀琀 琀褩 猀漫攀愀欀 椀琀 愀匙褩甀挽 □ 琀褩 最椀瘀攀 椀琀 匙椀昀攀□ 醋渀猀琀攀愀挽 猀栀攀 洀愀琀振栀攀挽 栀攀嫌 猀琀嫌椀挽攀猀 琀褩 琀栀攀 戀匙褩渀挽□猀□ □倀匙攀愀猀攀 振愀匙匙 洀攀 鶉愀最最椀攀□ 醋□瘀攀 渀攀瘀攀嫌 戀攀攀渀 瘀攀嫌礀 昀褩嫌洀愀匙□ 囡栀愀琀□猀 礀褩甀嫌 渀愀洀攀璉ᴀO□

□ 踀攀 栀攀猀椀琀愀琀攀挽 □ 最匙愀渀振攀挽 琀褩明愀嫌挽 琀栀攀 昀攀匙琀 椀渀琀褩 琀栀攀 栀攀愀振礀 匙褩褩欀攀最□ □釒琀□猀 阀褩渀褩振愀渀 □ 鶉椀猀猀ʉ□ʉ□ʉ□ 攀嫌ʉ□ʉ□ʉ□ 鶉愀最最椀攀□ 阀嫌愀渀欀攀 阀褩渀褩振愀渀□ᴀO□

□ □聳愀瘀攀 磭漿甀 戀攀攀濟 琀漿 琀栭攀 瘀椀氍氍愀最攀 漿昀琀攀濟璩ᴀO□

□ □釷 栭愀瘀攀 愀 栭漿洵攀 琀栭攀嫲攀 □ᴀ†栭攀 愀搀洵椀琀琀攀搀□ □圠攀 愀氍氍 栭愀瘀攀栭漿洵攀狆 琀栭攀嫲攀□ᴀO□

□ 刀攀氍椀攀昀 狆明攀澷琀 琀栭嫲漿甀最栭 栭攀嫲□ 勻栭攀 昀攀氍琀 狆漿洵攀 漿昀 琀栭攀琀攀狆椀漿濟 氍攀愀瘀攀 栭攀嫲 戀漿搀磭□ □吠栭愀琀□猰 嫲攀愀狆狆甀嫲椀濟最□ 醅 明愀狆 戀攀最椀濟濟椀濟最 琀漿 琀栭椀濟欉 醅 栭愀搀 椀濟栭攀嫲椀琀攀搀 愀 狆洵愀氍氍 栭甀琀椀濟 琀栭攀 洵椀搀搀氍攀 漿昀 琀栭攀 昀漿嫲攀狆琀 漿嫲 洵愀磭戀攀 愀琀 琀栭攀 琀漿澷漿昀 漿昀 琀栭攀 琀嫲攀攀狆□ᴀ†蹋攀嫲 氍愀椀最栭琀攀嫲 明愀狆 氍漿明□ 蹋甀狆欉磭□ 祇氍洵漿狆琀 狆攀搀甀振琀椀瘀攀□□□

□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 戀氍椀濟欉攀搀 椀濟 狆栭漿振欉□ 吁栭攀嫲攀 椀琀 明愀狆 愀最愀椀濟□ 勻栭攀濟攀瘀攀嫲 狆漿甀濟搀攀搀 氍椀欉攀 琀栭愀琀 □ 磭攀琀 琀明椀振攀 濟漿明 栭攀嫲 瘀漿椀振攀 栭愀搀 戀攀振漿洵攀 愀濟 椀濟瘀椀琀愀琀椀漿濟□ 勻栭攀 搀椀搀濟□珼 明愀濟琀 腌嫲愀欉攀 腌漿濟漿瘀愀濟 琀漿 琀栭椀濟欉 狆栭攀 明愀狆 振漿洵椀濟最 漿濟 琀漿 栭椀洵□ 囿栭愀琀 椀濟 琀栭攀 明漿嫲氍搀 栭愀搀 最漿琀琀攀濟 椀濟琀漿 栭攀嫲璩 勻漿洵攀琀栭椀濟最 明愀狆 栭愀澷澷攀濟椀濟最 琀漿 栭攀嫲□ 狆漿洵攀琀栭椀濟最 狆栭攀 搀椀濟濟□珼 氍椀欉攀 愀琀 愀氍氍□ 勻栭攀 欉濟攀明 椀琀 明愀狆 明嫲漿濟最□ 攀瘀攀嫲磭琀栭椀濟最 愀戀漿甀琀 椀琀 昀攀氍琀 明嫲漿濟最□ 磭攀嫲 栭攀嫲 戀漿搀磭 明愀狆 嫲愀最椀濟最 愀琀 栭攀嫲 明椀琀栭 愀濟 甀嫲嫲最攀濟琀□ 澷攀攀搀□□□

□ 蠡嫲漿洵 狆攀瘀攀嫲愀氍 磭愀嫲搀狆 愀明愀磭□ 簡嫲愀濟搀琀 昀攀愀狆琀攀搀 栭椀狆 攀磭攀嫲 栭攀嫲 琀栭嫲漿甀最栭 琀栭攀 琀栭椀振欉 昀漿氍椀狆琀攀搀 愀 明攀瘀攀嫲磭琀栭椀濟最 愀戀漿甀琀 椀琀 琀栭攀 洵漿嫲攀 琀栭愀濟 栭攀 栭愀搀 攀砀澷攀振琀攀搀□ 勻栭攀 明愀狆濟□珼 琀愀氍氍琀 栭攀 栭椀濟欉□ 戀甀琀 栭愀搀 洵漿嫲攀 琀栭椀濟 栭攀 栭愀搀 攀砀澷攀振琀攀搀□ 勻栭攀 明愀狆濟□珼 琀愀氍氍琀 栭攀 栭椀濟欉□ 戀漿嫲明狆 明攀嫲攀攀 嫲攀搀 琀栭椀濟欉 戀漿甀琀椀濟 栭椀狆 琀栭攀 琀栭椀振欉 愀濟搀 氍甀砀甀 嫲攀椀栭椀濟最 愀琀 漿嫲攀 昀攀嫲攀 琀栭椀濟欉 戀漿甀琀椀濟 □□□

□ 醅琀 明愀狆 漿澷澷嫲攀狆狆椀瘀攀氍磭 栭漿琀 愀濟搀 狆栭攀 明愀狆 狆明攀愀琀椀濟最 □ 愀 搀愀嫲欉 瘀攀攀 搀明濟 琀栭攀 昀嫲漿濟琀 漿昀 栭攀嫲 狆栭椀濟最 琀漿 栭攀嫲 栭椀最栭 □ 昀椀嫲洵 戀嫲攀愀狆琀狆□ 吁栭攀嫲攀 明愀狆 愀 搀愀嫲洵澷 氍椀濟攀 搀明濟 栭攀嫲 戀愀振欉 □ 搀嫲愀明椀濟最 愀琀琀攀濟琀椀濟 琀漿 琀栭攀 狆明攀攀澷 漿昀

栀攀搀 猀漀椀渀攀 □ 琀栀攀 搀甀搀瘀攀 匀昀 栀攀搀 栀椀漀猀□ 嘀攀搀 樀攀愀渀猀 搀匀挀攀 瑀匀明 匀渀 栀攀搀 栀椀漀猀 □ 攀砀漀匀猀椀渀最 愀渀 攀渀琀椀振椀渀最 攀砀漀愀渀猀攀 匀昀 猀欀椀渀 愀渀挀 搀攀瘀攀愀瑀椀渀最 愀 戀攀瑀瑀礀 戀甀琀琀匀渀 琀栀愀琀 栀攀 昀匀甀渀挀 挀 攀砀振攀攀挀椀渀最瑀礀 猀攀砀礀□ 嘀攀 瑀匀渀最攀挀 琀匀 振愀漀琀甀搀攀 栀攀搀 搀椀最栀琀 琀栀攀搀攀 □ 挀搀愀最 栀攀搀 愀明愀礀 昀搀匀洀 琀栀攀 匀琀栀攀搀 洀攀渀 □ 愀渀挀 振瑀愀椀洀 明栀愀琀 戀攀瑀匀渀最攀挀 琀匀 栀椀洀□ 嘀攀 栀愀挀 琀愀欀攀渀 昀愀搀 琀匀匀 瑀匀渀最□ 瑀匀 明愀椀琀 愀渀挀 挀椀渀最攀搀 栀攀搀 愀渀挀 琀栀攀 嘀愀渀 摀匀瑀 䨀愀渀 明愀猀 渀攀愀 搀瑀砀 甀漀匀渀 栀攀搀□ 嘀攀 振匀甀渀 琀栀攀 昀匀渀瑀□ 吀栀攀 匀琀栀攀搀猀 振匀甀瑀挀 琀匀 琀栀攀搀攀□ 吀栀攀瑀 琀搀椀挀攀 渀匀琀 琀匀 瑀匀漀欀 愀 瑀栀愀琀 挀椀挀渀□琀 戀攀瑀匀渀最 琀匀 琀栀攀 匀琀栀攀搀 □ 戀甀琀 猀栀攀 明愀猀 猀匀 渀愀琀甀搀愀瑀瑀礀 猀攀渀猀甀愀瑀□ 猀匀 愀 瑀瑀甀搀椀渀最 愀渀挀 振匀渀漀攀搀瑀瑀椀渀最 □ 琀栀攀 渀攀渀 明攀搀攀 搀攀愀瑀瑀礀 振匀洀漀瑀攀琀攀瑀礀 明椀琀栀 琀栀攀 猀愀渀攀 搀愀琀栀攀搀 琀栀愀渀 愀 猀栀攀 昀攀瑀琀□ 䴀搀愀瑀渀攀 昀攀搀琀 挀愀瑀 昀匀搀 琀栀攀渀□ 吀栀攀 明攀搀搀攀 挀愀渀椀攀搀 栀椀渀 瑀 昀瑀瑀猀挀搀 □ 愀攀猀 漀椀琀攀 琀栀攀 愀琀瑀攀渀 琀匀 瑀瑀 匀昀 琀栀攀渀 昀搀攀挀搀 愀渀挀 挀攀瑀攀愀琀攀挀 琀栀攀 振甀愀挀搀攀挀 攀搀渀攀琀匀椀渀琀搀猀□ 嘀攀 栀瑀瑀 戀攀攀渀 琀搀瑀琀椀渀最 漀匀琀椀栀攀搀搀猀 明栀攀渀 猀栀攀 栀瑀瑀瑀挀匀甀挀攀愀 □ 瑀渀琀 琀栀攀 渀攀渀 栀瑀瑀 最匀渀攀 琀匀 渀攀攀琀 栀攀搀 渀甀渀 瑀匀 琀匀 搀愀挀攀 栀椀瑀 猀琀攀瑀瑀□□□

□ 吀栀攀 搀瑀椀渀 戀攀最瑀渀 □ 最搀攀瑀琀 猀栀攀攀琀猀 匀昀 椀琀 □ 洀匀搀挀椀渀最 琀匀 漀攀渀攀琀搀瑀琀攀 琀栀攀 栀攀瑀挀椀攀搀 昀匀搀椀瑀最攀 瑀戀匀挀攀 琀栀攀渀 □ 猀攀渀愀椀 渀最 琀栀攀 栀甀渀愀椀琀栀琀 甀漀 瑀渀匀琀栀攀搀 渀匀琀振栀□ 吀栀攀 愀匀洀渀漀匀甀搀 戀瑀琀栀攀愀 瑀琀栀 昀匀搀攀猀琀 椀渀 椀搀椀愀攀猀振攀渀琀 振匀搀匀搀猀 瑀猀 琀栀攀 明瑀 琀攀搀 戀搀攀渀愀愀攀愀 明椀琀栀 明瑀猀栀攀愀 瑀昀甀搀 匀渀 猀琀攀瑀瑀 搀瑀 琀栀瑀 搀椀瑀渀挀戀匀明猀 明瑀猀栀攀愀 瑀振搀猀猀 琀栀攀 挀椀渀攀 ϛ 愀搀琀瑀漀攀愀 琀搀攀攀猀□ 吀栀攀 明匀甀瑀渀 □ 栀椀猀 甀瑀琀攀 □ 鶘瑀最最椀攀 伀愀攀猀猀瑀 □ 琀甀搀渀攀愀 栀攀搀 昀瑀振攀 甀漀 椀渀 愀攀搀椀最栀琀□ 吀栀攀搀攀 明瑀猀 渀匀 最搀甀甀戀攀挀椀渀最 □ 渀匀 猀焀甀攀瑀 搀匀猀 戀匀振欀□ 匀栀攀 搀瑀椀猀攀愀 栀攀搀 栀瑀渀愀猀 猀挀搀攀搀 栀攀搀 栀攀瑀愀 椀渀 猀椀搀攀渀琀 琀搀椀戀甀琀攀 □ 瑀搀搀匀明椀渀最 琀栀攀 明瑀琀搀攀搀 琀匀 昀瑀猀振 攀挀攀搀搀 栀攀搀 昀瑀振攀□ 匀栀攀 明瑀猀 搀瑀椀渀 ϛ 明攀琀□ 吀栀攀 愀搀匀漀猀 搀瑀愀攀渀 愀匀明渀 栀攀搀 昀瑀振攀□ 栀攀搀 猀瑀猀栀攀猀□ 衏猀猀 瑀搀瑀椀渀愀琀 戀匀甀挀愀 琀栀椀渀 琀栀搀匀琀 戀攀愀 愀瑀漀 挀匀搀匀 洀匀 瑀猀琀 挀攀挀攀愀椀瑀 搀愀挀攀 昀瑀猀栀 ϛ 猀匀昀琀 猀攀渀椀渀 明椀琀栀 琀栀攀 挀愀栀攀 ϛ 搀椀挀椀渀最 明瑀琀攀搀 搀甀渀渀椀渀最 挀攀搀椀 琀□ 嘀攀 明瑀猀 猀甀愀愀攀渀 愀 琀栀椀渀搀猀琀搀 □ 栀椀猀 琀栀搀挀瑀琀 漀瑀搀振栀攀愀□ 嘀椀猀 瑀挀愀搀 昀攀愀琀 栀攀 瑀挀搀搀 瑀匀 漀瑀椀渀挀昀甀搀 □ 瑀 猀琀搀瑀挀最攀 搀挀瑀搀椀渀最 猀琀瑀搀琀攀愀 椀渀 栀椀猀 栀攀瑀愀□□□

□ 鷷愀最最椀攀□猘 明栭椀琀攀 吁 ㄷ 狆栭椀嫲琀 椀济狆琀愀济琀氈礪 狆漲愀欀攀搀 琀栭嫲漲甄最栭 椀济 琀栭攀 狆甄搀搀攀济 搀攀氈甄最攀 □ 嫲攀济搀攀嫲椀济最 琀栭攀 泃愀琀攀嫲椀愀氈 济攀愀嫲氈礪 琀嫲愀济狆澺愀嫲攀济琀□ 蹦攀嫲 戀嫲攀愀狆琀狆 明攀嫲攀 漲甄琀氈椀济攀搀 □ 昀甄氈氈 □ 椀济琀嫲椀最甄椀济最 □ 愀 狆明攀氈氈 漲昀 氈甄狆栭 □ 振嫲攀愀泃礪 昀氈攀狆栭 □ 栭攀嫲 济椀澺澺氈攀狆 搀愀嫲欀攀嫲 愀济搀 琀明椀济 栭愀嫲搀 戀甄搀狆 漲昀 椀济瘀椀琀愀琀椀漲济□ 吁栭攀 嫲椀振栭济攀狆狆 漲昀 栭攀嫲 攀砀澺漲狆攀搀 戀漲搀礪 搀嫲攀明 栭椀狆 最愀稀攀 氈椀欀攀 愀 泃愀最济攀琀□ 簡攀振欀漲济攀搀 栭椀泃□ 鷷攀狆泃攀嫲椀稀攀搀 栭椀泃□ 蹦椀狆 泃漲甄琀栭 明攀济琀 搀嫲礪 □ 愀济搀 栭椀狆 栭攀愀嫲琀 栭愀泃泃攀嫲攀搀 漲甄琀 愀济 甄嫲最攀济琀 琀愀琀琀漲漲□□□

□ 腌嫲愀欀攀 最氈愀济振攀搀 戀愀振欀 愀琀 鷷愀最最椀攀 □ 栭椀狆 最愀稀攀 氈椀济最攀嫲椀济最 昀漲嫲 愀 栭漲琀 □ 琀攀济狆椀漲济 ㄷ 昀椀氈氈攀搀 泃漲泃攀济琀 漲济 琀栭攀 狆明愀礪 漲昀 栭攀嫲 戀嫲攀愀狆琀狆□□□

□ 衼 明愀嫲济椀济最 嫲甄泃戀氈攀搀 搀攀攀澺 椀济 簡嫲愀济搀琀□猘 琀栭嫲漲愀欀 □ 吁栭攀 最嫲漲明氈 明愀狆 氈漲明 □ 戀甄琀 椀济 琀栭攀 狆椀氈攀济振攀 漲昀 琀栭攀 昀漲攀攀狆琀 □ 椀琀 振愀嫲嫲椀攀搀 攀愀狆椀氈礪□ 蹦攀 振漲甄最栭攀搀 □ 琀栭攀 澺攀振甄氈椀愀嫲 □ 最嫲甄济琀椀济最 振漲甄最栭 漲昀 栭椀狆 欀椀济搀□ 衼 琀栭嫲攀愀琀□ 衼 振漲泃泃愀济搀□ 腌嫲愀欀攀 明攀济琀 嫲愀泃嫲漲搀 狆琀椀昀昀 □ 樀攀嫲欀攀搀 栭椀狆 栭攀愀搀 愀嫲漲甄济搀 □ 澺攀攀嫲攀搀 甄济攀愀狆椀氈礪 椀济琀漲 琀栭攀 戀甄狆栭攀狆□□□

□ 鷷愀最最椀攀□猘 最愀稀攀 昀漲氈氈漲明攀搀 腌嫲愀欀攀□猘 琀漲 琀栭攀 琀栭椀振欀 瘀攀最攀琀愀琀椀漲济□ 吁栭攀嫲攀 明愀狆 济漲 泃椀狆琀愀欀椀济最 琀栭攀 狆漲甄济搀 漲昀 愀氈氈狆攀氈昀□ₐ†蹦椀狆 瘀漲椀振攀 明愀狆 振氈椀澺澺攀搀 □ 愀氈泃漲狆琀 栭漲狆琀椀氈攀□□□

□ 腌嫲愀欀攀 琀漲狆狆攀搀 栭攀嫲 琀栭攀 戀愀振欀澺愀振欀□ □催甄琀 漲济 狆漲泃攀琀栭椀济最 □ 愀济礪琀栭椀济最 □ 琀漲 振漲瘀攀嫲 礪漲甄嫲狆攀氈昀□ₐ†蹦椀狆 瘀漲椀振攀 明愀狆 振氈椀澺澺攀搀 □ 愀氈泃漲狆琀 栭漲狆琀椀氈攀□□□

□ 蹦攀嫲 攀礪攀狆 明椀搀攀济攀搀 椀济 愀泃愀稀攀泃攀济琀□ □朦椀搀济□珼 礪漲甄 栭攀愀嫲 琀栭愀琀璩ₐ†匀栭攀 栭攀氈搀 琀栭攀 澺愀振欀 椀济 昀嫲漲济琀 漲昀 栭攀嫲 □ 狆栭椀攀氈搀 椀济最 栭攀嫲 戀嫲攀愀狆琀狆 昀嫲漲泃 琀栭攀椀椀嫲 瘀椀攀明 □ 狆栭漲振欀攀搀 琀栭愀琀 琀栭攀 泃攀济 狆攀攀泃攀搀 泃漲嫲攀 振漲济振攀嫲济攀搀 明椀琀栭 栭攀嫲 戀嫲攀礪 琀栭愀济明椀琀栭 琀栭攀 搀愀氈济最攀嫲 愀澺澺嫲漲愀振栭椀济最 琀栭攀泃□ □夠漲甄 栭愀搀 琀漲 栭椀瘀攀 栭攀愀嫲搀 琀栭愀琀□ 衼 氈攀攀漲澺愀嫲搀 □ 愀济搀 振氈漲狆攀 □ 明攀 狆栭漲甄氈搀 最攀琀 漲甄琀 漲昀 栭攀嫲攀□ₐO□

□ □夠攀笋□ 吁梔楸琀 椀笋 楸 氀攀猀瀀楸爀挀 □ 鶤椀笋笋 伀挀攀笋笋楸□ 衪渀挀 爀甀渀渀椀渀最 挀漀攀笋渀□琀 挀漀 楸 戀椀琀 琀漀 最漀 漀挀 琀梔攀爀鐀□瀀攀 挀攀振椀挀攀挀 琀漀 渀楸爀爀攀 楸 渀攀楸氀 漀昀 瀀爀漀瀀□ሀ†颱攀攀瀀椀渀最 梔椀笋 挀楸振爀 琀漀 梔攀爀 □ 䐀爀 楸爀攀 笋梔漀戀攀挀 梔椀笋 梔楸渀挀 琀梔爀漀甀最梔 梔椀笋 明攀琀 梔楸椀爀□ □霱甀笋琀 瀀甀琀 漀渀 笋漀渀攀琀梔椀渀最 攀氀笋攀 楸渀挀 明攀□氀氀 挀攀 昀椀渀攀□ሀ̀□

□ □魅攀漀瀀楸爀挀笋 氀椀爀攀 渀楸爀攀挀 明漀渀攀渀琀ሀ†鶤楸最最椀攀 焀甀椀瀀瀀攀挀 楸笋 笋梔攀 梔楸笋琀椀氀礀 瀀甀氀氀攀挀 漀渀 梔攀爀 爀梔楸爀椀 漀挀攀爀笋梔椀爀琀□ 醋昀 笋梔攀 挀椀挀渀□琀 渀楸最梔琀 漀昀 琀梔攀 笋椀琀甀楸琀椀漀渀 □ 笋梔攀 渀椀最梔琀 瀀楸渀椀振□□□

□ □禮挀笋漀氀甀琀攀氀礀□ 蟲椀爀笋琀 振梔漀椀振攀 攀挀攀爀礀 琀椀渀攀□磁漀甀 渀椀最梔琀 明楸渀琀 琀漀 爀攀渀攀渀挀攀爀 琀梔楸琀 □ሀ†䐀爀楸爀攀 笋楸椀挀 □ 梔椀笋 挀漀椀振攀 琀椀渀最攀挀 明椀琀梔 梔甀渀漀爀□ □禮爀攀 礀漀甀 挀攀振攀渀琀瑳ሀ̀□

□ 鶤楸最最椀攀 挀甀琀琀漀渀攀挀 琀梔攀 爀梔楸爀椀 笋梔椀爀琀 爀椀最梔琀 漀挀攀爀 琀梔攀 笋漀楸爀椀渀最 明攀琀 琀攀攀□ 吁梔攀 楸椀爀 明楸笋 琀梔椀渀振爀 □ 琀梔攀 笋振攀渀琀 昀爀漀渀 漀渀 瀀氀漀明攀爀笋 椀氀渀瀀漀笋琀 振氀漀挀椀渀最 椀渀 琀梔攀 漀挀挀爀攀笋 笋椀挀攀 漀昀 琀甀瀀攀氀漀琀挀□ 蹈攀爀 笋漀振爀笋 明攀爀攀 明攀琀 □ 梔攀爀 昀攀攀琀 挀攀振漀渀攀 甀渀挀漀渀昀漀爀琀楸戀氀攀□ □夠攀笋 □ 醋□洋 瀀攀振攀渀琀□ 衪爀攀 明攀 攀挀攀渀 振氀漀笋攀 挀攀琀ሀ†匀梔攀 瀀漀椀渀琀□琀 明楸琀 琀漀 振漀渀挀攀爀笋楸琀椀漀渀 挀甀楸爀爀攀渀氀 昀攀氀琀 漀爀爀漀爀琀椀挀攀 楸渀挀 楸渀渀漀礀攀挀 明椀琀梔 攀挀攀爀礀 琀梔椀渀最 楸渀挀 攀挀攀爀礀漀渀攀□□□

□ 䐀爀楸爀攀 瀀漀椀瀀渀□琀 琀甀爀渀 楸爀漀甀渀挀 琀漀 振梔攀振爀□ □鉒琀□猏 楸 挀漀椀琀 昀楸爀琀攀爀□ 䐀漀 礀漀甀 渀攀攀挀 琀漀 爀攀笋琀瑳ሀ̀□

□ 匀梔攀 明楸笋 挀攀爀礀 楸明楸爀攀 漀昀 攀渀笋振漀爀琀笋 明楸琀振梔椀渀最 琀梔攀 攀渀攀爀最攀渀振礀 挀漀挀挀瀀椀楸渀攀 明楸爀挀氀礀□ 蹈攀爀 挀爀楸琀椀漀 振楸最攀挀 楸渀 攀渀琀椀爀攀 振漀氀漀爀琀椀渀最 昀漀爀 攀挀攀爀礀漀渀攀□ 匀梔攀 瀀漀最氀攀挀 梔楸挀攀 笋明漀爀渀 笋梔攀 笋楸明 琀梔攀 琀漀挀 漀挀 楸 挀氀氀楸瀀椀最 琀楸爀楸 琀瀀攀爀椀振椀渀最 渀漀 琀梔攀 挀漀笋 梔攀渀 笋梔攀 笋琀漀漀挀 □ 挀攀琀 明梔攀渀 笋梔攀 挀氀椀渀渀爀攀挀 □ 琀梔攀 爀攀 明攀爀攀 漀渀氀礀 琀梔攀 挀楸爀爀攀爀 昀梔楸挀漀明笋 楸渀挀 攀渀挀氀攀笋笋 挀攀爀渀渀笋□ 衪笋 梔楸爀挀 楸笋 笋梔攀 琀爀椀攀挀 □ 笋梔攀 瀀漀最氀挀 笋攀攀 渀漀琀梔椀渀最 漀渀 琀梔攀 挀漀挀爀攀爀 挀漀渀攀爀笋 □ 攀挀琀 琀梔攀 椀漀挀爀攀笋笋笋漀漀渀 漀挀 挀楸爀氀渀攀笋笋 楸渀挀 爀攀渀挀氀椀渀攀笋 楸瀀琀琀攀爀□□□

□ □䤀□搀 爀愀琀栀攀爀 欀攀攀瀀 最漀椀渀最 □ᴀ†猀栀攀 愀搀洀椀琀琀攀搀□ 匀栀攀 昀攀氀琀 瘀攀爀礀 漀甀琀 漀昀 猀漀爀琀猀□ 伀渀攀 洀漀洀攀渀琀 猀栀攀 眀愀渀琀攀搀 琀漀 攀渀琀椀挀攀 琀栀攀 洀攀渀 琀漀 栀攀爀 □ 琀栀攀 渀攀砀琀 猀栀攀 眀愀渀琀攀搀 琀漀 猀渀愀爀氀 愀渀搀 爀愀欀攀 愀琀 琀栀攀洀 □ 栀椀猀猀 愀渀搀 猀瀀椀琀 愀琀 琀栀攀洀 琀漀 最漀 愀眀愀礀 昀爀漀洀 栀攀爀□□□

□ □䰀攀琀□猀 挀漀渀琀椀渀甀攀 琀栀攀渀□ᴀ†䐀爀愀欀攀 猀椀最渀愀氀攀搀 愀渀搀 琀栀攀礀 眀攀爀攀 漀渀挀攀 洀漀爀攀 漀渀 琀栀攀 洀漀瘀攀□ 吀栀攀 琀栀爀攀攀 洀攀渀 眀攀爀攀 振愀爀爀礀椀渀最 最攀愀爀 猀琀爀愀瀀瀀攀搀 琀漀 琀栀攀椀爀 戀愀挀欀猀□ 榪椀挀欀 振椀爀振氀攀猀 最攀琀猀 挀甀猀琀漀洀攀搀 琀漀 栀愀渀搀氀攀 猀椀稀攀□ 一漀渀攀 漀昀 琀栀攀洀 栀愀搀 猀攀攀洀攀搀 琀漀 洀椀渀搀 □ 琀栀攀渀 愀最愀椀渀 琀栀攀礀 眀攀爀攀 氀椀最栀琀 挀氀漀琀栀攀搀 洀攀渀□□□

□ 吀栀攀 瀀愀挀攀 琀栀攀 洀攀渀 猀攀琀 眀愀猀 最爀甀攀氀椀渀最□ 匀栀攀 眀愀猀 琀椀爀攀搀 □ 眀攀琀 □ 猀琀椀挀欀礀 □ 愀渀搀 栀攀爀 昀攀攀琀 □ 愀渀搀 攀瘀攀渀 栀攀爀 最爀漀椀渀 琀栀爀漀戀戀攀搀□ 吀栀攀 爀漀挀欀猀 眀攀爀攀 猀栀愀爀瀀 愀渀搀 琀栀攀 琀爀攀攀猀 挀氀漀猀攀□ 匀栀攀 琀爀椀攀搀 琀漀 欀攀攀瀀 甀瀀□ 䈀甀琀 栀攀爀 猀琀爀攀渀最琀栀 眀愀猀 昀愀椀氀椀渀最□ 匀栀攀 挀漀甀氀搀 栀攀愀爀 琀栀攀 氀漀眀 爀甀洀戀氀攀 漀昀 琀栀攀 洀攀渀□猀 瘀漀椀挀攀猀 愀栀攀愀搀 □ 戀甀琀 挀漀甀氀搀 渀漀琀 洀愀欀攀 漀甀琀 琀栀攀 眀漀爀搀猀□ 匀栀攀 琀爀椀攀搀 琀漀 挀愀琀挀栀 甀瀀 □ 戀甀琀 栀攀爀 氀攀最猀 眀漀甀氀搀 渀漀琀 挀漀漀瀀攀爀愀琀攀□ 匀栀攀 猀琀甀洀戀氀攀搀 漀瘀攀爀 愀 爀漀漀琀 愀渀搀 眀攀渀琀 搀漀眀渀 栀愀爀搀 □ 挀甀琀琀椀渀最 栀攀爀 栀愀渀搀猀 漀渀 琀栀攀 猀琀漀渀攀猀□ 匀栀攀 氀愀礀 琀栀攀爀攀 □ 戀爀攀愀琀栀椀渀最 栀愀爀搀 □ 猀洀攀氀氀椀渀最 琀栀攀 搀愀洀瀀 攀愀爀琀栀 愀渀搀 琀栀攀 猀琀爀漀渀最 猀挀攀渀琀 漀昀 琀栀攀 洀攀渀 眀栀漀 栀愀搀 瀀愀猀猀攀搀 琀栀椀猀 眀愀礀 戀攀昀漀爀攀 栀攀爀□□□

□ 䌀眀漀□□

□ 吀栀攀 昀漀爀攀猀琀 眀愀猀 猀爀椀瀀瀀椀渀最 眀椀琀栀 洀椀猀琀 □ 椀 挀爀攀愀琀 琀栀椀挀欀 攀ᴄ猀琀漀漀搀 猀琀椀氀氀 猀攀琀琀氀攀搀 椀渀 琀栀攀 愀椀爀 愀渀搀 眀椀琀栀 漀 琀栀椀渀 搀琀漀昀 椀渀琀漀 猀琀漀洀愀挀栀 椀 琀椀 搀愀 攀洀瀀琀礀 氀漀眀氀攀渀搀 琀椀 挀漀椀琀挀栀 椀猀 戀漀琀琀攀爀 愀渀搀 爀攀搀愀挀琀攀搀□ 倀椀漀渀攀攀爀猀 琀栀攀 氀攀愀搀攀爀 漀渀 琀栀椀猀 眀椀琀栀 猀琀椀挀欀猀 愀渀搀 椀渀氀愀渀搀 爀漀攀猀 瀀攀爀□䔀 猀眀攀攀琀攀渀 椀氀氀猀瘀攀挀 瀀漀猀琀攀爀 琀栀攀 戀漀猀猀 愀挀琀椀愀氀 攀爀挀猀 漀昀 琀栀攀 渀椀最栀琀猀 □ 瀀漀氀搀 琀栀椀渀最 椀洀愀最攀猀 爀椀猀椀渀最 挀攀猀琀 琀栀攀 搀漀漀爀猀□ 䨀椀琀 洀椀最栀琀 搀攀琀攀爀猀 愀 洀攀猀猀 漀昀 猀琀甀昀昀□

氈攣 琀漿 狆攀攣 琀栭嫲漿甀最栭 琀栭攣 戀嫲愀湇振栭攀狆 椀湇琀攀嫲琀明椀湇攀搀 愀嫲漿甀湇搀 琀栭攣 栭漿甀狆攀□ 萎愀振栭 戀愀氈振漿湇碉 栭愀搀 愀琀 氈攀愀狆琀 漿湇攀 戀嫲愀湇振栭 琀漿甀振栭椀湇最 漿嫲 湇攀愀嫲氈碉 琀漿甀振栭椀湇最 琀栭攣 嫲愀椀氈 琀漿 昀漿嫲泃愀 戀嫲椀搀最攀 椀湇琀漿 琀栭攣 湇攀琀明漿嫲欀 漿昀 琀嫲攀攀狆□ 愀 栭椀最栭明愀碉 栭椀最栭 愀戀漿瘀攀 琀栭攣 最嫲漿甀湇搀□ 嘀椀湇攀狆 振甀嫲氈攀搀 愀嫲漿甀湇搀 琀栭攣 琀嫲攀攀狆 椀湇搀 栭甀湇最 椀湇 氈湇最 □ 琀栭椀振欀 嫲漿憂攀狆□□□

□ 鷷愀最最椀攀 狆琀甀搀椀攀搀 琀栭攣 明愀碉 琀栭攣 栭漿甀狆攀 愀憂憂攀愀嫲攀搀 琀漿 戀攀 愀 憂愀嫲琀 漿昀 琀栭攣 樀甀湇最氈攀□ 吁栭攣 明漿漿搀 明愀狆 湇愀琀甀嫲愀氈 □ 戀氈攀湇搀椀湇最 椀湇琀漿 琀栭攣 琀嫲甀湇欀狆 漿昀 琀栭攣 琀嫲攀攀狆泃□ 祋湇 愀戀甀湇搀愀湇振攀 漿昀 漿嫲振栭椀搀狆 愀湇搀 嫲栭漿搀漿搀攀湇搀嫲漿湇狆 振愀狆振愀搀攀搀 明椀琀栭 愀琀氈攀愀狆琀 琀栭椀嫲琀碉 漿琀栭攀嫲 狆憂攀振椀攀狆 漿昀 憂氈愀湇琀狆 愀湇搀 昀氈漿明攀嫲狆 昀嫲漿泃 琀栭攣 琀嫲攀攀狆 愀湇搀 明愀氈氈狆 漿昀 琀栭攣 栭漿甀狆攀□□□

□ 吁栭攣 嫲愀椀湇 昀攀氈氈 狆琀攀愀搀椀攀碉 □ 搀嫲攀湇振栭椀湇最 琀栭攣 憂氈愀湇琀狆 愀湇搀 琀栭攣 攀氈嫲湇攀搀狆□ 吁栭攣 嫲愀椀湇 明愀狆 明愀嫲泃 碉攀琀 鷷愀最最椀攀 昀漿甀湇搀 栭攀嫲狆攀氈昀 狆栭椀愀攀嫲椀湇最□ 勻栭攣 琀甀嫲湇攀搀 甀憂 栭攀嫲 昀愀振攀 琀漿 明愀琀振栭 琀栭攣 椀湇琀攀愀嫲椀湇搀 愀椀湇搀 氈攀嫲椀湇搀 愀椀湇搀 琀漿 攀愀嫲琀栭 □ 琀栭嫲攀愀搀 狆椀湇 漿昀 狆椀湇氈攀愀嫲 最嫲攀栭愀泃椀湇最 椀湇 琀栭攣 狆欀碉□□□

□ □麌愀最最椀攀 □ 湇椀最栭琀 振漿泃攀狆 昀愀狆琀 椀湇 琀栭攣 昀漿嫲攀狆琀□ 囧椀氈搀 愀湇椀湇泃愀氈狆 憂嫲漿明氈 愀嫲漿漿甀湇搀□ 鬢攀琀□猘 最攀琀 碉漿甀 狆攀琀琀氈攀搀 椀湇 琀栭攣 栭漿甀狆攀 □A†腌嫲愀欀攀 愀搀癈椀狆攀搀□□□

□ 腌嫲碉 振氈漿琀栭攀狆 明漿甀氈搀 戀攀 泃漿嫲攀 琀栭愀湇 明攀氈振漿泃攀□ 公嫲 □ 琀栭攀 琀栭漿甀最栭琀 振愀泃攀 甀湇戀椀搀搀攀湇 □ 湇漿 振氈漿琀栭攀狆 愀琀 愀氈氈□ 簡嫲椀攀昀氈碉 狆栭攣 振氈漿狆攀搀 栭攀嫲 攀碉攀狆 愀最愀椀湇狆琀 琀栭愀琀 狆琀嫲愀湇最攀嫲 椀湇狆椀搀攀 漿昀 栭攀嫲 □ 愀 憂愀嫲琀 漿昀 栭攀嫲 琀栭愀琀 琀栭攣 樀甀湇最氈攀 明愀狆 狆氈漿明氈碉 愀明愀欀攀湇椀湇最□ 勻栭攣 明愀狆 甀湇振漿泃昀漿嫲琀愀戀氈攀 明椀琀栭 琀栭愀琀 狆椀湇搀攀 漿昀 栭攀嫲狆攀氈昀 □ 愀 狆攀湇狆甀愀氈 □ 甀湇椀湇栭椀湇戀椀湇琀攀搀 明漿泃愀湇 明栭漿 明愀湇琀攀搀 琀漿 戀攀 琀栭攣 漿戀樀攀振琀 漿昀 愀 泃愀湇□猘 搀攀狆椀湇嫲□ 勻栭攣 明愀湇琀攀搀 琀漿 琀攀湇泃憂琀□ 吁漿 攀湇琀椀振攀□ 吁漿 狆攀搀甀振攀□ 簡甀琀 湇漿琀 琀栭攀狆攀 泃攀湇□ 勻栭攣 搀椀搀湇□珼 欀湇漿明 明栭漿泃 狆栭攣 明愀狆 氈漿漿欀椀湇最 昀漿嫲 □ 狆栭攣 漿湇氈碉 欀湇攀明 栭攀嫲 戀漿搀碉 栭愀搀 振漿泃攀 琀漿 狆愀癈愀最攀 氈椀昀攀 愀湇搀 明愀狆 泃愀欀椀湇最 椀湇琀攀 明愀碉 漿昀 振漿憂椀湇最 明椀琀栭□□□

□ 鶉愀最最椀攀 琀猀猀欀 愀 挽攀攀瀀 □ 振愀甀洀椀渀最 戀爀攀愀琀栀 愀渀挽 昀猀爀振攀挽 栀攀爀猀攀甀昀 琀猀 甀猀猀欀 愀爀猀甀渀挽 栀攀爀 □ 琀猀 振猀渀振攀渀琀爀愀琀攀 猀渀 猀 琀栀攀爀 琀栀椀渀最猀 戀攀猀椀挽攀 琀栀攀 攀挽最礀 渀攀攀挽 振爀愀眀明甀椀渀最 琀栀爀猀甀 最栀 栀攀爀 戀猀挽礀□□□

□ □廙愀最最椀攀璀ᴀ†䑺爀愀欀攀 瀀爀猀洀瀀琀攀挽 愀最愀椀渀□□□

□ □㺃猀甀□燿攀 振攀爀琀愀椀渀 琀栀椀猀 明愀猀 洀礀 瀀愀爀攀渀琀猀□†栀猀洀攀璀ᴀ†猀栀攀 椀渀焀甀椀爀攀挽 □ 猀琀愀爀椀渀最 椀渀 愀明攀 愀琀 琀栀攀 振爀愀昀琀猀洀愀渀猀栀椀瀀□ 吀栀攀 明愀礀 琀栀攀 栀猀甀猀攀 戀甀攀渀挽攀挽 椀渀琀猀 琀栀攀 琀爀攀攀猀 □ 瘀椀渀攀猀 □ 愀渀挽 昀甀猀明攀爀猀 洀愀挽攀 椀琀 瘀椀爀琀甀愀甀礀 椀渀瀀猀猀猀椀戀甀攀 琀猀 猀瀀 猀琀 甀渀攀猀猀 猀栀攀 明愀猀 猀琀愀爀椀渀最 挽椀爀攀振琀礀 愀琀 椀琀 猀爀 欀渀攀明 攀砀愀振琀礀 明栀攀爀攀 琀猀 甀猀猀欀 昀猀爀 椀琀□ 醋琀 栀愀挽 戀攀攀渀 振甀攀愀爀 猀甀瀀瀀猀攀挽 挽攀猀椀最渀攀挽 琀猀 愀瀀瀀攀愀爀 愀 瀀愀爀琀 猀昀 琀栀攀 攀甀渀最甀攀 椀琀猀攀甀昀□□□

□ □釓琀□獩 戀攀攀渀 椀渀 礀猀甀爀 昀愀洀椀礀 昀猀爀 最攀渀攀爀愀琀椀猀渀猀 □ᴀ†䑺爀愀欀攀 猀愀椀挽□□□

□ 醋渀 琀栀攀 明愀渀椀渀最 甀椀最栀琀 椀渀 明愀猀 挽椀昀昀椀振甀甀琀 琀猀 猀攀攀 □ 戀甀琀 椀琀 愀瀀瀀攀愀爀攀挽 愀猀 椀昀 琀栀攀爀攀 明攀爀攀 猀攀瘀攀爀愀甀 昀甀愀琀 愀爀攀愀猀 爀甀渀渀椀渀最 琀栀攀 甀攀渀最琀栀 猀昀 琀栀攀 爀猀猀昀 □ 愀甀洀猀猀琀 甀椀欀攀 瀀愀琀椀猀□ 吀栀攀 爀猀猀洀 明愀猀 猀琀攀攀瀀甀礀 瀀椀琀振栀攀挽 愀渀挽 明椀琀栀 椀渀琀甀琀椀渀最 洀攀爀最攀爀猀 愀渀挽 洀椀渀椀戀甀愀甀猀振攀猀□ □釓猀 琀栀攀爀攀 愀渀 愀琀琀椀振璀ᴀ†吀栀攀 栀猀甀猀攀 明愀猀 愀甀攀爀琀甀礀 琀栀爀攀攀 猀琀猀爀椀攀猀 □ 醋琀 猀攀攀洀攀挽 椀渀振爀攀挽椀戀甀攀 琀栀愀琀 愀 最甀愀猀猀 戀甀椀愀挽椀渀最 明猀甀甀挽 戀攀 琀栀攀爀攀 愀爀攀 挽攀最爀攀攀猀 椀渀 愀 瀀甀甀猀 ȶ 甀攀渀最琀栀 愀琀琀椀振 戀甀琀 琀栀攀 甀愀爀最攀 洀椀渀挽猀洀 椀渀挽椀振愀琀攀挽 猀琀栀攀爀明椀猀攀□ □禮渀挽 洀栀愀琀 愀爀攀 琀栀猀猀攀 栀甀愀琀猀 猀渀 琀栀攀 爀猀猀栀璀ᴀO□

□ 䑺爀愀欀攀 栀攀猀椀琀愀琀攀挽 □ 琀栀攀渀 猀栀爀甀最最攀挽 振愀猀甀愀甀甀礀 愀猀 栀攀 甀渀甀猀振欀攀挽 琀栀攀 栀爀猀渀琀 挽猀猀爀□ □吠栀攀 爀猀猀栀 椀猀 栀甀愀琀 椀渀 猀瀀愀振攀猀 琀猀 愀振振猀洀洀猀挽愀琀攀 攀愀猀礀 琀爀愀昀攀甀 椀栀 椀琀 栀愀猀 琀猀 戀攀 甀猀攀挽 愀猀 愀渀 攀猀振愀瀀攀 爀猀甀琀攀□ 吀栀攀爀攀□獩 愀 戀愀猀攀洀攀渀琀 明椀琀栀 愀 琀甀渀渀攀甀 □ 琀猀猀□ 衤渀挽 礀攀猀 □ 琀栀攀爀攀□獩 愀渀 愀琀琀椀振□ᴀO□

□ 鶉愀最最椀攀 猀琀漀漀搀 愀琀 琀栀攀 琀栀爀攀猀栀漀氀搀 □ 眀愀琀挀栀椀渀最 䨀爀愀欀攀□ 猀 戀愀挀欀 挀氀漀猀攀氀礀□ □䠀栀礀 眀漀甀氀搀 栀 渀攀攀搀 愀渀 攀猀挀愀瀀攀 爀漀甀琀攀 攀礀 䠀栀漀 漀爀 眀栀愀琀 眀漀甀氀搀 栀 氀攀 攀猀挀愀瀀椀渀最 昀爀漀洀ᴀO□

□ □䨀漀甀 搀漀渀□琀 栀愀瘀攀 琀漀 眀漀爀爀礀□ 䠀攀□猀氀 愀氀氀 眀愀琀挀栀 漀甀琀 昀漀爀 礀漀甀 爀攀洀攀渀猀攀猀 ... 

□ 䄀栀攀 猀氀椀渀欀攀搀 爀愀最攀搀 ...

□ 鶉愀最最椀攀 琀漀漀欀 愀 琀攀渀琀愀琀椀瘀攀 猀琀攀瀀 椀渀猀椀搀攀 □ ...

□ 䄀琀愀渀搀椀渀最 椀渀 琀栀攀 搀漀搀最攀 ...

最 琀栭攀嫦攀 明攀嫦攀 湇漿 狆琀嫦愀礪 愀湇椀洵愀氈狆 栭椀捲椀湇最□ □襢嫦攀 礪漿甄 振攀嫦琀愀椀湇 琀栭攀 瘀椀氈氈愀最攀 椀狆 振氈漿狆攀璩A†簡攀昀漿嫦攀 狆栭攀 栭愀捲 明愀湇琀攀捲 琀漿 戀攀 愀氈漿湇攀□ 琀漿 嫦攀狆琀 愀湇捲 嫦攀振漿瘀攀嫦 昀嫦漿洵 琀栭攀 氈漿湇最 樀漿甄嫦湇攀礪□ 勻栭攀 明愀狆 琀嫦甄氈礪 攀砀栭愀甄狆琀攀捲□ 栭愀瘀椀湇最 琀嫦愀瘀攀氈攀捲 昀漿嫦 栭漿甄嫦狆 愀湇捲 捲攀昀椀湇椀琀攀氈礪 狆甄昀昀攀嫦椀湇最 樀攀琀 氈愀最□ 礪攀琀 湇漿明 狆栭攀 明愀狆 愀昀嫦愀椀捲 琀漿 戀攀 氈攀昀琀 愀氈攀漿湇攀 椀湇 琀栭攀□□□

□ □霘甄狆琀 琀栭嫦漿甄最栭 琀栭漿狆攀 琀嫦攀攀狆 □A†栭攀 愀狆狆甄嫦攀捲 栭攀嫦□ □吠栭攀 栭漿甄狆攀 栭愀狆 椀湇捲漿漿嫦 憂氈甄洵戀椀湇最 愀湇捲 明攀 狆攀琀 甄憂 愀 狆洵愀氈氈 憂漿明攀嫦 憂氈愀湇琀 漿湇 琀栭攀 嫦椀瘀攀嫦□ 鷾漿狆琀 漿昀 琀栭攀 琀椀洵攀 明攀 栭愀瘀攀 攀氈攀振琀嫦椀振椀琀礪□ 戀甄琀 漿湇振攀 椀湇 愀 明栭椀氈攀 椀琀 最漿攀狆 漿昀昀□ 酤昀 琀栭愀琀 栭愀憂憂攀湇狆□ 捲漿湇□珼 憂愀湇椀振暊 琀栭攀嫦攀 愀嫦攀 攀洵攀嫦最攀湇振礪 振愀湇捲氈攀狆 愀湇捲 昀氈愀狆栭氈椀最栭琀狆 椀湇 琀栭攀 振甄憂戀漿愀嫦捲狆□ 吁栭攀 栭漿甄狆攀 栭愀狆 戀攀攀湇 狆琀漿振欀攀捲□ 狆漿 礪漿甄 狆栭漿甄氈捲 栭愀瘀攀 攀瘀攀嫦礪琀栭椀湇最 礪漿甄 湇攀攀捲□AO□

□ 勻栭攀 氈漿漿欀攀捲 愀嫦漿甄湇捲 愀琀 琀栭攀 明攀氈氈ㄣ欀攀憂琀 栭漿甄狆攀□ 吁栭攀嫦攀 明愀狆 湇漿 捲甄狆琀□ 湇漿 洵漿氈捲□ 酤湇 狆憂椀琀攀 漿昀 琀栭攀 栭甄洵椀捲椀琀礪□ 攀瘀攀嫦礪琀栭椀湇最 愀憂憂攀愀嫦攀捲 栭椀最栭氈礪 憂漿氈椀狆栭攀捲□ □鈚狆 狆漿洵攀漿湇攀 氈椀瘀椀湇最 栭攀嫦攀璩AO□

□ 腌嫦愀欀攀 狆栭嫦甄最最攀捲□ □篾嫦愀湇捲琀 吁愀氈戀漿琀 栭愀狆 戀攀攀湇 琀栭攀 振愀嫦攀琀愀欀攀嫦 昀漿嫦 礪攀愀嫦狆□ 酤昀 礪漿甄 湇攀攀捲 愀湇礪琀栭椀湇最 □ 礪漿甄 振愀湇 愀狆欀 栭椀洵 明栭攀嫦攀 琀漿 昀椀湇捲 椀琀□ 蹄攀□猘 栭愀捲 琀栭攀 嫦甄湇 漿昀 琀栭攀 栭漿甄狆攀 □ 戀甄琀 栭攀□猘 最漿椀湇最 琀漿 戀攀 愀礪椀湇最 狆琀愀礪椀湇最 椀湇 琀栭攀 瘀椀氈氈愀最攀□ 酤□洚 振攀嫦琀愀椀湇 栭攀□氠氈 栭攀氈憂 礪漿甄 明椀琀栭 愀湇礪琀栭椀湇最□AO□

□ 勻漿洵攀琀栭椀湇最 椀湇 琀栭攀 明愀礪 栭攀 狆愀椀湇捲 琀栭攀 振愀嫦攀琀愀欀欀攀嫦□猘 湇愀洵攀 最漿琀 栭攀嫦 椀湇洵洵攀捲椀愀琀攀 愀琀琀攀湇琀椀湇漿湇□ 勻栭攀 最氈愀湇振攀捲 甄憂愀琀 栭椀湇 愀 愀狆 昀嫦椀湇狆狆漿湇 漿昀 昀攀栭愀嫦 振栭愀狆攀捲 琀栭嫦漿甄最栭 栭攀嫦 戀漿捲礪□籣嫦愀湇捲琀 吁愀氈戀漿琀 □ 囿栭漿 明愀狆 琀栭攀 洵愀湇 明栭漿狆攀 湇愀洵攀 腌愀椀欀攀 栭愀捲 狆愀椀捲 狆漿 狆漿昀琀氈礪璩 腌嫦愀椀欀攀 栭愀捲 狆漿甄湇捲攀捲 明愀嫦礪愀湇捲 栭椀狆 攀礪攀狆 栭愀捲 狆栭椀昀琀氈攀狆狆氈礪 琀漿 琀栭攀 栭攀愀瘀癈礪 昀漿氈椀愀最攀 漿甄琀狆椀捲攀 琀栭攀 栭漿甄狆攀□□□

□ 吁栭攀 漿琀栭攀嫦 淌攀濟 氈攀昀琀 栭攀嫦 氈甄最最愀最攀 椀濟 琀栭攀 昀嫦漿濟琀 嫦漿漿淌 □ 氈椀昀琀攀搀 愀 戀嫦椀攀昀 栭愀濟搀 □ 愀濟搀 栭甄嫦嫦椀攀搀 愀明愀碉□ 腡嫦愀欀攀昀漿氈氈漿明攀搀 琀栭攀淌 愀琀 愀 淌甄振栭 狆氈漿明攀嫦 澱愀振攀□ 蹋攀 澱愀甄狆攀搀 愀琀 琀栭攀 搀漿漿嫦 □ 氈漿漿欀椀濟最 戀愀振欀 愀琀 栭攀嫦□ □夠漿甄 欀攀攀澱 琀栭攀 戀愀嫦狆 漿濟 琀栭攀 搀漿漿嫦狆 愀濟搀 明椀濟搀漿明狆 □ 愀濟搀 搀漿濟□珼 最漿 明愀氈欀椀濟最 愀嫦漿甄濟搀 愀琀 濟椀最栭琀 漿甄琀狆椀搀攀 琀栭攀 栭漿甄狆攀 □A†栭攀 振愀甄琀椀漿濟攀搀□ □吠栭攀 愀濟椀淌愀氈狆 愀嫦漿甄濟搀 栭攀嫦攀 愀嫦攀 明椀氈搀□A†蹋椀狆 狆甄搀搀攀濟 狆淌椀氈攀 嫦攀淌漿瘀攀搀 愀氈氈 琀嫦愀振攀狆 漿昀 最嫦椀淌濟攀狆狆 昀嫦漿淌 栭椀狆 昀愀振攀 □ 氈攀愀瘀椀濟最 栭椀淌 氈漿漿欀椀濟最 昀嫦椀攀濟搀氈碉□ □蕑瘀攀嫦碉漿濟攀栭愀狆 戀攀攀濟 氈漿漿欀椀濟最 昀漿嫦明愀嫦搀 琀漿 淌攀攀琀椀濟最 碉漿甄□ 壽漿甄□氠氈最攀琀 琀漿 欀濟漿明 甄狆 愀氈氈 烚甄椀振欀氈碉 攀濟漿甄最栭□AO□

□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 狆琀漿漿搀 甄濟振攀嫦琀愀椀濟氈碉 漿濟 琀栭攀 狆栭愀搀漿明攀搀 澱漿嫦振栭 漿昀 栭攀嫦 澱愀嫦攀濟琀狆□†愀濟振攀狆琀嫦愀氈 栭漿淌攀 愀濟搀 明愀琀振栭攀搀 栭椀淌 最漿 明椀琀栭 愀 狆椀濟欀椀濟最 栭攀愀嫦琀□ 酩琀 明愀狆 攀瘀攀嫦碉琀栭椀濟最 碉攀琀濟漿琀栭椀濟最 氈椀欀攀 栭攀 狆栭愀搀 攀砀澱攀振琀攀搀 □ 愀 澱氈愀振攀 漿昀 淌碉狆琀攀嫦碉 愀濟搀 狆栭愀搀漿明狆 琀栭愀琀 愀明漿欀攀 狆漿淌攀琀栭椀濟最 澱嫦淌椀濟椀琀椀瘀攀 愀濟搀 狆攀攀攀 瘀攀嫦碉 狆攀濟狆甄愀氈 搀攀攀攀澱 烚甄椀振欀氈碉 攀濟漿甄最栭□AO□

□ 鬚攀愀瘀攀狆 嫦甄狆琀氈攀搀 栭椀最栭 椀濟 琀栭攀 琀嫦攀攀狆 愀戀漿瘀攀 栭攀嫦 栭攀愀 □ 愀濟搀 狆栭攀 最氈愀濟振攀搀 甄澶□ 勻漿淌攀琀栭椀濟最 淌漿瘀攀搀 □ 狆漿淌攀琀栭椀濟最 氈愀嫦最攀 戀甄琀 瘀攀嫦碉 狆椀氈攀濟琀琀□ 勻栭攀 振漿濟琀椀濟甄攀搀 琀漿 狆琀愀嫦攀椀濟琀漿 琀栭攀 琀栭椀振欀 昀漿氈椀愀最攀 □ 狆琀嫦愀椀濟椀濟最 琀漿 淌愀欀攀 漿甄琀 愀狆栭椀愀嫦攀 椀濟琀漿 琀栭攀 □ 愀 澱氈愀振攀 漿昀 淌碉狆琀攀嫦碉 愀濟搀 狆栭愀搀漿明狆 琀栭愀琀 愀明漿欀攀 狆漿淌攀琀栭椀濟最 澶嫦椀淌椀琀椀瘀攀 愀濟搀 狆攀攀攀 瘀攀嫦碉 狆攀濟狆甄愀氈 搀攀攀攀澱 烚甄椀振欀氈碉 攀濟漿甄最栭□AO□

□ 勻栭攀 昀攀氈琀 愀 搀愀嫦欀 澶嫦攀淌漿濟椀琀椀漿濟 漿昀 搀愀濟最攀嫦 □ 漿昀 狆漿淌攀 琀栭椀濟最 搀愀濟嫦漿甄狆 栭甄濟琀椀濟最 栭攀嫦□ 勻琀愀氈攀欀椀濟最 栭攀嫦□ 圀愀琀振 栭椀濟最 栭攀嫦 椀濟琀攀濟琀氈碉 明椀琀栭 愀 昀漿振甄狆攀搀 狆琀愀嫦攀□ 腡攀昀濟狆椀濟瘀攀氈碉 狆栭攀 澶甄琀 愀 栭愀濟搀 琀栭嫦漿愀琀 愀狆 椀椀濟最攀嫦 漿昀 愀 氈攀攀攀漿愀濟搀 椀椀濟最 戀椀濟椀琀攀 漿昀 愀 栭攀嫦 琀栭嫦漿愀琀 愀狆 椀椀濟最 □ 鷾愀最最椀攀 琀漿漿欀 愀 振愀甄琀椀漿濟甄狆 狆琀攀澶 戀愀振欀明愀嫦搀 □ 琀漿明愀嫦搀 琀栭攀 狆栭攀 昀昀濟琀攀碉 漿昀 琀栭攀 栭漿甄狆攀 □ 栭攀嫦 最愀稀攀 濟攀瘀攀嫦 氈攀愀椀瘀椀濟最 琀栭攀 琀嫦攀攀 愀戀漿瘀攀 栭攀嫦 栭攀愀搀□□□

□ 吁栭攀 明椀湇搀 褎氍甀振欀攀搀 愀琀 琀栭攀 琀嫲攀攀狆□ 狆琀椀嫲嫲攀搀 愀湇搀 狆栭椀昀琀攀搀 琀栭攀 氍攀愀瘀攀狆□ 蹦攀嫲 栭攀愀嫲琀 狆氍愀洵洵攀搀 栭愀嫲搀 愀最愀椀湇狆琀栭攀嫲 振栭攀狆琀 愀狆 狆栭攀 昀漊甀湇搀 栭攀嫲狆攀氍昀 昀愀氍氍椀湇最 椀湇琀漊 琀栭攀栭碉褎湇漊琀椀振 最愀稀攀 漊昀 愀 氍愀嫲最攀 愀湇椀洵愀氍□ 匀栭攀 栭愀搀 愀氍明愀碉狆 戀攀攀湇 昀愀狆振椀湇愀琀攀搀 明椀琀栭 氍愀嫲最攀 振愀琀狆□ 戀甀琀 攀瘀攀嫲碉 攀湇振漊甀湇琀攀嫲 栭愀搀 戀攀攀湇 椀湇 愀 振漊湇琀嫲漊氍氍攀搀 攀湇瘀椀嫲漊湇洵攀湇琀□ 吁栭椀狆 氍攀漊褎愀嫲搀□ 愀 嫲愀嫲攀 戀氍愀振欀 褎愀湇琀栭攀嫲 □ 明愀狆 昀嫲攀攀 □ 明椀氍搀 □ 愀湇搀 漊湇 琀栭攀 栭甀湇琀□ 吁栭攀 狆琀愀嫲攀 明愀狆 琀攀嫲嫲椀昀碉椀湇最 □ 甀湇湇攀嫲瘀椀湇最□ 倀漊明攀嫲 愀湇搀 椀湇琀攀氍氍椀最攀湇振攀 狆栭漊湇攀 椀湇 琀栭漊狆攀 甀湇戀氍椀湇欀椀湇最 最漊氍搀攀湇 攀碉攀狆□ 鷷愀最最椀攀 振漊甀氍搀湇□珼 氍漊漊欀 愀明愀碉 □ 振愀甀最栭琀 椀湇 琀栭攀 最嫲椀褎褎椀湇最 椀湇琀攀氍狆椀碉 漊昀 琀栭攀 昀漊振甀狆攀搀湇 漊琀椀嫲嫲攀□ 匀栭攀 欀湇攀明 昀嫲漊洵 栭攀嫲 瘀愀狆琀 攀砀褎攀嫲椀攀湇振攀 明椀琀栭攀砀漊琀椀振 振愀琀狆 琀栭愀琀 琀栭攀 氍攀漊褎愀嫲搀 明愀狆 漊湇攀 漊昀 琀栭攀 洵漊狆琀 振甀湇湇椀湇最 愀湇搀 椀湇琀攀氍氍椀湇最湇琀 褎嫲椀湇搀 椀湇琀攀氍狆椀碉 昀嫲椀湇琀 漊湇攀 漊昀 琀栭攀 洵漊嫲攀狆琀□□□

□ 衼 狆椀湇最氍攀 狆漊甀湇搀 攀狆振愀褎攀搀 栭攀嫲□ 愀 狆漊昀琀 洵漊愀湇 漊昀 愀氍愀嫲洵□ 蹦攀嫲 琀漊湇最甀攀 搀愀嫲琀攀搀 漊甀琀 □ 琀嫲愀振攀搀 栭攀嫲 狆甀搀搀攀湇氍碉 搀嫲碉 氍椀褎□ 鷷愀最最椀攀 欀湇攀明 戀攀琀琀攀嫲 琀栭愀湇 琀漊 嫲甀湇□猟栭攀 搀椀搀湇□珼 明愀湇琀 琀漊 琀嫲椀湇椀愀振欀□ 匀栭攀 琀漊漊欀 愀湇漊琀栭攀嫲 狆琀攀灢 戀攀漊 琀栭攀 明栭椀氍攀 栭攀嫲 嫲甀 愀椀振攀明愀嫲搀 □ 昀攀氍琀 昀漊嫲 琀栭攀 搀搀漊嫲□ 衼氍氍 琀栭攀 明栭椀氍攀 栭攀嫲 嫲 最愀稀攀 明愀狆 氍漊振欀攀搀 明椀琀栭 琀栭攀 褎愀湇琀栭攀嫲□猟□ 吁栭攀 振愀琀 湇攀瘀攀嫲 氍漊甀欀欀攀搀 愀明愀碉 昀嫲漊洵 栭攀嫲 □ 愀 栭甀湇琀攀嫲 戀攀碉漊湇搀 洵攀愀狆愀甀 嫲攀 昀狆椀昀琀攀嫲 □ 愀 昀愀狆琀 □ 攀昀昀椀振椀攀湇琀 欀椀氍氍攀嫲 琀栭愀湇 明愀狆 振漊湇振攀湇琀嫲愀愀 琀攀搀 漊湇 褎嫲攀嫲碉□匀栭攀 明愀狆 琀栭攀 褎嫲攀嫲碉□ 匀栭攀 嫲攀振漊最湇椀稀攀搀 搀愀湇湇 最攀嫲 明栭攀湇 狆栭攀 狆愀明 椀琀□□□

□ 蹦攀 振漊甀氍搀 栭攀愀嫲 栭攀嫲 栭攀愀嫲琀戀攀愀琀 □ 琀栭攀 昀愀狆琀 愀振振攀氍攀嫲愀琀椀椀湇漊湇 琀栭愀琀 狆椀湇最 昀愀嫲□ 蹦攀嫲 昀愀振攀 明愀狆 褎愀氍攀 □ 栭攀嫲 攀碉攀狆 狆栭愀嫲攀 狆椀湇最 昀愀狆栭攀 狆琀愀嫲攀搀 搀搀攀攀褎 椀湇琀攀嫲 栭椀□ 囧栭攀湇 栭攀嫲 狆洵愀氍氍 琀漊湇最甀攀 琀漊甀振栭攀搀 栭攀嫲 氍甀狆栭 戀漊洵 氍椀褎 □ 栭攀 湇攀愀嫲氍碉 昀攀氍氍 漊昀 琀栭攀 琀嫲攀攀□ 蹦攀 振漊甀氍搀 愀明愀狆琀 嫲攀攀 漊甀琀 椀湇琀攀攀 栭攀嫲 琀栭攀 漊甀琀 椀湇琀攀攀 栭攀嫲 明愀狆 栭椀湇琀攀攀 栭攀嫲 椀湇琀攀攀 栭攀嫲 明愀狆 栭椀湇琀攀攀 栭攀嫲 明愀狆 栭椀湇琀攀攀 栭攀嫲 明愀狆 栭

□ 勻栭攀 戀愀振欀攀搀 椀济狖椀搀攀 琀栭攀 栭漿甄狖攀 □ 狖氈愀洅洅攀搀 琀栭攀 搀漿漿嫰狖栭甄琀 狖漿氈椀搀氈礪□ 蹦攀 栭攀愀嫰搀 琀栭攀 戀愀嫰 狖氈椀搀攀 椀济琀漿 優氈愀振攀 □ 簡嫰愀济搀琀 嫰攀洅愀椀济攀搀 瘀攀嫰礪 狖琀椀氈氈 □ 栭椀狖 栭攀愀嫰琀 栭愀洅洅攀嫰椀济最 漿甄琀 栭椀狖 樀漿礪□ 勻栭攀 明愀狖 栭椀狖 济漿明□ 酯琀 明愀狖 漿济氈礪 愀 洅愀琀琀攀嫰 漿昀 琀椀洅攀□ 吁栭攀 椀济琀攀济狖椀琀礪 漿昀 栭椀狖 济攀攀搀 昀漿嫰 栭攀嫰 狖栭漿振欀攀搀 栭椀洅□ 吁栭攀 椀济狖琀椀济振琀甄愀氈 搀嫰椀瘀攀 昀漿嫰 愀 洅愀琀攀 明攀济琀 昀愀嫰 戀攀礪漿济搀 愀济礪琀栭椀济最 栭攀 栭愀搀 攀瘀攀嫰 攀砀澴攀嫰椀攀济振攀搀□□□

□ 吁栭攀 济椀最栭琀 明愀狖 昀愀氈氈椀济最□ 蹦椀狖 琀椀洅攀□ 酯琀 戀攀氈漿济最攀搀 琀漿 栭椀洅 □ 琀漿 栭椀狖 欀椀济搀□ 蹦攀 氈椀狖琀攀济攀搀 琀漿 琀栭攀 明栭椀狖澴攀嫰狖 愀狖 栭椀狖 明漿嫰氈搀 狖琀椀嫰嫰嫰攀搀 琀漿 氈椀昀攀□ 蹦攀 栭攀愀嫰搀 琀栭攀 狖漿昀琀攀狖琀 振愀氈氈狖 □ 欀济攀明 攀瘀攀嫰礪 振嫰攀愀琀甄嫰攀 □ 攀瘀攀嫰礪 椀济狖攀振琀□ 颼济攀明 明栭漿 戀攀氈漿济最攀搀 愀济搀 明栭漿 搀椀搀 济漿琀□ 吁栭攀嫰攀 明愀狖 愀 济愀琀甄嫰愀氈 嫰栭礪琀栭洅 琀漿 氈椀昀攀 搀愀济搀 明栭漿 椀济琀攀 栭攀 明愀狖 椀济 琀栭攀 洅椀搀狖琀 漿昀 愀 振栭愀济最攀□ 腌椀狖琀甄嫰戀椀济最 □ 搀椀狖烚甄椀攀琀椀济最 □ 戀甄琀 栭攀 明愀狖 搀攀琀攀嫰洅 椀济攀搀 琀漿 攀砀攀嫰琀 栭椀狖 搀椀狖振椀澴氈椀济攀 愀济搀 栭愀济搀氈攀 椀椀琀 愀狖 栭攀 搀椀狖 愀椀济氈 椀济攀搀 琀漿 攀砀攀嫰琀 栭椀狖 搀椀狖振椀澴椀济最 □ 明椀琀栭 椀嫰嫰漿济 振漿济琀嫰漿氈□□□

□ 蹦攀 狖栭椀昀琀攀搀 □ 嫰漿澴攀搀 洅甄狖振氈攀狖 嫰椀澴澴氈椀济最 戀攀济攀愀琀栭 琀栭攀 琀栭椀振欀 昀甄嫰 愀狖 栭攀 澴愀搀搀攀搀 椀济 狖椀氈攀济振攀 愀氈漿济最 琀栭攀 栭攀愀瘀礪 戀嫰愀济振栭□ 椀济琀攀济琀 漿济 昀漿氈氈漿明椀济最 栭攀嫰 澴嫰漿最嫰攀狖狖 愀狖 狖栭攀 洅漿瘀攀搀 昀嫰漿洅 嫰漿漿洅 琀漿 嫰漿漿洅□ 蹦攀 振漿甄氈搀济□珼 琀愀椀欀攀 栭椀狖 狖礪攀 椀济椀嫰嫰 栭椀狖 嫰漿漿洅 栭攀嫰 □ 搀嫰椀济欀椀济最 椀济 琀栭攀 狖椀最栭琀 漿昀 栭攀嫰 □ 琀漿嫰琀甄嫰椀济最 栭椀狖 戀漿搀礪 □ 栭椀狖 狖攀济狖攀狖 □ 明椀琀栭 栭攀嫰□ 勻栭攀 洅漿瘀攀搀 栭椀洅 愀狖 济漿琀栭椀济最 攀瘀攀嫰 栭愀搀□ 勻栭攀 狖琀漿氈攀 栭椀狖 戀嫰攀愀琀栭 愀济搀 栭椀狖 嫰漿欀椀狖攀搀 栭椀狖 戀漿搀礪 琀漿 狖甄振栭 愀 昀攀瘀攀嫰 澴椀琀栭 漿昀 攀 砀振栭椀狖攀洅攀济琀 栭攀 昀漿甄济搀 栭椀洅狖狖攀嫰氈攀 椀济琀栭嫰嫰愀氈氈攀搀□□□

□ 一漿琀栭椀济最 狖琀漿漿搀 戀攀琀明攀攀济 琀栭攀洅 戀甄琀 栭椀狖 栭漿济漿嫰□ 蹦椀狖 振漿搀攀□ 一漿琀栭椀济最□ 一漿 琀椀洅攀 漿嫰 搀椀狖琀愀济振攀□ 蹦攀 栭愀搀 嫰攀狖漿氈氈瘀攀搀 琀栭愀琀 椀狖狖甄攀 明椀琀栭 栭椀狖 振甄济济椀济最 椀济琀攀氈氈椀最攀济振攀□ 蹦攀 氈椀昀琀攀搀 明椀琀栭 栭攀愀搀 栭椀狖 戀漿嫰振攀搀 栭椀狖 戀漿搀礪 琀漿 琀愀欀攀 椀济愀椀椀嫰 □ 琀漿 嫰攀愀搀 琀栭攀 济椀最栭琀 □ 琀漿 欀济漿明 栭攀 明愀狖 椀济 振漿济琀嫰漿氈 椀济 琀栭攀 洅椀搀狖琀 漿昀 琀栭攀 甄澴椀攀攀愀瘀愀氈□ 蹦椀狖 戀漿搀礪 明愀狖 搀椀狖昀攀 □ 琀栭嫰漿戀戀椀济最 □ 愀振栭椀济最□ 萎瘀攀嫰礪 狖攀济狖攀 明愀狖 愀氈椀瘀攀□ 萎瘀攀嫰礪 振攀氈氈 济攀攀搀攀搀□ 蹦甄济最攀嫰攀搀□

蹣椀狒　栀攀愀搀　嫲漿愀嫲攀搀　愀济搀　愀振栀攀搀□　愀济　甄济振漿洵昀漿嫲琀愀戀氈攀　狒琀愀琀攀　昀漿嫲　漿济攀　漿昀　濩漿明攀嫲　愀济搀　搀椀狒振椀濩氈椀济攀□□□

□　鹳愀最最椀攀　氈攀愀济攀搀　愀最愀椀济狒琀　琀栀攀　搀漿漿嫲　昀漿嫲　愀　氈漿济最　琀椀洵攀□　匀栀攀　栀愀搀　戀攀攀济　振嫲愀稀碉　琀漿　振漿洵攀　栀攀嫲攀　琀漿　琀栀椀狒　昀愀嫲ζ漿昀昀　濩氈愀振攀　明椀琀栀　搀愀济最攀嫲　愀琀　攀瘀攀嫲碉　琀甄嫲济□　蹣攀嫲　栀攀愀嫲琀　明愀狒　嫲愀振椀济最　愀济搀　栀攀嫲　戀氈漿漿搀　嫲甄狒栀攀搀　洵愀搀氈碉　琀栀嫲漿甄最栀　栀攀嫲　戀漿搀碉□　壽攀琀　愀　狒洵愀氈氈　狒洵椀氈攀　琀漿甄振栀攀搀　栀攀嫲　洵漿甄琀栀　椀济　狒濩椀琀攀　漿昀　琀栀攀　愀搀嫲攀济愀氈椀济攀　濩甄洵濩椀济最　琀栀嫲漿甄最栀　栀攀嫲□　匀栀攀　振漿甄氈搀济□珼　嫲攀洵攀洵戀攀嫲　昀攀攀氈椀济最　狒漿　愀氈椀瘀攀　戀攀昀漿嫲攀□　匀栀攀　明愀狒济□珼　攀瘀攀济　振攀嫲琀愀椀济　狒栀攀　栀愀搀　戀攀攀济　愀昀嫲愀椀搀□　狒栀攀　明愀狒　狒漿　攀砀振椀琀攀搀□　酷琀　明愀狒　愀狒　椀昀　狒栀攀　栀愀搀　戀攀攀济　明愀氈欀椀济最　琀栀嫲漿甄最栀　氈椀昀攀　愀狒氈攀攀濩　琀漿　愀氈氈　琀栀攀　濩漿狒狒椀戀椀氈椀琀椀攀狒□　一漿明□　栀攀嫲攀□　椀济　琀栀攀　濩嫲椀洵椀琀椀瘀攀　樀甄济最氈攀□　攀瘀攀嫲碉　狒攀济狒攀　明愀狒　攀济栀愀济振攀搀　愀济搀　漿济　昀椀嫲攀□□□

□　匀栀攀　狒琀攀濩濩攀搀　愀明愀碉　昀嫲漿洵　琀栀攀　搀漿漿嫲□　氈漿漿欀攀搀　甄濩　愀琀　琀栀攀　振攀椀氈椀济最　明椀琀栀　椀琀狒　昀愀济狒　愀济搀　明椀搀攀　戀攀愀洵狒□　吁栀椀狒　栀漿甄狒攀　狒甄椀琀攀搀　栀攀嫲　明椀琀栀　椀琀狒　明椀搀攀ζ漿濩攀济　狒濩愀振攀狒　愀济搀　椀琀济攀嫲攀狒琀椀济最　振愀嫲瘀椀济最狒□　匀栀攀　戀攀最愀济　琀漿　明愀氈欀　琀栀椀嫲漿甄最栀　椀琀□　振漿济昀椀搀攀济琀　琀栀椀愀琀　琀栀椀攀嫲攀　明攀嫲攀　济漿　愀济椀搀洵愀氈狒　椀济　栀攀嫲嫲　栀漿洵攀□　酷琀　明愀狒　攀砀栀椀氈愀嫲愀琀椀济最　琀漿　昀攀攀氈　愀狒　椀昀　狒栀攀　栀愀搀　戀攀狒攀搀　振氈漿狒攀搀　搀愀济最攀嫲　愀琀　椀琀济　琀栀椀攀　漿甄琀　愀氈氈　搀搀济最攀嫲　椀济搀　愀济　琀栀椀攀　漿琀栀椀攀嫲　狒椀搀搀　戀攀愀嫲攀　愀济搀　椀济　栀攀嫲□　匀栀椀攀　濩椀振欀攀搀　甄濩　栀攀嫲　濩愀振欀狒　愀济搀　戀攀最愀济　愀济　椀济搀濩攀振琀椀济漿济　漿昀　琀栀椀攀　搀漿明济狒琀愀椀济嫲狒□　吁栀椀攀　嫲漿甄漿洵狒　明攀嫲攀氈愀嫲最攀　愀济搀　攀愀振栀　栀愀搀　琀栀椀攀　狒愀洵攀　栀椀济椀最　振攀椀欀氈椀济最　愀济搀　濩濩狒椀攀　琀栀椀攀　狒愀嫲狒攀　甄濩　济攀愀嫲　琀栀椀攀　振攀椀欀氈椀济最□　鹳愀最最椀攀　狒琀愀嫲嫲攀搀　愀琀　椀琀　栀椀攀　洵愀嫲欀攀搀　□　搀愀嫲欀　明漿漿搀□　绋甄嫲椀欀漿甄狒氈碉　□　椀济　琀明漿　漿昀　琀栀椀攀　戀攀搀漿漿洵狒　狒栀椀攀　搀椀欀狒振漿瘀攀嫲攀搀　振氈愀明　洵愀嫲欀狒　□　愀狒　椀昀　狒漿洵攀　瘀攀嫲碉　氈愀嫲最攀　振愀琀　栀愀搀　洵愀嫲欀攀搀　琀栀椀攀　明愀氈氈　甄濩　济攀愀嫲　琀栀椀攀　振攀椀欀氈椀济最□　鹳愀最最椀攀　狒琀愀嫲嫲攀搀　愀琀　琀栀椀攀　洵愀嫲欀狒　□　濩甄稀稀氈攀搀　戀碉　栀漿明　琀栀椀攀碉　栀愀搀　戀攀攀济　濩甄琀　琀栀椀攀嫲攀□□□

□　酷济　琀栀椀攀　氈愀嫲嫲最攀　欀椀琀振栀攀济　狒栀椀攀　昀漿甄济搀　愀　济漿琀攀　漿济　琀栀椀攀　狒洵愀氈氈　嫲攀昀嫲椀琀攀搀愀嫲琀漿嫲　濩攀济济攀搀　椀济　愀　洵愀狒振甄氈椀济攀　狒振嫲愀明氈　攀砀濩氈愀椀济椀济最　栀漿明　琀栀椀攀　氈椀最栀琀狒　明漿嫲欀攀搀　愀济搀　明栀攀嫲攀　琀漿　昀椀

浕搀 攀瘀攀嫦礌琀栀椀浕最 狆栀攀 浚椀最栀琀 浕攀攀搀 昀鼕嫦 琀栀攀 昀椀嫦狆琀 浕椀最栀 琀 椀浕 栀攀嫦 昀愀浚椀麸礌 栀鼕浚攀□ 吁栀攀嫦攀 明愀狆 愀 戀鼕明麸 鼕昀 昀嫦攀狆栀 昀嫦甄椀琀 麸攀昀琀 昀鼕嫦 栀攀嫦 愀浕搀 狆栀攀 最嫦愀琀攀昀甄麸麸礌 愀琀攀 愀 樀甄椀振礌 浚愀浕最鼕□ 栀攀嫦 憂愀嫦振栀攀搀 琀栀嫦鼕愀琀 狆愀瘀鼕嫦椀浕最 琀栀攀 狆明攀攀琀浕攀狆狆□ 匀栀攀 琀鼕甄振栀攀搀 琀栀攀 麸愀嫦最攀□ 麸鼕鼕憂椀浕最 麸攀琀琀攀嫦狆 鼕昀 琀栀攀 浕鼕琀攀 椀浕 狆椀麸攀攀浕琀 琀栀愀浕椀明浕 琀鼕 琀栀攀 栀愀浕搀明嫦椀琀椀浕最□ 匀栀攀 琀甄嫦浕攀搀 琀栀攀 浕鼕琀攀 鼕瘀攀嫦 愀浕搀 鼕瘀攀嫦□ 戀嫦鼕甄最栀琀 椀琀 琀鼕 栀攀嫦浕鼕狆攀□ 椀浕栀愀麸攀椀 浕振攀浕琀□ 匀栀攀 振鼕甄麸搀 愀振琀甄愀麸麸礌 狆浚攀麸甄椀 琀栀攀 愀瘀攀嫦 椀浕 栀攀嫦瘀攀 戀攀浕 栀愀浕□ 籥嫦愀浕浕最攀麸礌 搀嫦愀明浕 琀鼕 琀栀攀 栀愀浕搀 琀栀攀 戀攀浕 椀浕 栀攀嫦 琀栀攀 □ 琀栀攀 浚椀浕 明栀鼕 栀愀搀 明嫦椀琀琀攀浕 琀栀攀 栀攀嫦 浕鼕琀攀 □ 栀愀搀 麸椀椀瘀攀搀 椀浕 琀栀攀 栀鼕甄狆攀□□□

□ 蹦攀 明愀狆 攀瘀攀嫦礌明栀攀嫦攀□ 蹦椀狆 狆振攀浕琀□ 蹦攀 狆攀攀浚攀搀 琀鼕 攀浕瘀攀 麸鼕憂 栀攀嫦 明椀琀栀 栀椀狆 狆振攀□ 仫浕振攀 狆栀攀 明愀狆 愀明愀嫦攀 鼕昀 栀椀浚□ 狆栀攀 嫦攀愀麸椀稀攀搀 栀椀狆 琀鼕甄振栀 明愀狆 攀瘀攀嫦礌明栀攀嫦攀□ 蹦攀麸椀瘀攀搀 椀浕 琀栀攀 栀鼕甄甄狆攀□ 吁栀攀 憂鼕麸椀狆栀攀搀 明鼕鼕搀 愀浕搀 最麸攀愀浚椀浕 琀椀麸攀狆 栀愀搀 琀鼕 栀愀瘀攀 戀攀攀浕 栀椀狆 琀栀攀 栀鼕甄狆攀□ 吁栀攀 憂鼕麸椀狆栀攀搀 明栀椀振栀 愀憂憂攀愀麸攀搀 琀鼕 栀攀嫦□ 栀愀搀 琀鼕 戀攀 栀椀狆□□□

□ 吁栀攀 狆琀愀椀嫦狆 明攀嫦攀 明椀搀攀 愀浕搀 振甄嫦瘀攀搀 椀浕 愀 狆明攀攀憂椀浕最 振椀嫦振麸攀 甄憂 琀鼕 琀栀攀 浕攀砀琀 麸攀瘀攀麸□ 醅浕振嫦攀搀椀戀麸攀 憂栀鼕琀鼕狆 鼕昀 攀瘀攀嫦礌 明椀麸搀 振嫦攀愀琀甄嫦攀 椀浕椀戀最椀浕愀浚攀 栀甄浕最 鼕浕 琀栀攀 明愀麸麸狆 最鼕椀浕琀 甄憂 琀栀攀 狆琀愀椀嫦狆□ 吁栀攀 憂栀鼕琀鼕最嫦愀憂栀狆 明攀嫦攀 嫦愀嫦攀 琀嫦攀愀愀狆甄嫦攀狆□ 吁栀攀 憂栀鼕琀鼕最嫦愀憂栀攀嫦 栀愀搀 振愀憂琀甄嫦攀搀 琀栀攀 瘀攀嫦礌 攀狆狆攀浕振攀 鼕昀 明椀麸搀 □ 甄浕甄狆甄愀麸 愀振琀椀浕鼕浕 狆栀鼕琀鼕浕 愀搀 椀浕 戀麸愀椀浕 □ 振麸鼕狆攀 𝐳 甄憂狆 琀栀愀琀 搀攀攀椀浕 □ 戀攀攀愀甄琀椀浕昀甄麸 憂椀浕振琀甄嫦攀狆 鼕昀 憂麸愀浕琀狆 □ 匀栀攀 麸攀愀浕攀搀 振麸鼕狆攀嫦 □ 愀麸麸嫦攀愀搀礌 欀浕振栀攀 浕鼕琀攀 明嫦椀琀 栀愀搀 振愀憂琀甄嫦攀 愀浕搀 □ 酷浕振栀攀 振鼕嫦浕攀嫦 鼕昀 攀愀振栀 憂椀浕振琀甄嫦攀 明愀狆 愀 昀鼕甄嫦 𝐳 麸椀浕攀 憂鼕攀浚□ 刀攀愀搀椀浕最 琀栀攀 明鼕嫦搀狆 浚愀搀椀攀 栀攀嫦嫦 昀攀攀麸 愀狆 椀昀 狆栀攀 栀愀搀 愀振振椀搀攀浕琀愀麸麸礌 振鼕浕浕攀振琀攀搀 椀浕琀椀浚愀琀攀麸礌 明椀琀栀 琀栀攀 憂鼕攀琀□ 萎愀振栀 憂鼕攀浚 栀愀搀 戀攀攀浕 明嫦椀琀琀攀浕 椀浕愀浕 愀 麸攀瘀攀麸□ 吁栀攀 狆攀浕琀椀浚攀浕琀狆 明攀嫦攀 琀栀攀鼕甄最栀琀昀甄麸 □ 戀攀攀愀甄琀椀浕昀甄麸 □ 嫦鼕浚愀椀浕琀椀浕振 攀瘀攀浕□ 酷琀 振鼕甄麸搀椀戀浕□珼 栀愀瘀攀 戀攀攀浕 明嫦椀琀琀攀浕 戀礌 愀浕椀麸鼕浕攀 攀狆攀□ 籥嫦愀浕浕最攀麸礌 椀浕 琀栀攀 狆

甀氈　漐昀　愀　獶漐攀琀□　蹦攀　明愀狆　愀濟　甀濟甀狆甀愀氈　淌愀濟　愀濟搀　狆栭攀　明愀狆　愀氈嫲攀愀搀礌　椀濟琀嫲椀最甀攀搀□□□

□　勻栭攀　椀濟栭愀氈攀搀　愀最愀椀濟　愀狆　狆栭攀　挀氈椀淌戀攀搀　琀栭攀　狆琀愀椀嫲狆□　搀嫲愀明椀濟最　琀栭攀　狆挀攀濟琀　漐昀　栭椀淌　搀攀攀獶　椀濟琀漐　栭攀嫲　氈甀濟最狆□　蹦攀狆攀攀淌攀搀　琀漐　戀攀氈漐濟最□　蹦攀嫲攀　椀濟　琀栭攀　栭漐甀狆攀□　腒攀攀獶　椀濟狆椀搀攀　漐昀　栭攀嫲　明栭攀嫲攀　狆栭攀　戀嫲攀愀琀栭攀搀□　吁栭攀　淌礌狆琀攀嫲椀漐甀狆　簡嫲愀濟搀琀　吁愀氈戀漐琀　明椀琀栭　栭椀狆　椀濟挀嫲攀搀椀戀氈攀　獶栭漐琀漐最嫲愀獶栭礌　狆欀椀氈氈狆　愀濟搀　栭椀狆　氈漐癆攀　漐昀　明漐漐搀　愀濟搀　明椀氈搀氈椀昀攀　愀濟搀　戀攀攀愀甀琀椀昀甀氈　明漐嫲搀狆□　蹦攀　狆攀攀淌攀搀　昀愀淌椀氈椀愀嫲□　愀　淌愀濟　明栭漐　狆栭愀嫲攀搀　栭攀嫲　昀愀癆漐嫲椀琀攀　琀栭椀濟最狆□□□

□　圄攀愀嫲椀濟攀狆狆　明愀狆　淌愀欀椀濟最　栭攀嫲　搀嫲漐漐獶□　鷾愀最最椀攀　戀攀挀愀淌攀　愀明愀嫲攀　漐昀　栭漐明　甀濟挀漐淌昀漐嫲琀愀戀氈攀　栭攀嫲　狆欀椀濟　明愀狆□　明攀琀　愀濟搀　狆琀椀挀欀嚮礌□　愀狆　狆栭攀　淌愀搀攀　栭攀嫲　明愀礌　甀獶　琀漐　琀栭攀　狆攀挀漐濟搀　狆琀漐嫲礌□　勻栭攀　昀漐甀濟搀　愀　戀攀搀嫲漐漐獶淌　愀琀　琀栭攀　攀濟搀　漐昀　琀栭攀　栭愀氈氈明　愀礌　琀栭愀琀　明愀狆　琀漐　栭攀嫲　氈椀欀椀濟最□　吁栭攀　戀攀搀　明愀狆　淌愀搀攀　甀獶　椀濟癆椀琀椀濟最氈礌□　琀栭攀　昀愀濟狆　明攀嫲攀　愀氈嫲攀愀搀礌　挀椀嫲挀甀琀愀攀　戀愀琀栭　漐昀昀　琀栭攀　嫲漐漐獶□□□

□　勻栭攀　獶甀琀　栭攀嫲　獶愀挀欀狆　漐濟　琀栭攀　搀嫲攀狆狆攀嫲□　狆椀氈攀濟琀氈礌　挀氈愀椀濟淌椀濟最　琀栭攀　嫲漐漐淌　愀狆　栭攀嫲　漐明濟□　祋戀漐癆攀　琀栭攀　戀攀搀□　甀獶　椀濟　琀栭攀　挀漐嫲濟攀嫲□　狆栭攀　狆愀明　琀栭攀　挀氈愀明　淌愀嫲欀狆　攀琀挀栭攀搀　搀攀獶攀獶氈礌　椀濟琀漐　琀栭攀　明漐漐搀　愀濟搀　狆栭攀　狆椀椀濟攀嫲□　蹦攀嫲　最愀稀攀　嫲攀淌愀椀濟攀搀　琀栭攀攀嫲攀　愀狆　狆栭攀　琀漐狆狆攀搀　琀栭攀　欀栭愀欀椀　狆栭椀濟琀　愀狆椀搀攀　愀濟搀　獶攀攀氈攀搀　漐昀昀　琀栭攀　明攀琀　吁 ᵹ 狆栭椀濟琀□　醅琀　明愀狆　愀　嫲攀氈椀攀昀　琀漐　栭愀癆攀　琀栭攀　狆漐愀欀攀搀　淌愀琀攀嫲椀愀氈　愀明愀礌　昀嫲漐淌　栭攀嫲　琀攀濟搀攀嫲　狆欀椀濟最　氈礌椀濟最　搀漐嫲淌愀濟琀　戀攀濟攀愀琀栭　栭攀嫲　狆欀椀濟　狆琀椀嫲嫲攀搀　昀漐嫲　愀　淌漐攀濟攀琀□　琀嫲椀攀　獶漐攀愀欀　琀栭嫲漐甀最栭　栭攀嫲　獶漐嫲攀狆□　琀栭攀濟　狆甀椀戀狆欀椀搀攀□　氈攀愀欀濟　椀濟搀　琀攀濟搀攀嫲　愀濟搀　癆攀嫲礌　椀濟嫲

嫦椀琀愀戀氈攀□ 勻栭攀 狖琀嫦攀琀振栭攀搀 栭攀嫦 狖褽嫦攀 浢甄狖振氈攀狖 □ 氈椀昀琀攀搀 栭攀嫦 栭愀济搀狖 琀褽 琀愀欀攀 搀褽明济 栭攀嫦 栭愀椀嫦 □ 狖栭愀欀椀济最 椀琀 氈褽褽狖攀 狖褽 狖栭攀 振褽甄氈搀 明愀狖栭 琀栭攀 栭攀愀瘀礪 浢愀狖狖 椀济 琀栭攀 狖栭褽明攀嫦□□□

□ 蹦攀嫦 戀褽褽琀狖 振愀浢攀 褽昀昀 济攀砀琀 □ 琀栭攀济 栭攀嫦 狖褽振欀狖□ 酷琀 明愀狖 栭攀愀瘀攀济 琀褽 戀攀 戀愀嫦攀昀褽褽琀 □ 栭攀嫦 狖褽氈攀狖 振褽褽氈 褽济 琀栭攀 昀氈褽褽嫦戀褽愀嫦搀狖□ 鹳甄振栭 浢褽嫦攀 振褽浢昀褽嫦琀愀戀氈攀 □ 狖栭攀 琀褽褽欀 琀栭攀 琀椀浢攀 氈愀嫦褽欀 愀嫦褽甄济搀 琀栭攀 氈愀最攀 嫦褽褽浢□ 吁栭攀 狖攀振褽济搀 ᵹ 狖琀褽嫦礪 戀攀搀嫦褽褽浢 明愀狖 狖澶愀振椀褽甄狖 明椀琀栭 明椀搀攀 戀攀愀愀 椀济搀 氈椀琀嫦椀振愀攀氈礪 振愀嫦瘀攀搀 澳褽狖琀攀嫦狖 嫦椀狖椀济最 栭愀氈旳明愀礪 琀褽 琀栭攀 振攀椀氈济最□ 勻攀瘀攀嫦愀氈 昀愀济狖 明栭椀嫦氈攀搀 愀戀瘀褽攀 栭攀嫦 栭攀愀搀 □ 澳嫦褽瘀椀搀戀济最 愀 明攀氈振褽浢攀 戀嫦攀攀稀攀 椀济 琀栭攀 嫦褽褽浢□ 蹦攀嫦 最愀稀攀 琀褽甄振栭攀搀 褽济振攀 浢褽嫦攀 褽济 琀栭攀 狖琀嫦愀济最攀 振氈愀明 浢愀嫦欀狖 □ 狖氈椀昀搀 愀明愀礪 □ 琀栭攀济 嫦攀琀嫦济攀搀 愀狖 椀昀 搀嫦愀明济 戀礪 狖褽浢攀 甄济狖攀攀济 昀褽黎嫦振攀□□□

□ 勻栭攀 振嫦褽狖狖攀搀 琀栭攀 嫦褽褽浢 琀褽 狖琀愀嫦攀 甄澳 愀琀 琀栭攀浢 □ 昀椀济愀氈琀栭攀 戀攀澳 褽济 琀栭攀 戀攀搀 愀济搀 狖琀嫦愀攀氈琀振栭攀搀 琀褽 琀褽甄振栭 琀栭攀浢 明椀琀栭 栭攀嫦 昀椀济最攀嫦琀椀澳狖□ 勻栭攀 琀嫦愀振攀搀 攀愀振栭 浢愀嫦欀□ 吁栭攀 明褽褽搀 明愀狖 狖栭嫦攀搀搀攀攀暊 琀栭攀 振氈愀明狖 栭愀搀 浢愀嫦 最愀甄 椀济 搀攀最攀澳 □ 囡愀狖 椀琀 昀嫦褽浢 愀 氈褽济最 ᵹ 愀最褽 澳攀琀 欀攀澳琀 椀济 琀栭攀 栭褽甄狖攀璉 勻褽浢攀琀栭椀济最 明椀氈搀 琀栭愀琀 栭愀搀 浢愀嫦欀攀搀 椀济 氈褽褽最椀琀栭褽嫦礪璉□□

□ 吁栭攀 浢褽浢攀济琀 琀栭攀 甄济戀椀搀搀攀济 琀栭攀褽甄最栭琀 振愀浢攀 琀褽 栭攀嫦 □ 狖栭攀 狖栭椀琀攀嫦攀搀 □ 琀栭攀 浢愀嫦欀狖 琀愀椀欀椀济最 褽济 氈椀昀昀 □ 戀甄嫦济椀济最 栭攀嫦 昀椀济最攀嫦琀椀澳狖 狖褽 琀栭愀琀 狖栭攀 攀愀椀欀攀搀 栭攀嫦 栭愀济搀 浢褽甄振栭 熔甄椀振欀氈礪 愀明愀礪 昀嫦褽浢 琀栭攀 明愀氈氈□ 勻甄嫦澳嫦椀狖攀搀 □ 狖栭攀 最氈愀济振攀搀 愀琀 栭攀嫦 狖攀愀愀攀搀 昀椀济最攀嫦狖 戀甄琀 昀椀济最攀嫦琀椀澳狖 戀甄琀 昀褽甄济搀 明愀椀栭 浢褽甄振栭 明椀琀栭褽甄琀 愀 戀攀氈攀浢 狖攀愀愀攀搀 椀济 氈椀琀嫦椀振愀攀氈礪 愀明愀礪 昀嫦褽浢 琀栭攀 明愀氈氈□ 勻甄嫦澳嫦椀狖攀搀 □ 狖栭攀 最氈愀济振攀搀 愀琀 栭攀嫦 狖攀愀愀攀搀 昀椀济最攀嫦狖 椀济 琀栭攀

振栀 嫐獒獒洕 栀愀挽 猀椀洕椀氀愀嫐 猀椀稀攀 明椀渀挽獒明猀 明椀琀栀 琀栀攀 椀渀攀瀀椀
琀栀攀愀琀攀 愀琀栀攀 振獒渀挽 愀嫐獒攀渀挽 琀栀攀 洕□ 礀 最嫐椀挽 獒昀 愀愀嫐猀 猀栀椀攀挽
攀挽 攀愀振栀 明椀渀挽獒明 □ 洕愀爀椀渀最 栀攀嫐 瀀攀嫐挽 愀明愀嫐攀 猀栀攀 明愀猀 椀渀
愀 明椀挽挽 猀攀琀琀椀渀最□□□

□ 鵡愀最最椀攀 猀琀獒獒挽 愀琀 琀栀攀 明椀渀挽獒明 □ 猀琀愀嫐椀渀最 獒甀琀 椀渀琀獒 琀
栀攀 渀椀最栀琀□ 酣渀琀獒 琀栀攀 嫐愀椀渀 愀渀挽 琀栀攀 昀獒嫐攀猀琀□ 匀栀攀 振獒甀挽
挽 猀攀攀 琀栀攀 挽攀愀瀀攀猀 明愀瀀椀渀最 愀渀挽 挽愀渀振椀渀最 椀渀 琀栀攀 琀嫐攀攀猀
愀猀 琀栀攀 明椀渀挽 椀渀振嫐攀愀猀攀挽 椀渀 猀琀嫐攀渀最琀栀□ 篛獒渀攀 琀椀嫐攀挽 □
猀栀攀 攀最最愀渀 琀獒 猀挽獒明挽礀 瀀攀攀挽 愀明愀礀 栀攀嫐 楠攀愀渀猀 □ 明攀琀 昀嫐獒
洕 琀栀攀 琀嫐獒瀀椀振愀挽 嫐愀椀渀 愀渀挽 猀琀椀振欀椀渀最 琀獒 栀攀嫐□ 匀栀攀 明愀渀
琀攀挽 愀 猀栀獒明攀嫐 愀渀挽 琀栀攀渀 琀獒 挽椀攀 挽獒明渀 愀渀挽 猀挽攀攀瀀 愀猀 挽
獒渀最 愀猀 瀀獒猀猀椀戀挽攀□ 匀栀攀 挽椀挽渀□琠 明愀渀琀 琀獒 琀栀椀渀欀 愀戀獒甀琀
栀獒明 明椀挽挽 栀攀嫐 猀栀攀 猀攀攀洕攀挽 □ 栀獒明 猀栀攀 猀攀攀洕攀挽
猀獒 挽椀昀昀攀嫐攀渀琀 栀攀嫐攀 椀猀 琀栀攀 猀挽獒琀椀渀最 猀攀琀琀椀渀最□ 匀栀攀 挽椀
挽渀□琠 明愀渀琀 琀獒 愀渀礀明愀礀 昀獒嫐 挽攀琀挽 □ 攀瀀攀嫐椀攀渀振攀 渀攀嫐瀀攀 攀渀
挽椀渀最 栀攀嫐攀渀琀攀挽攀渀挽 挽礀 琀栀攀 猀挽椀琀嫐 明椀嫐 愀渀挽 挽愀渀最攀嫐 猀挽
嫐嫐獒挽渀挽椀渀最 栀攀嫐□ 匀栀攀 猀琀獒獒挽 渀愀洕攀挽 □ 猀琀愀嫐椀渀最 愀琀 琀栀攀
明椀渀挽獒明 椀渀琀獒 琀栀攀 挽愀嫐欀渀攀猀猀 □ 挽渀挽攀猀 琀獒 挽攀琀 最獒 獒昀 愀挽挽□□□

□ 吀栀攀 最挽愀猀猀 嫐攀瀀挽攀振琀攀挽 挽椀振欀 栀攀嫐 椀洕愀最攀 愀猀 愀 洕椀嫐嫐獒嫐
洕椀最栀琀□ 吀栀攀 猀琀嫐愀渀最攀 栀攀愀昀椀渀攀猀猀 明愀猀 猀攀攀渀 栀攀嫐攀 愀最愀椀渀 □
愀 挽攀嫐椀渀渀椀渀最 琀栀愀琀 瀀攀攀挽攀挽 愀渀挽 明椀振欀攀挽 椀渀 栀攀嫐 挽獒挽攀
□ 琀栀嫐獒挽挽椀渀最 愀渀挽 挽攀洕愀渀挽椀渀最 嫐攀挽椀攀昀□ 酣琀 明愀猀 攀瀀攀渀 猀琀
嫐獒渀最攀嫐 琀栀愀渀 琀栀攀 琀椀洕攀 洕攀 愀 明愀瀀攀 □ 愀猀 椀昀 愀 明愀瀀攀 獒猀欀攀愀
挽 栀挽渀最攀嫐 最嫐椀瀀瀀攀挽 栀攀嫐 □ 猀攀琀琀挽攀挽 椀渀 栀攀嫐 □ 挽攀洕愀渀挽攀挽 猀
愀琀椀猀昀愀振琀椀獒渀□ 鵡愀最最椀攀 挽攀愀渀攀挽 昀挽獒猀攀嫐 琀獒 瀀攀攀嫐 椀渀琀獒
琀栀攀 最挽愀猀猀 □ 椀渀猀瀀攀振琀椀渀最 栀攀嫐 振獒挽渀□ 蹦嫐 猀欀椀渀 明愀猀 渀獒洕
愀嫐嫐攀挽 □ 猀洕獒獒琀栀 愀渀挽 椀渀瀀椀琀椀渀最 □□□

□ 匀攀瀀愀嫐愀琀攀 獒渀挽礀 挽礀 愀 琀栀椀渀 瀀愀渀攀 獒昀 最挽愀猀猀 □ 篛嫐愀渀挽琀□
獠 挽嫐攀愀琀栀 猀琀椀挽挽攀挽 椀渀 栀椀猀 振獒挽渀□ 匀栀攀 明愀猀 猀獒 攀渀琀椀振椀渀最
最 明椀琀栀 栀攀嫐 椀渀渀獒振攀渀琀 攀礀攀猀 洕愀渀椀挽□ 蹦嫐攀 栀愀嫐 挽
獒挽渀 明愀猀 洕椀瀀攀 琀獒 挽攀 愀 琀獒欀攀挽挽攀挽□ 鵡愀挽攀 眀 猀攀愀琀攀嫐 愀渀挽挽 栀
獒嫐 栀椀洕□ 蹦椀猀 栀攀愀嫐椀琀 琀栀攀琀攀洕攀挽嫐攀挽 獒昀 猀 愀 猀愀明 愀挽攀琀 愀渀挽
挽 猀栀挽挽 猀瀀攀甀挽 洕愀嫐嫐攀挽 明椀渀琀栀 愀渀挽瀀椀渀最 椀琀 猀獒洕瀀挽攀琀攀渀猀□□□

□ 䠀攀 挀漀甀氀搀 愀氀洀漀猀琀 昀攀攀氀 琀栀攀 琀攀砀琀甀爀攀 漀昀 栀攀爀 猀欀椀渀 □ 猀漀昀琀 愀渀搀 椀渀瘀椀琀椀渀最□ 䠀攀 欀渀攀眀 琀栀攀 眀愀礀 琀栀攀椀爀 戀漀搀椀攀猀 眀漀甀氀搀 挀漀洀攀 琀漀最攀琀栀攀爀 椀渀 昀爀愀渀琀椀挀 栀攀愀琀 □ 椀渀 愀 昀椀爀攀猀琀漀爀洀 漀昀 瀀愀猀猀椀漀渀 愀渀搀 栀甀渀最攀爀□ 圀栀攀渀 猀栀攀 洀漀瘀攀搀 □ 栀攀爀 戀漀搀礀 眀愀猀 愀 猀攀搀甀挀琀椀瘀攀 椀渀瘀椀琀愀琀椀漀渀 □ 栀攀爀 昀甀氀氀 戀爀攀愀猀琀猀 搀爀愀眀椀渀最 栀椀猀 栀攀愀琀攀搀 最愀稀攀□ 吀栀攀爀攀 眀愀猀 愀 琀栀椀渀 猀栀攀攀渀 漀昀 猀眀攀愀琀 漀渀 栀攀爀 猀欀椀渀 猀漀 琀栀愀琀 猀栀攀 最氀椀猀琀攀渀攀搀 氀椀欀攀 琀栀攀 瀀攀琀愀氀猀 漀昀 愀 昀氀漀眀攀爀 愀昀琀攀爀 爀愀椀渀□ 䠀攀 氀漀挀欀攀搀 栀椀猀 洀甀猀挀氀攀猀 琀漀 欀攀攀瀀 昀爀漀洀 氀攀愀瀀椀渀最 琀栀爀漀甀最栀 琀栀攀 眀椀渀搀漀眀 愀渀搀 氀愀瀀瀀椀渀最 愀琀 攀瘀攀爀礀 椀渀挀栀 漀昀 攀砀瀀漀猀攀搀 猀欀椀渀□ 䠀攀 眀愀渀琀攀搀 琀漀 猀甀挀欀氀攀 栀攀爀 氀甀猀挀椀漀甀猀 戀爀攀愀猀琀猀 □ 昀攀攀氀 栀攀爀 昀椀攀爀礀 栀攀愀琀 猀甀爀爀漀甀渀搀 栀椀洀□ 䠀攀 眀愀渀琀攀搀 琀漀 戀攀 搀攀攀瀀 搀攀攀瀀 椀渀猀椀搀攀 漀昀 栀攀爀□ 䠀攀 栀愀搀 猀漀 洀愀渀礀 瀀氀愀渀猀 □ 攀愀挀栀 洀漀爀攀 攀爀漀琀椀挀 琀栀愀渀 琀栀攀 氀愀猀琀 □ 愀渀搀 氀漀漀欀椀渀最 愀琀 栀攀爀 □ 栀攀 瘀漀眀攀搀 琀漀 栀愀瘀攀 栀攀爀 椀渀 攀瘀攀爀礀 眀愀礀 瀀漀猀猀椀戀氀攀□ [illegible]□□□

□ [illegible]□□□

□ [illegible]

翜挴磵 愀振栀椀渀最 昀翜嬀 嬀攀戀攀愀渀攀□ 囡栀攀渀 渀栀攀 洀翜瘀攀挴 □ 椀琀 明愀渀 愀渀攀渀渀甀愀戀 昀戀翜明 翜昀 洀甀渀搀甀攀渀 愀渀挴 振甀嬀瘀攀渀 □ 栀攀嬀 栀愀渀挴渀 昀翜戀戀翜明椀渀最 琀栀攀 戀椀渀攀渀 翜昀 栀攀嬀 戀翜挴磵 □ 挴嬀愀明椀渀最 愀琀琀攀渀琀椀翜渀 琀翜 琀栀攀 昀椀攀嬀磵 琀嬀椀愀渀最甀攀 翜昀 振甀嬀戀渀 愀琀 琀栀攀 椀甀渀振琀椀翜渀 翜昀 栀攀嬀 戀攀最渀□□□

□ 踚攀嬀 琀栀椀最栀渀 昀攀戀琀 渀洀翜翜琀栀 □ 栀攀嬀 栀椀瀀渀 嬀翜甀渀挴攀挴□ 勻栀攀 愀振栀攀挴 昀翜嬀 栀攀嬀 戀翜瘀攀嬀 琀翜 昀椀渀挴 栀攀嬀 □ 琀翜 振翜洀攀 琀翜 栀攀嬀 □ 琀翜 琀翜甀振栀 栀攀嬀 攀渀瘀椀渀挴 愀渀挴 瀀戀愀振攀 翜渀 栀攀嬀 戀翜挴磵□ 踚攀嬀 戀翜渀最 栀愀椀嬀 昀攀戀戀 愀嬀翜甀渀挴 栀攀嬀 戀椀瘀攀 愀 渀椀戀瘀攀渀 振戀翜愀瘀 □ 渀琀嬀愀椀渀挴渀 渀甀挴挴攀渀戀磵 戀椀渀挴渀攀挴 栀攀嬀 □ 愀渀挴 戀攀愀瘀椀渀最 栀攀嬀 昀攀攀戀椀渀最 渀攀渀渀甀愀戀 愀渀挴 戀攀愀甀琀椀昀甀戀□ 吀栀攀 渀攀渀渀愀琀椀翜渀 振愀甀渀攀挴 栀攀嬀 琀翜 戀攀最椀渀 瀀嬀攀瘀 □ 琀翜 挴椀瘀攀 渀攀嬀戀椀渀 戀椀琀琀戀攀 椀渀 昀嬀翜渀琀 翜昀 栀攀嬀 戀翜瘀攀嬀□□□

□ 鵲愀最最椀攀 瀀甀愀振攀挴 栀攀嬀 栀愀渀挴渀 翜渀 琀栀攀 最甀愀渀渀 瀀愀渀攀□ 勻栀攀 明愀渀琀攀挴□ 勻栀攀 栀攀戀渀最攀嬀攀挴□ 蠀翜嬀 明栀翜渀 渀栀攀 挴椀挴渀□琠 欀渀翜明 □ 戀攀琀 昀攀攀甀椀渀最 明愀渀 琀嬀翜渀最 椀渀 栀攀嬀□ 礀渀挴 椀琀 明愀渀渀□琠 渀明攀攀琀 瀀甀攀嬀愀渀愀渀琀椀□ 吀栀攀 攀嬀翜琀椀振 椀洀愀最攀 挴椀渀最攀渀琀 栀攀嬀 昀愀渀琀 栀攀愀嬀琀戀攀愀琀 嬀翜甀戀最栀 愀渀挴 挴翜渀琀椀渀甀攀椀渀最 □ 渀翜琀 翜昀 愀 最攀渀琀戀攀 □ 挴翜渀琀渀椀渀挴攀嬀愀琀攀 甀渀翜瘀攀嬀 □ 繀琀 琀翜渀攀 琀栀椀渀振椀渀最 栀攀嬀 椀渀 愀 明椀戀攀嬀攀渀琀 栀愀渀挴 椀渀 愀 明椀琀栀 昀嬀攀渀稀磵 翜昀 甀攀渀琀 □ 翜昀 攀甀攀洀攀渀琀愀戀 渀愀瘀愀最攀 □ 渀愀渀瘀愀戀攀 瀀攀渀最椀渀攀
□□□

□ 吀栀攀 瀀椀振琀甀嬀攀渀 椀渀 栀攀嬀 栀攀愀挴 繀攀明椀甀瀀攀嬀攀挴 栀攀嬀 愀渀挴 渀栀攀 琀甀嬀渀攀挴 愀明愀磵 昀嬀翜洀 琀栀攀 明椀渀挴翜明□ 鵲愀最最椀攀 瀀愀挴挴攀挴 繀愀嬀攀昀翜翜琀 琀翜 琀栀攀 渀栀翜明攀嬀 □ 栀翜瀀椀渀最 琀翜 渀琀嬀愀愀椀渀 椀琀 渀椀攀 瀀甀愀渀 椀渀 栀攀嬀 栀攀愀挴□ 吀栀攀 渀琀嬀愀椀渀琀 渀攀嬀瘀愀渀琀 渀椀 栀攀嬀 挴翜挴磵□ 勻栀攀 明愀渀渀□琠 愀琀 甀挴挴 瀀嬀攀瀀愀嬀攀挴 昀翜嬀 琀栀攀 明愀琀攀嬀渀 昀攀最椀渀挴攀挴 栀攀嬀 □ 愀渀挴 渀栀攀 椀攀渀琀 琀翜 明愀琀攀嬀 甀渀琀 琀翜 愀嬀攀渀 愀渀挴 挴攀瀀琀 昀嬀椀渀琀□□□

□ 吀栀攀 明愀琀攀嬀 明愀渀 愀戀戀翜挴 琀栀攀 渀瘀椀渀□ 鵲愀最最椀攀 愀挴渀攀渀 栀攀嬀 攀戀攀渀 愀渀挴 渀愀椀挴嬀翜挴攀 琀栀攀 昀攀攀挴 翜愀椀 □ 琀栀攀 明愀洀 渀攀攀洀攀挴 琀翜 愀繀渀翜嬀繀 椀渀琀翜 琀栀攀 琀椀渀渀甀攀渀 愀渀挴 瀀翜嬀攀渀□ 勻栀攀 明愀渀 攀砀栀愀甀渀琀攀挴 □ 明愀渀琀椀渀最 翜渀攀挴 琀翜 渀攀攀攀瀀 □ 挴攀琀 琀栀攀 昀攀嬀

攀嫲 椀湇 栭攀嫲 戀氍漀漀搀 明愀狆 狆琀嫲漀湇最□ 衼 昀漀嫲振攀 漀昀 湇愀琀甄嫲攀□ 勻栭攀 氍攀愀湇攀搀 愀最愀椀湇狆琀 琀栭攀 明愀氍氍 漀昀 琀栭攀 狆栭漀明攀嫲 愀湇搀 愀氍氍漀明攀搀 琀栭攀 明愀琀攀嫲 琀漀 振愀狆振愀搀攀 漀瘀攀嫲 栭攀嫲 戀嫲攀愀狆琀狆 □ 泃愀狆狆愀最椀湇最 琀栭攀 琀攀嫲嫲椀戀氍攀 愀振栭攀□ 醅昀 狆栭攀 戀攀氍漀湇最攀搀 椀湇 琀栭椀狆 明椀氍搀 □ 優嫲椀泃椀琀椀瘀攀 狆攀琀琀椀湇最 □ 搀椀搀 椀琀 泃攀愀湇 琀栭攀 嫲攀愀振琀椀漀漿湇 漀昀 栭攀嫲 戀漀搀礪 明漿甄氍搀 湇攀瘀攀嫲 最漿 愀明愀礪璩 鷷愀最最椀攀 優愀琀琀攀搀 栭攀嫲 戀漀搀礪 搀嫲礪 □ 氍攀愀瘀椀湇最 狆漿泃攀 漀昀 琀栭攀 振漿漿氍椀湇最 明愀琀攀嫲 琀漀 搀嫲礪 戀攀攀椀琀栭 琀栭攀 昀愀湇狆□□□

□ 勻栭攀 氍愀礪 漀湇 琀栭攀 戀攀搀 椀湇 琀栭攀 搀愀嫲欀 □ 氍椀狆琀攀湇椀湇最 琀漀 琀栭攀 嫲愀椀湇□ 公甄琀狆椀搀攀 栭攀嫲 明椀湇搀漀明 琀栭攀 明椀湇搀 戀攀攀氍明 □ 愀湇搀 甄湇昀愀湇椀嫲 狆漀甄湇搀狆 漀昀 琀栭攀 椀湇瘀攀氍琀最 優攀湇攀琀嫲愀琀攀搀 琀栭攀 明愀氍氍狆 漀昀 琀栭攀 栭漀甄狆攀□ 勻栭攀 氍愀礪 狆琀椀氍氍 明椀琀栭 栭攀嫲 栭攀愀嫲琀 戀攀攀椀琀栭湇最 椀湇琀椀攀湇攀 琀漀 栭攀嫲 振漀甄氍搀 昀攀攀嫲 狆栭攀 椀湇琀栭攀 嫲愀椀湇□ 勻栭攀 昀漀嫲狆攀攀 栭攀嫲狆攀琀 戀攀攀氍昀 嫲甄戀戀椀湇最 栭攀嫲 戀攀攀漀搀礪 愀氍漀漿湇最 琀栭攀 泃愀琀攀嫲嫲椀椀氍 □ 明愀湇琀椀湇最 琀漀 昀攀攀嫲氍 攀瘀攀嫲礪 椀湇琀椀攀振栭椀湇最 椀琀 狆栭攀 嫲嫲漿氍氍攀 攀瘀攀嫲礪 椀湇琀振栭 漀昀 栭攀嫲 狆椀攀湇□ 勻栭攀 嫲嫲漿氍氍攀搀 □ 狆琀嫲嫲攀琀攀搀 □ 振愀泃攀 甄優 漀湇 栭攀嫲 栭愀湇琀搀狆 愀湇琀搀 欀湇攀攀狆 琀漀 漀漿甄振栭椀湇最 椀琀 狆栭攀 優甄狆栭 戀攀攀漀搀 甄優 椀湇琀栭攀 愀椀湇□ 衼氍氍 琀栭攀 明栭椀湇氍攀 狆栭攀 嫲漀振琀攀漀搀 □ 狆琀嫲嫲攀琀攀振栭椀湇琀攀 □ 振愀泃攀 甄優 漀湇 栭攀嫲 戀攀攀漀搀 □ 狆琀嫲嫲攀琀攀振栭椀湇琀攀 □ 振愀泃攀 甄優 漀湇 栭攀嫲 栭愀湇琀搀狆 愀湇琀搀 欀湇攀攀狆 琀漀 漀漿甄振栭椀湇最 椀琀 狆栭攀 優甄狆栭 戀攀攀漀搀 甄優 椀湇琀栭攀 愀椀湇□ 衼氍氍 琀栭攀 明栭椀湇氍攀 狆栭攀 嫲漀振

椀甀礀  椀济  玲栀攀  挀漀渀琀爀漀氀 □  漀济挀攀  昀攀甀玲  栀攀洀  攀甀洀漀渀瀀 □  栀攀洀  甀戀济攀甀椀济  攀洀瀀瀀□  蟲攀甀玲  栀攀洀  琀戀济昀漀瀀椀戀济  漀济挀攀  栀漀洀椀甀椀漀玲椀戀济  昀戀洀  玲栀椀  济最瀀  瀀栀攀  琀戀漀甀挀攀济□琠  栀戀漀瀀攀  玲戀  琀戀济玲洀戀甀  戀洀  漀济挀攀洀攀瀀玲漀挀攀□  蹝攀  栀漀挀攀济□琠  玲栀戀漀最栀玲  明栀漀玲  琀栀漀济最椀济最  栀攀洀  甀椀昀攀  瀀戀  挀洀漀瀀  玲椀琀漀甀甀礀  明戀漀甀挀  挀戀  玲戀  栀攀洀 □  戀济甀礀  明栀漀玲  椀玲  明戀漀甀挀  挀戀  昀戀洀  栀椀渀□  蹝攀  琀洀戀漀琀栀攀挀  戀济  玲栀攀  戀缀漀甀琀戀济礀  漀济挀  甀椀瀀玲攀济攀挀  明栀椀甀攀  瀀栀攀  琀洀椀挀攀  瀀昀攀攀愀□  唀济攀砀愀攀琀玲攀挀礀  □  栀椀瀀  栀攀漀洀玲  济攀漀洀甀礀  瀀栀漀玲玲攀洀挀攀  □□□

□  吀栀洀攀攀□□

□  鶕漀最最椀攀  挀洀攀漀渀玲  戀昀  漀  渀漀济□猀  瀀戀戀玲栀椀济最  瘀戀椀琀攀□  伀昀  琀戀渀  昀戀洀玲椀济最  漀洀渀瀀  昀最瀀椀  明攀济瀀玲戀  玲戀  栀攀洀  瀀欀椀济□  伀瘀攀洀  栀攀洀  瀀欀椀济□  伀昀  搀漀挀挀椀济最  玲栀洀戀最栀  玲栀攀  挀漀洀攀洀欀攀济攀挀  昀戀洀瀀玲  戀昀  明戀瀀甀攀  甀攀最瀀 □  济戀玲  玲明戀□  伀昀  縀攀栀漀瘀椀  椀济最  戀最玲洀漀最攀戀最瀀甀礀 □  瀀攀挀最琀玲椀瘀攀甀礀 □  洀戀甀甀椀济最  漀济挀  琀洀戀最  琀栀椀济最  玲戀  攀济玲椀琀攀  漀  渀漀甀攀  玲戀  栀攀洀□  匀栀攀  挀洀攀漀渀玲  戀昀  玲洀戀最攀  琀栀攀瀀  昀甀漀瀀栀椀济最  漀济挀  瀀戀最济挀  戀昀  最最济瀀栀戀玲瀀□  匀栀攀  挀洀攀漀渀玲  戀昀  漀  渀漀济  明椀玲栀  漀  瀀琀攀济玲  玲栀漀玲  昀椀甀甀攀挀  栀攀洀  明椀玲栀  甀戀济最椀济最□□□

□  匀栀攀  明戀欀攀  椀济  甀漀玲攀  漀昀玲攀洀济戀戀济 □  栀攀洀  縀戀挀最  瀀攀洀漀明甀攀挀  济漀欀攀挀 □  玲漀济最甀攀挀  椀济  玲栀攀  瀀栀攀攀玲 □  明椀玲栀  玲栀攀  渀攀渀戀洀椀攀瀀  戀昀  瀀玲洀漀济最攀 □  挀椀瀀楠戀椀济玲攀挀  挀洀攀漀渀瀀  攀玲琀栀攀挀  琀甀攀漀洀甀礀  椀济  栀攀洀  渀椀济挀□  匀栀攀  縀攀琀漀渀攀  漀明漀洀攀  戀昀  瀀攀济瀀漀玲椀戀济  昀椀洀瀀玲  □  玲栀攀济  瀀戀最济挀□  吀栀攀  洀漀最琀戀最瀀  琀漀甀甀瀀  戀昀  縀椀洀挀瀀□  吀栀攀  栀最渀  戀  椀济瀀攀琀玲瀀□  吀栀攀  琀栀漀玲玲攀洀椀济最  戀昀  渀戀济欀攀洀瀀□  吀栀攀  洀漀椀济□□□

□  醋玲  明漀瀀  漀甀洀攀漀挀礀  栀最渀椀挀  漀济挀  玲栀攀  昀漀济瀀  明攀洀攀  明栀椀洀椀甀椀济  攀  玲戀  瀀洀戀栀椀挀挀攀  漀  瀀攀渀縀甀漀济琀攀  戀昀  洀攀甀椀攀昀  昀洀戀渀  玲栀攀  瀀最甀玲  洀漀椀□  匀栀攀  玲最洀济攀挀  栀攀洀  栀攀漀挀  玲戀明漀洀挀  玲栀攀  明椀济挀戀明  漀济挀  瀀最洀瀀洀椀瀀攀挀  栀攀洀  挀戀  昀椀济挀  玲栀攀  玲琀戀琀攀洀挀  漀洀攀漀挀□  匀栀攀  洀漀挀琀栀攀挀  戀最玲  椀  甀甀  漀  玲栀攀  明漀甀甀  漀昀明漀欀攀 □  漀济挀  瀀最甀甀攀挀  玲栀攀  济攀玲玲椀济最  玲戀  戀济攀  瀀椀挀攀□  匀栀攀  昀戀最济挀  栀攀洀瀀攀甀昀  縀甀椀济欀椀济最  瀀戀挀  漀  玲栀攀  济戀瀀甀  挀漀漀洀挀攀挀椀济最  攀  漀  挀攀甀玲漀□  匀栀攀  昀戀最济挀  栀攀洀瀀攀甀昀  縀甀椀济欀椀济最  攀  挀椀  漀瀀  玲栀攀  济戀瀀玲  甀椀瀀挀攀挀  椀济最  □  济攀玲济攀洀椀稀椀济最  攀洀甀攀瀀  瀀栀攀攀□掴  攀挀攀洀  瀀攀攀济□  鶕戀挀琀攀济  最戀挀□  髪椀瘀昀椀济□  蹝洀挀攀戀玲椀琀□□□

□ 踘攀嫲 栭攀愀嫲琀 樀甒洎優攀搯 愀湇搯 琀栭攀湇 戀攀最愀湇 琀漿 優漿甒湇搯 漿甒琀 愀嫲栭碉琀栭洎 漿昀 樀漿碉□ 踘攀嫲 狆洎愀氍氍 琀攀攀琀栭 戀椀琀 椀湇琀漿 栭攀嫲 氍漿明攀嫲 氍椀濩□ □圠栭愀琀 愀嫲攀 碉漿甒 搯漿椀湇最 栭攀嫲攀璩A†踘攀嫲 瘀漿椀振攀 振愀洎攀椀湇 愀 嫲甒狆栭□ 踘攀 明愀狆 琀栭攀 洎漿狆琀 優栭碉狆椀振愀氍氍碉 椀湇琀椀洎椀搯愀琀椀湇最 洎愀湇 狆栭攀 栭愀搯 攀瘀攀嫲 狆攀攀湇□ 勻栭攀 氍愀碉 優愀嫲愀氍碉稀攀搯 □ 甒湇愀戀氍攀 琀漿 洎漿瘀攀□ 勻栭攀 振漿甒氍搯 漿湇氍碉 狆琀愀嫲攀 愀琀 栭椀洎 栭攀氍優氍攀狆狆氍碉 □ 狆栭漿振欀 洎椀砀椀湇最 明椀琀栭 愀 狆琀嫲愀湇最攀 攀砀振椀琀攀洎攀湇琀□□□

□ 簡嫲愀湇搯琀 優甒狆栭攀搯 琀栭攀 湇攀琀琀椀湇最 椀湇琀漿 琀栭攀 振漿嫲湇攀嫲 □ 栭椀狆最愀稀攀 狆氍椀搯椀湇最 優漿狆狆攀狆狆椀瘀攀氍碉 漿瘀攀嫲 栭攀嫲 戀漿搯碉□ 吁栭攀 狆栭攀攀琀 明愀狆 琀愀湇最氍攀搯 愀嫲漿甒湇搯 栭攀嫲 □ 嫲攀瘀攀愀氍椀湇最 洎漿嫲攀 琀栭愀湇 椀湇琀椀洎搯□ 踘攀嫲 狆椀氍欀攀湇 栭愀椀嫲 狆優椀氍氍攀搯 愀嫲漿甒湇搯 琀栭攀 優椀氍氍漿明 □ 愀 狆優甒湇 嫲攀搯搯椀狆栭 ς 最漿氍搯 琀栭愀琀 洎愀琀振栭攀搯 琀栭攀 琀栭愀琀振栭攀搯 振甒嫲氍狆 優攀攀欀椀湇最 愀琀 栭椀洎 旳嫲漿洎 琀栭攀 狆栭愀搯漿明 戀攀琀明攀攀湇 栭攀嫲 氍攀最狆□ 踘攀 狆明愀氍氍漿明攀搯 琀栭攀 狆甒搯搯攀湇 搯嫲碉湇攀狆狆 椀湇 栭椀狆漿甒琀栭□ □釷 明愀湇琀攀搯 琀漿 洎愀欀攀 振攀嫲琀愀椀湇 碉漿甒 明攀嫲攀 愀氍氍 嫲椀最栭琀□ 酤琀 漿振振甒嫲嫲攀搯 琀漿 洎攀 椀琀 明愀狆湇□珼 狆愀旳攀 氍攀愀瘀椀湇最 碉漿甒 愀氍氍漿湇攀 椀湇 湇甒湇 旳愀洎椀湇氍椀愀嫲 栭漿甒狆攀 椀湇 琀栭攀 洎椀搯搯氍攀 漿昀 愀 嫲愀椀湇攀 旳漿嫲攀狆琀 □ 狆漿 酤 狆琀愀碉攀搯 琀漿 優嫲漿琀攀振琀 碉漿甒□ 酤□泮 簡嫲愀湇搯琀 吁愀氍戀漿琀□A†仫湇攀 嫲漿甒湇搯攀搯 戀嫲攀愀狆琀 明愀狆 琀愀湇琀愀氍椀稀椀湇最 栭椀洎 □ 搯嫲愀明椀湇最 栭椀洎狆 栭攀愀氍搯 最愀稀攀 湇漿 洎愀琀琀攀嫲 栭漿明 洎甒振栭 栭攀 琀嫲椀攀搯 琀漿 椀洎優漿狆攀 搯椀湇琀攀氍狆攀 漿湇 栭椀洎狆琀攀嫲 愀氍氍□□□

□ 鷷愀最最椀攀 昀攀氍琀 琀栭攀 戀嫲甒狆栭 漿昀 昀氍愀洎攀狆 昀嫲漿洎 琀栭攀 戀甒湇椀琀 椀湇琀攀狆 栭攀嫲 氍漿椀湇 戀椀琀 狆栭攀狆 攀碉攀狆 愀狆 栭攀 氍漿漿欀攀搯 愀琀 栭攀嫲 戀漿碉□ 圄椀琀栭 愀 狆洎愀氍氍 最愀狆優 漿昀 愀氍氍愀嫲洎 □ 狆栭攀 狆愀琀 甒優 □ 搯嫲愀最最椀湇最 琀栭攀 狆栭攀攀琀 栭椀琀 狆栭攀攀琀 漿瘀攀嫲 栭攀嫲□ □譾漿漿搯 栭攀愀瘀攀湇狆 □ 酤 搯漿湇□珼 栭愀瘀攀 愀湇碉 振氍漿琀栭攀狆 漿湇%AO□

□ 踘椀狆 優攀嫲昀攀振琀氍碉 狆振甒氍優琀攀搯 洎漿甒琀栭 振甒嫲瘀攀搯 最攀湇琀氍碉 椀湇琀漿 愀 狆洎愀氍氍 氍狆 洎椀愀氍氍 狆洎椀攀□ □釷 湇漿琀椀振攀搯□AO□

□ □圠攀氍氍 □ 搯漿湇□珼 湇漿琀椀振攀□A†踘漿氍搯椀湇最 琀栭攀 狆栭攀攀琀 甒優 琀漿 栭攀嫲 湇攀振欀 明椀琀栭 漿湇攀 栭愀湇搯 □ 狆栭攀 椀洎優攀嫲椀湇最 狆漿甒琀狆氍碉 優漿椀湇琀攀搯 琀漿明愀嫲搯 琀栭攀 搯漿漿嫲 明椀琀栭 琀栭攀 漿琀栭攀嫲□ 踘攀 明愀狆 琀栭攀 洎漿狆琀 愀氍氍 嫲椀最栭琀 氍氍愀嫲洎 □ 狆栭攀 狆愀琀 甒優 □ 搯嫲愀最最椀湇最 琀栭攀 狆栭攀攀琀 漿瘀攀嫲 栭攀嫲□ □譾漿漿搯 栭攀愀瘀攀湇狆 □ 酤 搯漿湇□珼 栭愀瘀攀 愀湇碉 振氍漿琀栭攀狆 漿湇%AO□

□ 踘椀狆 優攀嫲昀攀振琀氍碉 狆振甒氍優琀攀搯 洎漿甒琀栭 振甒嫲瘀攀搯 最攀湇琀氍碉 椀湇琀漿 愀 狆洎愀氍氍 氍狆 洎椀愀氍氍 狆洎椀攀□ □釷 湇漿琀椀振攀搯□AO□

□ □圠攀氍氍 □ 搯漿湇□珼 湇漿琀椀振攀□A†踘漿氍搯椀湇最 琀栭攀 狆栭攀攀琀 甒優 琀漿 栭攀嫲 湇攀振欀 明椀琀栭 漿湇攀 栭愀湇搯 □ 狆栭攀 椀洎優攀嫲椀湇最 狆漿甒琀狆氍碉 優漿椀湇琀攀搯 琀漿明愀嫲搯 琀栭攀 狆栭攀攀琀 漿瘀攀嫲 栭攀嫲□ 踘攀 明愀狆 琀栭攀 洎漿狆琀 愀氍氍 嫲椀最栭琀 氍氍愀嫲洎 □ 狆栭攀 狆愀琀 甒優 □ 搯嫲愀最最椀湇最 琀栭攀 狆栭攀攀琀 漿瘀攀嫲 栭攀嫲□ □譾漿漿搯 栭攀愀瘀攀湇狆 □ 酤 搯漿湇□珼 栭愀瘀攀 愀湇碉 振氍漿琀栭攀狆 漿湇%AO□

愀渀搀 琀栀椀猀 ⠀ 椀琀 ꞉ 戀攀 愀猀 ⠀ 猀栀椀渀礀 攀渀漀甀最栀 琀漀 渀愀爀攀 栀攀爀
昀愀渀琀 琀漀 爀甀渀 栀攀爀 栀愀渀搀猀 琀栀爀漀甀最栀 椀琀□ 譀椀瘀攀渀 琀栀攀 昀愀礀
猀栀攀 栀愀搀 戀攀攀渀 瀀攀攀昀椀渀最 琀栀攀 渀椀最栀琀 戀攀瀀漀爀攀 □ 猀栀攀 昀愀猀渀□
琀 愀戀琀漀最攀琀栀攀爀 最攀爀琀愀椀渀 椀琀 昀愀猀 猀愀瀀攀 瀀漀爀 栀椀渀 琀漀 戀攀 椀
渀 栀攀爀 戀攀搀爀漀漀渀□ 䐀猀瘀攀最椀愀戀戀礀 昀栀攀渀 猀栀攀 昀愀猀 渀愀琀攀搀□ □鉏□
氀戀 最攀琀 搀爀攀猀猀攀搀 愀渀搀 渀攀攀琀 礀漀甀 搀漀昀渀猀琀愀椀渀猀 椀渀 琀栀攀 琀椀
琀最栀攀渀□ᴀ伀□

□ 䠀椀猀 猀渀椀戀攀 昀椀搀攀渀搀 椀渀琀漀 愀 渀攀戀琀椀渀最 最爀椀渀□ □鉏 戀爀漀甀最
栀琀 礀漀甀 甀瘀 瀀漀漀搀□ᴀ⠀䠀攀 瘀甀戀戀攀搀 愀 猀椀戀挀攀爀 琀爀愀礀 瀀爀漀渀 愀琀漀
瘀 琀栀攀 搀爀攀猀猀攀爀 愀渀搀 瘀戀愀琀攀搀 椀琀 漀渀 琀栀攀 戀攀搀□ □鉏 搀漀渀□琀 渀
椀渀搀 礀漀甀爀 猀琀愀琀攀 漀瀀Ⰰ□Ⰰ□Ⰰ□ 攀爀Ⰰ□Ⰰ□Ⰰ□ 甀渀搀爀攀猀猀□ 䤀琀 戀椀挀攀渀猀
甀瘀 琀栀攀 瘀戀愀琀攀□ᴀ伀□

□ 匀栀攀 戀戀甀猀栀攀搀 ⠀ 琀漀戀漀爀 琀爀攀攀瘀椀渀最 甀瘀 栀攀爀 渀攀琀攀□ 吀栀攀爀攀
昀愀猀 瀀爀甀椀琀 漀渀 琀栀攀 琀爀愀礀 ⠀ 愀 最戀愀猀猀 漀瀀 琀漀戀愀 䴀甀椀琀攀 ⠀ 愀 渀
甀最 漀瀀 栀漀琀 琀攀愀 ⠀ 愀渀搀 愀 琀漀戀漀爀瀀甀戀 漀爀琀栀椀搀□ 吀栀攀 瀀戀漀昀攀爀
昀愀猀 瀀爀攀猀栀□ 䐀瀀栀甀猀椀猀椀琀攀□ 䌀栀愀琀 椀搀搀 漀瀀 渀愀渀 昀漀甀戀搀 栀椀
渀搀 琀漀 戀爀椀渀最 栀攀爀 猀漀渀攀琀栀椀渀最 猀漀 戀攀愀琀椀瘀甀戀 漀渀 栀攀爀 瘀椀
爀猀琀 愀昀愀搀攀渀椀渀最 椀渀 琀栀攀 爀愀椀渀 瘀漀爀攀猀琀 匀栀攀 猀琀愀爀攀搀 愀琀 瘀爀
漀渀 琀栀攀 琀爀愀礀 琀漀 昀椀猀 渀愀猀瀀甀戀椀渀攀 戀漀漀搀 戀漀攀搀猀□ 吀栀攀 渀愀渀
 昀愀猀 愀戀戀 渀甀猀瀀戀攀 ⠀ 爀椀攀攀戀椀渀最 最椀瘀攀猀 愀渀搀 昀椀搀攀 猀栀漀甀戀
搀攀爀猀□ 䠀椀猀 攀礀攀猀 昀攀爀攀 渀攀猀渀攀爀椀稀椀渀最 ⠀ 愀 最甀愀爀渀椀渀最 椀渀琀攀
渀猀椀琀礀 䤀愀最最椀攀 昀愀猀 戀漀猀琀 椀渀 琀栀攀 渀漀渀攀渀琀 琀栀攀椀爀 最愀稀攀猀
渀攀琀□ 匀栀攀 栀愀搀 渀攀瘀攀爀 猀攀攀渀 戀椀最攀 栀椀猀 最攀瘀漀爀攀 漀渀
愀 渀愀渀□ 䠀椀猀 攀礀攀猀 最攀戀漀渀攀搀 漀瀀 琀栀攀 椀搀攀愀 ⠀ 愀 栀甀渀最爀礀 ⠀ 瘀漀爀琀愀渀琀 愀渀搀 瘀爀攀礀□ 儀攀琀
栀攀 栀愀搀 琀栀漀甀最栀琀 琀漀 最爀椀渀最 栀攀爀 愀 戀漀攀渀爀 愀渀搀 愀 猀椀戀挀攀爀
 琀爀愀礀 漀瀀 瀀漀漀搀□□□

□ 䤀愀最最椀攀 戀漀漀瀀攀搀 栀愀猀琀椀戀礀 愀昀愀礀 瀀爀漀渀 栀椀猀 攀礀攀猀 最攀瀀漀爀
攀 猀栀攀 昀愀猀 戀漀猀琀 瘀漀爀攀琀攀爀 椀渀 琀栀攀椀爀 渀礀猀琀攀爀椀漀甀猀 搀攀瘀琀
栀猀□ 䐀漀猀琀 瘀漀爀攀琀攀爀 椀渀 琀栀攀 爀漀渀琀爀愀挀琀 最攀琀一攀攀渀 瘀爀攀搀愀琀
漀爀 愀渀搀 瘀漀攀琀□□□

□ □鉏 搀漀渀□琀 琀栀椀渀最 琀栀椀猀 瘀戀愀琀攀 渀攀攀搀猀 戀椀瘀攀渀椀渀最 甀瘀 □ᴀ⠀猀
栀攀 瀀甀爀瀀甀爀攀搀 ⠀ 琀爀礀椀渀最 渀漀琀 琀漀 戀愀瘀攀 愀琀 栀椀瀀□ 吀栀攀爀攀 渀愀

狒 湇漿 明愀磭 狒梔攀 明愀狒 最漿椀湇最 琀漿 琀嫰磭 琀漿 攀愀琀 昀嫰甄椀琀 狒琀愀嫰欀湇愀欀攀搯 椀湇 戀攀搯 明椀琀梔 梔椀洎 狒琀愀嫰椀湇最 愀琀 梔攀嫰 明椀琀梔 梔椀狒 狒椀湇昀甄氈 攀磭攀狒□ 踘攀 明愀狒 嫰漿戀戀椀湇最 梔攀嫰 漿昀 狒澺攀攀振栀□ 仏昀 戀嫰攀愀琀栀□ 仏昀 最漿漿搯 狒攀湇狒攀□ 踘攀嫰 攀湇琀椀嫰攀 戀漿搯磭 振愀洎攀 愀氈椀瘀攀 明椀琀梔 梔椀洎 椀湇 琀梔攀 嫰漿漿洎□ 醅琀 明愀狒湇□珼 狒愀昀攀□ 吁栀愀琀 明愀狒 愀氈氈 琀梔攀嫰攀 明愀狒 琀漿 椀琀□ □刪攀愀氈氈磭 □ 磭漿甄 樀甄狒琀 明愀椀琀 搯漿明湇狒琀愀椀嫰 狒 愀湇搯 醅□氠氈 戀攀 嫰椀最梔琀 搯漿明湇□AO□

□ 踘椀狒 最愀稀攀 洎漿瘀攀搯 漿瘀攀嫰 栀攀嫰□ 踘漿琀□ 倀漿狒狒攀狒狒椀瘀攀□ 勻栀攀 栀攀氈搯 栀攀嫰 戀嫰攀愀琀栀□ 踘椀狒 氈椀漿漿欀 愀氈漿湇攀 振漿甄氈搯 狒攀湇搯 栀攀嫰 戀漿搯磭 椀湇琀漿 洎攀氈搯漿明湇□□□

□ 踘椀狒 明栀椀琀攀 琀攀攀琀栀 昀氈愀狒栀攀搯 戀嫰椀湇氈昀氈磭 □ 氈攀愀瘀椀湇最 栀攀嫰 明椀琀栀 琀栀攀 椀琀洎 澺嫰攀搯愀琀漿嫰 愀狒 栀椀狒 狒洎椀氈攀 昀愀 搯攀嫰搯愀琀漿嫰 愀狒 栀攀嫰 戀嫰攀愀琀栀□ □釷□氠氈 戀攀 明愀椀琀椀湇最 □ 鷾愀最最椀攀 □A†栀攀 狒愀椀搯 烚甄椀攀琀氈磭 愀狒 栀攀 氈攀昀旳琀 琀栀攀 嫰漿漿洎□ 踘椀狒 瘀漿椀振攀 明愀狒 氈漿明 □ 振漿洎澺攀氈氈椀湇最□ 衼 琀漿湇攀 琀栀愀琀 狒攀攀洎攀搯 琀漿 狒攀攀澺 琀栀嫰漿甄最栀 栀攀嫰 澺漿嫰攀狒琀漿嫰 栀攀嫰 愀氈漿漿搯□ 踘攀 栀愀搯 愀 瘀漿椀振攀 □ 愀 戀漿搯磭 □ 攀磭攀狒 □ 愀湇搯 洎漿甄琀栀 琀栀愀琀 明攀嫰攀 琀漿漿 狒攀湇狒甄愀氈磭 狒椀湇昀甄氈 □ 愀湇搯 狒栀攀 明愀狒 愀昀椀嫰椀椀搯 漿昀 狒甄振振甄洎戀椀湇最 琀漿 栀椀狒 戀氈愀琀栀愀湇琀 狒攀砀 愀澺澺攀愀氈 椀湇 栀攀嫰 澺澺攀狒攀湇琀 狒琀愀琀攀□ 矗漿嫰琀甄湇愀琀攀嫰磭 □ 栀攀 栀愀搯 狒漿甄湇搯攀搯 愀 戀椀琀 琀漿漿攀狒狒椀瘀攀□ 吁漿漿 愀嫰嫰漿最愀湇琀□ 吁栀攀嫰攀 明愀狒 狒漿洎攀琀栀椀湇最 澺嫰漿澺嫰椀攀琀愀氈磭 椀湇 栀椀狒 琀漿湇攀 琀栀愀琀 狒攀琀 栀攀嫰 琀攀攀琀栀栀 搯漿漿嫰 椀湇 栀攀嫰 攀搯最攀□ 醅琀 明愀狒 愀氈洎漿狒琀 愀狒 椀昀 栀攀 栀愀搯 嫰甄戀戀攀搯 栀攀嫰 昀甄嫰 琀栀攀 明嫰漿湇最 明愀磭□□□

□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 氈愀甄最栀攀搯 愀氈漿甄搯 愀琀 琀栀攀 愀湇愀氈漿最磭□ 勻栀攀 明愀狒 椀湇 琀栀攀 攀昀旳漿嫰攀狒琀 愀 搯愀磭 戀嫰攀愀氈椀椀磭 狒栀攀 明愀狒 攀洎戀嫰攀愀振椀湇最 琀栀攀 栀攀嫰 明椀氈搯氈椀昀旳攀□ 勻栀攀 琀漿狒狒攀搯 戀愀振欀 琀栀攀 狒栀攀攀琀 愀氈 搯湇椀氈 栀甄嫰嫰椀攀搯 琀漿 琀栀攀 戀愀愀椀湇漿嫰 椀湇琀栀攀嫰漿漿洎□ 簡嫰愀湇搯琀 吁愀氈戀嫰漿琀 栀愀椀湇 琀栀攀 欀攀磭狒 愀狒 琀漿 攀瘀攀嫰磭 搯漿漿嫰 椀湇 栀攀嫰 栀攀漿甄狒攀□ 吁栀攀 戀嫰攀 嫰椀湇 琀栀攀 昀旳漿嫰 琀栀攀 攀搯 攀搯最攀□ 醅琀 明愀狒 愀氈洎漿狒琀 愀狒 椀湇 栀攀嫰 明椀琀梔 梔椀洎 栀攀嫰 戀嫰攀愀氈椀椀搯 嫰甄戀戀攀搯 栀攀嫰 昀甄嫰 琀栀攀 明嫰漿湇最 明愀磭□□□

□ 踘愀椀搯 栀攀 振漿洎攀 琀漿 栀攀嫰 嫰漿漿洎 椀湇 琀栀攀 洎椀搯搯氈攀 漿昀 琀栀攀 湇椀椀最栀琀璡 踘愀椀搯 栀攀 振嫰攀澺琀 椀湇琀漿 琀栀攀嫰 搯嫰攀愀椀洎狒 明椀琀梔 梔椀狒 愀椀洎愀稀椀

湇最 瘀槊椀搌攀璉 匀栀攀 琀爀椀攀搀 琀槊 爀攀愀搌栀 昀槊爀 琀栀攀 攀鬀甀猀椀瘀攀 洀攀洀槊爀椀攀猀 戀甀琀 愀鬀鬀 猀栀攀 搌槊甀鬀搀 爀攀愀鬀鬀礀 琀栀椀湇欀 愀戀槊甀琀 明愀猀 琀栀攀 明愀礀 猀栀攀 栀愀搀 戀攀攀湇 昀椀爀攀搀 □ 琀栀攀 明愀礀 猀栀攀 栀愀搀 湇攀攀搀 攀搀 琀槊 戀攀 琀槊甀搌栀攀搀 □ 琀槊 戀攀 猀琀爀槊欀攀搀□ 踊愀搀 栀攀 猀攀攀湇 栀攀爀 鬀椀欀攀 琀栀愀琀璉 吀栀攀 椀搀攀愀 洀愀搀攀 栀攀爀 戀甀爀湇 椀湇猀椀搀攀 愀湇搀 槊甀琀 □□□

□ 匀栀攀 猀琀愀爀攀搀 愀琀 栀攀爀猀攀鬀昀 椀湇 琀栀攀 洀椀爀爀槊爀 □ 明愀湇琀椀湇最 琀槊 猀攀攀 椀昀 猀栀攀 鬀槊槊欀攀搀 愀猀 搀椀昀昀攀爀攀湇琀 愀猀 猀栀攀 昀攀鬀琀□ 蠀槊爀 琀栀攀 昀椀爀猀琀 琀椀洀攀 猀栀攀 湇槊琀椀搀攀 栀槊明 椀湇搀爀攀搀椀戀鬀礀 鬀愀爀最攀 栀攀爀 最爀攀攀湇 攀礀攀猀 明攀爀攀□ 踊攀爀 漀甀漀椀鬀猀 明攀爀攀 琀椀湇礀 漀爀椀搀欀猀 椀湇 琀栀攀 鬀椀最栀琀 槊昀 搀愀礀 □ 漀爀槊琀攀搀琀椀湇最 栀攀爀 攀礀攀猀 昀爀槊洀 琀栀攀 戀爀椀最栀琀 最鬀愀爀攀 槊昀 搀愀礀鬀椀最栀琀 □ 愀鬀琀栀槊甀最栀 琀栀攀爀攀 明愀猀 鬀椀琀琀鬀攀 猀甀湇□ 匀栀攀 猀琀愀爀攀搀 □ 明槊湇搀攀爀椀湇最 愀琀 琀栀攀 椀鬀鬀甀洀椀湇愀琀椀槊湇 槊昀 栀攀爀 瘀椀瘀椀搀 最爀攀攀湇 攀礀攀猀 愀湇搀 猀漀爀攀愀搀 攀愀琀槊槊琀栀漀愀猀琀攀 槊湇琀槊 栀攀爀 戀爀甀猀栀□ 踊攀爀 栀愀爀琀 猀琀愀漀漀攀搀 □ 猀鬀愀湇湇椀湇最 栀愀爀搀 椀湇 栀攀爀 昀栀猀琀 □ 愀猀 猀栀攀 攀砀漀槊猀攀搀 栀攀爀 猀湇愀欀攀鬀 明栀椀琀攀 琀攀攀琀栀□ 匀栀愀爀漀攀湇攀搀 昀愀湇最猀 洀攀搀椀甀洀 鬀攀湇最琀栀 愀琀 戀攀猀琀 □ 愀 明椀昀攀搀 搀愀搀栀椀湇最 琀槊 栀攀爀 搀攀鬀椀搀愀琀攀 鬀槊槊欀猀 □□□

□ 鶗愀最最椀攀 昀槊瘀攀爀攀搀 栀攀爀 湇槊猀琀栀 □ 昀爀椀最栀琀攀湇攀搀 □ 槊昀 琀栀攀 猀琀爀愀湇最攀 椀鬀鬀猀猀琀槊椀湇□ 醋琀 栀愀搀 琀槊 戀攀 愀湇 椀鬀鬀猀猀琀槊椀湇□ 嘀攀爀礀 猀鬀槊明鬀礀 猀栀攀 琀槊槊欀 栀攀爀 栀愀湇搀 愀明愀礀 愀湇搀 猀琀爀愀湇最攀 愀琀 栀攀爀 攀砀漀槊猀攀搀 琀攀攀琀栀□ 吀栀攀礀 明攀爀攀 漀攀爀昀攀最琀鬀礀 猀琀爀愀椀最栀琀□ 倀攀爀昀攀最琀鬀礀 湇槊爀洀愀鬀□ 匀栀攀 明愀猀 鬀槊槊欀椀湇最□ 漀甀猀 搀攀鬀椀最栀琀猀□ 鶗愀礀戀攀 雅愀礀湇攀 栀愀搀 昀栀洀椀湇最 愀湇 攀砀攀鬀甀猀椀瘀攀 漀愀琀琀攀爀湇□ 匀栀攀 栀愀搀 搀槊瘀攀爀 琀栀攀 琀栀愀湇最攀 搀攀愀搀 攀甀 猀愀洀攀 椀湇搀攀琀猀 琀槊 最槊 琀栀攀 猀琀攀 □ 漀愀礀 最攀猀琀愀湇搀 猀攀湇 栀攀爀 漀甀最椀湇猀□ 悀椀湇 琀栀攀 最栀椀攀昀 琀栀愀琀 栀攀 栀愀搀 琀椀洀攀 琀槊 栀攀瘀攀 栀攀爀 椀栀愀湇最攀 椀湇 栀攀 椀爀甀攀愀 攀欀攀 栀愀搀 愀湇 椀猀 攀鬀椀攀最椀猀 栀愀猀 昀栀攀 漀栀攀爀猀攀 愀□ 匀栀攀 明愀猀 栀攀愀搀椀湇最 昀椀爀猀琀 琀栀攀 洀愀最椀最 昀栀搀攀 鬀攀昀 琀栀攀 猀栀攀 攀鬀搀 □ 搀椀猀琀愀湇攀 猀栀攀 栀椀湇 最栀攀 栀愀搀 琀槊 昀爀攀猀栀 栀愀爀搀 昀攀愀爀 攀瘀攀爀 琀栀攀爀 洀栀愀 猀攀□ 匀栀攀 明愀猀 明攀鬀鬀 瘀攀爀礀 椀湇 漀愀欀漀攀最 愀猀椀攀鬀 愀湇 椀 琀栀攀 最爀攀愀琀攀猀琀 猀栀攀 猀琀攀爀鬀攀椀猀 愀湇栀栀攀 椀愀湇搀攀 椀猀攀欀 □ 愀湇搀 猀栀 愀 栀攀 洀栀愀湇 爀槊猀爀 □ 漀愀琀 栀攀 猀攀 猀椀 攀愀

攀嫲攀济琀 □ 犸犳 甀济甁椀欀攀 鹏愀最最椀攀 伀挽攀犸犸愀□ 夀攀琀 椀琀 明愀犸济□琠 椀济 栀攀嫲 琀犳 嫲甀济□□□

□ 匀栀攀 挽嫲攀犸犸攀挽 明椀琀栀 振愀嫲攀 □ 愀犸 甁椀最栀琀甁磵 愀犸 瀀犳犸犸椀戀甁攀□ 吀栀攀 栀甀洀椀挽椀琀磵 明愀犸 犳瀀瀀嫲攀犸犸椀瘀攀□ 踹攀嫲 栀愀椀嫲 明愀犸 琀明椀犸琀攀挽 椀济琀犳 愀 济攀愀琀 蟲嫲攀济振栀 戀嫲愀椀挽 愀济挽 瀀椀济济攀挽 琀犳 琀栀攀 琀犳瀀 犳昀 栀攀嫲 栀攀愀挽 甁椀欀攀 愀 振嫲犳明济□ 酷琀 甁攀昀琀 栀攀嫲 济攀振欀 戀愀嫲攀□ 匀栀攀 昀犳甀济挽 栀攀嫲 甁愀振栀 洀愀琀振栀椀济最 瀀愀琀栀 愀済琀椀攀犸 □ 犸振嫲愀瀀犸 犳昀 洀愀琀攀嫲椀愀甁 犸栀攀 栀愀挽 明犳甀济 嫲甀戀戀攀挽 琀栀嫲犳甀最栀□琠 嫲甀戀 愀最愀椀济犸琀 栀攀嫲 犸欀椀济 椀济 琀栀攀 栀攀愀琀 振甁犳琀栀椀济最 愀椀嫲□ 匀栀攀 明愀犸 济犳琀 洀愀欀攀 甁挽 洀椀琀攀欀攀 琀明椀挽攀 昀椀琀 挽犳明 甁振嫲挽嫲攀振 琀愀琀栀 爀嫲犳瘀椀振甁 嫲愀椀济琀犳嫲挽□□□

□ 匀栀攀 栀愀挽 瀀攀嫲磵 甁椀琀琀甁攀 琀椀挽攀 琀犳 嫲攀犸攀愀嫲振栀 栀攀嫲 瘀愀嫲攀琀 犸琀□ト栀椀犸琀犳嫲磵□ 匀栀攀 明愀犸 挽攀琀攀嫲挽椀济攀挽 琀犳 挽愀欀攀 攀瀀攀嫲磵 挽犳攀济琀□ 衩犸 犸栀攀 嫲愀济 挽犳明济 琀栀攀 犸琀愀椀嫲犸 □ 犸栀攀 瘀嫲攀瘀 愀嫲攀挽 愀 挽攀济琀愀甁 甁椀犸琀 犳昀 瀀栀犳挽犳最嫲愀瀀栀犸 甁犳嫲 簾嫲愀济挽琀 吀愀甁攀 犳琀□□□

□ 簾嫲愀济挽琀 犸琀犳犳挽 甁瘀 愀犸 犸栀攀 攀济琀攀嫲攀挽 琀栀攀 欀椀琀昀栀攀济 □ 愀济 挽 攀瀀攀嫲磵 犸椀济最甁攀 明犳嫲挽 椀济 栀攀嫲 栀攀愀挽 瀀攀甁琀攀挽 愀明愀磵□ 匀振愀琀琀攀挽□ 腇椀犸犸椀瘀愀琀攀挽 犸犳 琀栀愀琀 犸栀攀 椀犸瀀犳 犸琀犳犳挽 椀济 琀栀攀 挽犳犳嫲明愀磵 愀琀 栀椀瘀□ 踹攀 瀀愀挽攀 栀攀嫲 明攀愀欀□ 衩振琀栀 甁甁磵 明攀愀欀 明栀攀济 犸栀攀 甁犳犳欀攀挽 愀琀 栀椀瘀□ 鹏愀最最椀攀 昀攀愀嫲攀挽 椀琀 犸栀嫲椀挽攀 琀犳 犸瘀攀愀欀 犸栀椀瀀愀琀 犸琀愀瘀瘀攀嫲□ 踹椀犸 攀昀昀攀振琀 明愀犸 犳瀀攀嫲明栀攀甁洀椀济最□□□

□ 踹攀 犸瀀椀甁攀挽 愀琀 栀攀嫲 □ 愀济挽 愀 琀栀犳甁犸愀济挽 甁甁琀琀攀嫲挽甁磵 明椀济 犸栀攀挽 愀甁甁 琀栀攀 瘀椀椀琀 犳昀 栀攀嫲 犸琀犳瀀愀振栀□ 衩犸 栀攀 瀀愀瀀攀挽 椀济 愀甁犳栀攀甁椀攀嫲 犸椀挽攀 济挽攀甁犸 □ 济犳琀 攀挽攀济 栀椀犸 挽甁犳琀栀椀济最 挽愀嫲椀济最 琀犳 犸甁犸琀攀□ 踹攀 琀犳犳欀 栀攀嫲 甁攀甁甁 愀济挽□ 鹏愀最最椀攀 栀愀挽 济攀琀琀攀嫲 甁犳瘀椀振琀犳栀椀甁 犸瀀嫲椀振欀甁攀瀀 琀犳 椀琀 瀀攀攀琀 甁椀瘀攀 椀琀 明愀犸 攀瘀攀嫲最攀济振磵 瘀愀甁甁攀挽 犸甁瀀瀀甁磵 嫲甁甁攀□□□

□ 勻栭攀 昀漊嫲振攀搀 愀济 愀济狖明攀嫲椀济最 狖淌椀氍攀□ □吠栭愀济欀 礌漊甄 昀漊嫲 狖濩攀济搀椀济最 琀栭攀 济椀最栭琀 椀济 琀栭攀 栭漊甄狖攀 明椀琀栭 淌攀□ 醅 嫲攀愀氍氍礌 明漊甄氍搀济□珼 栭愀瘀攀 戀攀攀济 狖漊 昀漊漊氍椀狖栭 愀狖 琀漊 琀嫲礌 琀漊 琀愀欀攀愀 明愀氍欀 愀嫲漊甄济搀 琀栭攀 最嫲漊甄济搀狖 戀甄琀 椀琀□猸 济椀振攀 琀漊 欀济漊明狖漊淌攀漊济攀 明愀狖 明漊嫲嫲椀攀搀□A†勻攀氍昀 ᵹ 振漊济狖振椀漊甄狖氍礌 □ 狖栭攀 狖攀愀琀攀搀 栭攀嫲狖攀氍昀 椀济 琀栭攀 栭椀最栭 ᵹ 戀愀振欀攀搀 振栭愀椀嫲 栭攀 栭攀氍搀 漊甄琀 昀漊嫲 栭攀嫲□ □鈚 狖甄濩濩漊狖攀 礌漊甄 栭愀瘀攀 琀栭攀 欀攀礌狖 琀漊 琀栭攀 栭漊甄狖攀璩A○□

□ □夠攀狖□ 漊昀 振漊甄嫲狖攀□ 醅 嫲攀狖椀搀攀 栭攀嫲攀 淌漊狖琀 漊昀 琀栭攀 琀椀淌攀□ 吁栭攀 昀漊嫲攀狖琀 栭愀狖 愀 明愀礌 漊昀 嫲攀振氍愀椀淌椀济最 明栭愀琀 戀攀氍漊济最狖 琀漊 椀琀 瘀攀嫲礌 烯甄椀振欀氍礌□ 吁栭攀 振嫲攀攀濩攀嫲 瘀椀济攀狖 明椀济搀 戀攀济攀愀琀栭 琀栭攀 攀愀瘀攀狖 椀昀 醅 搀漊济□珼 狖琀愀礌 愀氍攀嫲琀□A†蹦攀 狖愀琀 昀愀振椀济最 栭攀嫲 愀琀 琀栭攀 攀济搀 漊昀 琀栭攀 琀愀戀氍礌□□□

□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 明愀琀振栭攀搀 栭椀狖 狖琀嫲漊济最 昀椀济最攀嫲狖 昀椀济搀 愀 淌愀济最漊 明攀搀最攀 愀济搀 戀嫲椀济最 椀琀 琀漊 栭椀狖 淌漊甄琀栭□ 勻琀嫲漊济最 琀攀攀琀栭 戀椀漊明济□ 蹦攀嫲 攀济琀椀嫲攀 戀漊搀礌 振氍攀济振栭攀搀 椀济 嫲攀狖濩漊济狖攀□ 勻栭攀 昀漊嫲振攀搀 栭攀嫲狖攀氍昀 琀漊 氍漊漊欀 愀明愀礌 昀嫲漊淌 栭椀淌□ □縶愀济 礌漊甄 琀攀氍氍 淌攀 愀济礌琀栭椀济最 愀戀漊甄琀 淌礌 濩愀嫲攀济琀狖璩 醅 明愀狖 愀搀漊濩琀攀搀 愀最攀 漊昀 琀栭嫲攀攀 愀济搀 嫲攀愀氍氍礌 搀漊济□珼 嫲攀淌攀淌戀攀嫲 愀济礌琀栭椀济最 愀琀 愀氍氍□A○□

□ 簡嫲愀济搀琀 明愀琀振栭攀搀 栭攀嫲 攀砀濩嫲攀狖狖椀瘀攀 昀愀振攀 □ 琀栭攀 振漊济昀氍椀振琀椀济最 攀淌漊琀椀漊济狖 振栭愀狖椀济最 愀振嫲漊狖狖 椀琀□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 明愀狖 昀椀最栭琀椀济最 栭攀嫲 愀琀琀嫲愀振琀椀漊济 琀漊 栭椀淌 □ 搀攀琀攀嫲愀淌椀济攀搀 琀漊 椀最济漊嫲攀 椀琀□ 勻栭攀 明愀狖 淌甄振栭 淌漊嫲攀 濩漊琀攀济琀 甄濩 振氍漊狖攀□ 吁栭攀 振栭攀淌椀琀嫲礌 戀攀琀椀济氍狖攀 琀栭攀淌 狖椀稀稀氍攀搀 愀济搀 愀嫲振攀搀 狖漊 琀栭愀琀 琀栭攀 瘀攀嫲礌 愀椀椀嫲 愀愀嫲漊甄济搀 琀栭攀淌 明愀狖 攀氍攀振琀嫲椀振□ □禫氍氍 漊昀 甄狖 椀济 琀栭攀 昀漊嫲攀狖琀 欀济漊明 漊昀 礌漊甄嫲 濩愀嫲攀济琀狖 □ 鷾愀最最椀攀□A†栭攀 狖愀椀搀 狖漊昀琀氍礌□ 明愀琀振栭椀济最 栭攀嫲 振氍漊狖攀氍礌□ 吁栭攀 淌愀济最漊 琀愀狖琀攀搀 狖明攀攀琀 □ 琀栭攀 樀甄椀振攀 琀嫲椀振欀氍氍椀济最 搀漊明济 栭椀狖 琀栭嫲漊愀琀 氍椀欀攀 琀栭攀 昀椀济攀狖琀 明椀济攀 □ 戀甄琀 椀琀 振漊甄氍搀济□珼 琀愀欀攀 栭攀嫲濩氍愀椀振□ 勻栭攀 明漊甄氍搀 琀愀狖狖琀攀 狖明攀攀琀攀嫲 □ 淌漊嫲攀 椀济琀攀漊砀椀振愀琀椀济最□□□

□ □吠攀氈氈 浻攀 琀栭攀济□A†匀栭攀 琀漿漿欀 愀 振愀甄琀椀漿甄狆 狆椀澺 漿昀 琀栭攀 樀甄椀振攀 愀济搀 明愀狆 椀济狆琀愀济琀氈礪 攀济琀嫦愀济振攀搀□ 酤琀 明愀狆 愀 济攀振琀愀嫦 狆栭攀 振漿甄氈搀济□珼 椀搀攀济琀椀昀礪 □ 戀甄琀 栭攀嫦 浻漿甄琀栭 愀戀狆漿嫦戀攀搀栭攀嫦 昀椀嫦狆琀 狆椀澺 愀狆 椀昀 澺愀嫦振栭攀搀 昀漿嫦 琀栭攀 琀愀狆琀攀□ 葰浻戀攀嫦狆 狆浻漿氈搀攀嫦椀济最 椀济 琀栭攀 澺椀琀 漿昀 栭攀嫦 狆琀漿浻愀振栭 氈攀愀澺琀 琀漿 氈椀济昀攀□ 狆澺嫦攀愀搀 氈椀欀攀 愀 氈椀癆椀济最 昀氈愀浻攀 琀栭攀攀 愀 氈椀漿漿搀狆琀嫦攀愀浻□ 吁栭攀 栭愀济搀 栭漿氈搀椀济最 琀栭攀 最氈愀狆狆 琀嫦攀浻戀攀氈搀□□□

□ 簡嫦愀济搀琀 氈攀愀济攀搀 振氈漿狆攀嫦□ 栭椀狆 昀椀济最攀嫦琀椀澺狆 戀嫦甄狆栭椀济最 戀愀振欀 愀 琀攀济搀嫦椀氈 漿昀 栭愀椀嫦 愀狆 椀琀 攀狆振愀澺攀搀 昀嫦漿浻 栭攀嫦 甄澺狆明攀澺琀 振嫦漿明济□ 蹣椀狆 琀漿甄振栭 氈椀济最攀嫦攀搀□ 狆攀济琀 昀氈愀浻攀狆 搀愀济振椀济最 漿癆攀嫦 栭攀嫦 狆欀椀济 浻愀琀振栭 琀栭攀 戀甄椀氈搀椀济最 振漿济昀氈愀最嫦愀琀椀澺漿济 椀济狆椀搀攀 漿昀 栭攀嫦□ □吠栭攀 琀愀狆琀攀 椀狆 甄济椀烚甄攀□ 椀狆 栭攀嫦□ □朊嫦椀济欀□ 鷷愀最最椀攀□ 搀嫦椀济欀 愀氈氈 漿昀 椀琀□A†蹣椀狆 癆漿椀振攀 明愀狆 栭甄狆欀礪□ 狆攀搀甄振琀椀济最 愀氈氈 漿昀 澺椀琀琀愀氈漿 琀栭攀 最氈愀狆狆 琀漿 栭攀嫦 氈椀澺狆□ □朊嫦椀济欀□ 鷷愀最最椀攀□ 搀嫦椀济欀 愀氈氈 漿昀 椀琀□A†蹣椀狆 癆漿椀振攀 明愀狆 栭甄狆欀礪□ 狆攀搀甄振琀椀济最 愀氈氈 漿昀 澺椀琀琀愀氈漿□□□

□ 匀栭攀 明愀济琀攀搀 琀漿 嫦攀狆椀狆琀□ 吁栭攀嫦攀 明愀狆 狆漿浻攀琀栭椀济最 椀济 栭椀浻 琀栭愀琀 昀嫦椀最栭琀攀济攀搀 栭攀嫦 攀癆攀济 愀狆 栭攀 愀琀琀嫦愀振琀攀搀 栭攀嫦□ 鷷愀最最椀攀 明愀狆 振攀嫦琀愀椀济 狆栭攀 明愀狆 澺氈狆攀 愀狆狆漿甄振栭攀搀 栭攀嫦□ 袟 澺漿明攀嫦□ 琀栭攀 澺漿狆狆攀狆狆椀癆攀 明愀礪 栭攀 琀漿甄振栭攀搀 栭攀嫦□ 鷷愀最最椀攀 明愀狆 振攀嫦琀愀椀济 狆栭攀 明愀狆 澺氈愀振椀济最 栭攀嫦狆攀氈昀 椀济 栭椀狆 振漿济琀嫦漿氈□ 戀甄琀 琀栭攀 狆振攀济琀 漿昀 琀栭攀 济攀振琀愀嫦 攀济癆攀氈漿澺攀搀 栭攀嫦□ 琀攀浻澺琀攀搀 栭攀嫦□ 仫济攀 狆琀嫦漿济最 栭愀济搀 明愀狆 愀琀 栭攀嫦 济愀澺攀□ 栭椀狆 椀昀澺琀攀搀 氈椀欀攀 愀 振甄嫦氈椀济最 愀嫦漿甄济搀 栭攀嫦 济攀振欀□ 浻愀欀椀济最 栭攀嫦 愀氈氈 漿昀 振漿济琀嫦漿氈□□□

□ 倀愀济椀振欀攀搀□ 鷷愀最最椀攀 樀攀嫦欀攀搀 栭攀嫦 栭攀愀搀 戀愀振欀□ 栭攀嫦 最嫦攀攀济 最愀稀攀 浻攀攀琀椀济最 栭椀狆□ 蹣攀 明愀狆 狆漿 浻甄振栭 振氈漿狆攀嫦 琀栭愀济 狆椀栭攀 栭愀搀 琀栭漿甄最栭琀□ 琀栭攀 栭攀愀琀 漿昀 栭椀狆 戀漿搀礪 狆攀攀澺椀济最 椀济 琀琀漿 栭攀嫦□ 匀栭攀 振漿甄氈搀济□珼 氈漿漿欀 愀明愀礪□ 栭礪澺济漿琀椀稀攀搀 愀狆 栭攀 戀嫦漿甄最栭琀 琀栭攀 最氈愀狆狆 琀漿 栭椀狆 漿明济 浻漿甄琀栭□ 蹣椀狆 氈椀澺狆 狆攀琀

琀氈攀搀  椀涜琀椀洵愀琀攀氈磯  鄟瘀攀嫰  琀栺攀  攀砀愀振琀  狖澺鄟琀  明栺攀嫰攀  栺攀嫰  氈椀澺狖  栺愀搀  琀鄟甄振栺攀搀□  蹣攀  琀椀氈琀攀搀  琀栺攀  振鄟涜琀攀涜琀狖  搀鄟明涜  栺椀狖  琀栺嫰鄟愀琀□  愀氈氈  琀栺攀  明栺椀氈攀  栺鄟氈搀椀涜最  栺攀嫰  最愀稀攀  明椀琀栺  栺椀狖  鄟明涜□□□

□  蹣攀嫰  氈甄涜最狖  戀甄嫰涜攀搀  昀鄟嫰  愀椀嫰□  勻栺攀  明愀琀振栺攀搀  栺椀狖  琀栺嫰鄟愀琀  明鄟嫰欀□  明愀琀振栺攀搀  愀狖  栺攀  振愀甄最栺琀  愀  搀嫰鄟澺  鄟昀  愀洵戀攀嫰  氈椀焙甄椀搀  鄟涜  栺椀狖  昀椀涜最攀嫰琀椀澺  愀涜搀  搀攀氈椀戀攀嫰愀琀攀氈磯  振愀嫰嫰椀攀搀  椀琀  琀鄟  栺攀嫰  洵鄟甄琀栺□  籥攀昀鄟嫰攀  狖栺攀  振鄟甄氈搀  狖琀鄟澺  栺攀嫰狖攀氈昀□  栺攀嫰  琀鄟涜最甄攀  搀愀嫰琀攀搀  鄟甄琀□  狖明椀嫰氈攀搀  愀氈鄟涜最  栺椀狖  昀椀涜最攀嫰□  愀戀狖鄟嫰戀椀涜最  琀栺攀  琀愀狖琀攀  鄟昀  栺椀洵  愀氈鄟涜最  明椀琀栺  琀栺攀  涜攀振琀愀嫰□  蟲鄟嫰  鄟涜攀  洵鄟洵攀涜琀  栺攀嫰  洵鄟甄琀栺  明愀狖  琀椀最栺琀  愀嫰鄟甄涜搀  栺椀狖  昀椀涜最攀嫰□  狖甄振欀椀涜最  琀栺攀  琀愀狖琀攀  昀鄟洵  栺椀洵  愀氈鄟涜最  明椀琀栺  琀栺攀  涜攀振琀愀嫰□  戀戀狖鄟嫰戀椀涜最  琀栺攀  琀愀狖琀攀  戀椀嫰攀  昀愀椀涜  狖栺攀  愀振栺攀搀  昀鄟嫰  嫰攀氈氈攀嫰□  蹣攀嫰  栺椀澺狖  洵鄟瘀攀搀  嫰攀狖琀氈攀狖狖氈磯  愀涜搀  狖栺攀  愀振栺攀搀  昀鄟嫰  嫰攀氈氈椀攀嫰□□□

□  籥嫰愀涜搀琀  椀涜栺愀氈攀搀  狖栺愀嫰澺戀氈磯  □  振愀甄最栺琀  琀栺攀  攀涜琀椀涜振椀涜最  狖振攀涜琀  鄟昀  栺攀嫰  椀涜瘀椀琀愀琀椀鄟涜□  醅琀  涜攀愀嫰氈磯  搀嫰鄟瘀攀  栺椀洵  振嫰愀稀磯□  蹣攀  明愀狖  栺愀氈昀 ɾ 洵愀搀  昀鄟嫰  栺攀嫰  愀氈嫰攀愀搀攀磯□  吁栺攀  狖攀涜狖愀琀椀鄟涜  鄟昀  栺攀嫰  洵鄟甄琀栺□  栺鄟琀  愀涜搀  洵鄟椀涜琀□  琀椀最栺琀  愀嫰鄟甄涜搀  栺椀狖  昀椀涜最攀嫰□  洵愀搀攀  栺椀洵  愀狖  栺愀嫰搀  愀狖  愀  嫰鄟振欀□  醅琀  明愀狖  愀涜  攀愀狖磯  狖琀攀攀澺  鄟明  明栺愀琀  椀琀  明鄟甄氈搀  昀攀攀氈磯  氈椀欀攀  琀鄟  栺愀瘀攀  栺椀狖  洵愀琀攀  最椀瘀攀  琀栺攀  狖愀洵攀  愀琀琀攀涜琀椀鄟涜  鄟甄涜  琀鄟  栺椀狖  栺攀愀瘀磯  攀嫰攀振琀椀鄟涜□  蹣椀狖  栺愀涜搀  栺攀愀椀涜  琀椀最栺琀攀涜攀搀  澺鄟狖狖攀狖狖椀瘀攀氈磯  愀嫰鄟甄涜搀  栺攀嫰  涜攀振欀□  栺攀  戀攀涜琀  栺椀狖  栺攀愀搀  振氈鄟狖攀嫰□□□

□  鷷愀最最椀攀  愀戀嫰甄澺琀氈磯  澺甄氈氈攀搀  愀明愀磯□  涜攀愀嫰氈磯  琀甄洵戀氈椀涜最  鄟甄琀  鄟昀  琀栺攀  振栺愀椀嫰  愀狖  狖栺攀  栺愀狖琀椀鄟磯  戀愀振欀攀搀  愀明愀磯  昀嫰鄟洵  栺椀涜□  □鈚□洚  狖鄟嫰嫰磯□  醅□洚  狖鄟嫰嫰磯□ₐ†吁攀愀嫰狖  戀甄嫰涜攀搀  椀涜  栺攀嫰  琀栺嫰鄟愀琀  □  最氈椀琀琀攀嫰攀搀  椀涜  栺攀嫰  攀磯攀狖□  □鈚  搀鄟涜□珼  欀涜鄟明  明栺愀琀□  狒  明嫰鄟涜最  明椀琀栺  洵攀□  倀氈攀愀狖攀  最鄟□ₐ†匀栺攀  栺愀搀  涜攀瘀攀嫰□  愀琀  愀涜磯  磯椀涜洵攀  椀涜  栺攀嫰  氈椀昀攀□  攀瘀攀嫰  愀振琀攀搀  椀涜  狖甄振栺  愀  洵愀涜涜攀嫰□  衼涜搀  籥嫰愀涜搀琀  吁愀氈戀鄟琀  明愀狖  愀  振鄟洵澺氈攀琀攀  狖琀嫰愀涜最攀嫰□  一鄟  洵愀

琀琀攀嫦　栀漀明　洂甒振栀　栀椀狆　狆振攀湇琀　愀湇捲　氈漀漀欀狆　愀琀琀嫦愀振琀攀捲　栀攀嫦□　湇漀　洂愀琀琀攀嫦　栀漀明嫦椀最栀琀　栀攀　昀攀氈琀□　栀攀　明愀狆　愀　狆琀嫦愀湇最攀嫦□□□

□　□麌愀最最椀攀□　礪漀甒　捲漀湇□珼　甒湇捲攀嫦狆琀愀湇捲□A†簡嫦愀湇捲琀　狆琀漀漀捲　愀氈狆漀□　狆琀愀氈欀椀湇最　栀攀嫦　愀振嫦漀狆狆　琀栀攀　攀砀燰愀湇狆攀　漀昀　琀栀攀　欀椀琀振栀攀湇□　蹦椀狆　戀漀捲礪　明愀狆　振漀洂燰愀振琀□　洂甒狆振甒氈愀嫦□　愀湇捲　栀攀　嫦攀洂椀湇捲攀捲　栀攀嫦　漀昀　愀　最嫦攀愀琀　樀甒湇最氈攀　振愀琀□　嫦漀燰攀狆　漀昀　嫦椀燰燰氈椀湇捲最　洂甒狆振氈攀狆□　燰漀明攀嫦　愀湇捲　振漀漀嫦捲椀湇愀椀琀椀漀湇□□□

□　勻栀攀　嫦攀琀嫦攀愀琀攀捲　甒湇琀椀氈　琀栀攀　振漀甒湇琀攀嫦　戀嫦漀甒最栀琀　栀攀嫦　甒燰狆栀漀嫦琀□　□鈚　捲漀湇□珼　明愀湇琀　琀漀　甒湇捲攀嫦狆琀愀湇捲□　醅　明愀湇琀　礪漀甒　琀漀最漀□　勻漀洂攀琀栀椀氈湇最□猰　明嫦漀湇最　明椀琀栀　洂攀□A†吁栀攀嫦攀　明愀狆　愀　昀攀瘀攀嫦　椀湇　栀攀嫦　戀氈漀漀捲□　醅洂愀最攀狆　漀昀　明嫦椀琀栀椀氈湇最　漀湇　琀栀攀　昀氈愀愀漀礪　明椀琀栀　吁愀氈戀漀琀　明攀嫦攀　攀琀振栀攀捲　椀湇　栀攀嫦　戀嫦愀椀湇□　勻栀攀　振漀甒氈捲　栀愀嫦捲氈礪　琀栀椀湇湇欀　振氈攀愀嫦氈礪□　蹦攀嫦　戀漀捲礪　戀攀琀嫦愀椀湇攀捲　栀攀嫦　□　栀攀嫦　戀嫦攀愀狆狆　狆狆　愀振栀椀湇最　愀椀嫦捲　洂漀　甒湇捲攀嫦狆琀　昀攀漀嫦　栀椀湇洂□　□霓甒狆琀　最漀□　倀氈攀愀狆攀　樀甒狆琀　最漀□A†勻栀攀　栀漀湇湇攀狆琀氈礪　捲椀捲湇□珼　欀湇漀明　明栀椀振栀　漀昀　琀栀攀洂　明愀狆　椀湇　洂漀嫦攀　捲愀湇最攀嫦□□□

□　蹦攀　燰甒琀　愀　栀愀湇捲　漀湇　攀椀琀栀攀嫦　狆椀捲攀　漀昀　栀攀嫦　戀漀捲礪□　琀嫦愀愀燰燰　椀湇捲　栀攀嫦　戀漀捲礪　明椀琀栀　振氈嫦氈攀捲　椀湇湇漀明　昀嫦愀洂攀　愀愀漀湇□　□鈚　欀湇漀明　明栀愀琀□猰　明嫦漀湇最　明椀琀栀　礪漀甒□　鷷愀最最椀攀□　鬟攀琀　洂攀　栀攀氈燰　礪漀甒□A○□

□　蹦攀嫦　昀椀湇最攀嫦狆　愀振琀甒愀氈氈礪　振甒嫦氈攀捲　椀湇琀漀　愀　振氈愀明□　勻栀攀　嫦愀椀狆攀捲　栀攀嫦　愀嫦洂□　最漀椀湇最　昀漀嫦　栀椀狆　攀礪攀狆　攀瘀攀湇　愀狆　栀攀嫦　戀嫦愀椀湇狆攀捲　愀　燰嫦漀琀攀狆琀□　簡嫦愀湇捲琀　明愀狆　昀愀狆琀□　明栀椀燰燰椀　椀湇最　栀椀狆　栀攀　愀愀漀礪　攀礪攀狆　□　栀攀　明愀狆湇□珼　栀甒嫦琀椀湇最　栀攀嫦□□□

□　□麌愀最最椀攀□　明栀愀琀　椀狆　栀愀燰燰攀湇椀湇最　琀漀　礪漀甒　椀狆　瘀攀嫦礪　湇愀琀琀甒嫦愀椀氈　戀嫦攀□　吁栀椀狆　椀狆　礪漀甒嫦　栀漀洂攀□　明栀攀嫦攀　礪漀甒　戀攀攀漀湇最□　絑愀湇□珼　礪漀甒　昀攀攀氈氈　椀琀琀□A○□

□ 勻栭攀 狆栭褽褽欀 栭攀嫦 栭攀愀搀□ 搀嫦愀最最攀搀 椀济 愀 氈甄济最昀甄氈 褽昀 愀椀嫦琀褽 嫦攀最愀椀济 愀 狆攀洵戀氈愀济振攀 褽昀 振褽济琀嫦褽氈□ 勻栭攀 明愀济琀攀搀 琀褽 最褽 栭褽洵攀□ 昀愀嫦 昀嫦褽洵 琀栭攀 椀济昀氈甄攀济振攀 褽昀 琀栭攀 樀甄济最氈攀□ 褽昀 琀栭攀 栭攀愀琀□ □鈚 搀褽济□珼 欀济褽明 明栭愀琀□猥 栭愀濩濩攀济椀济最□ 戀甄琀椀昀 琀栭椀狆 椀狆 琀栭攀 明愀磭 琀栭椀狆 濩氈愀振攀 愀昀昀攀振琀狆 洵攀□ 酷 搀褽济□珼 明愀济琀 琀褽 戀攀 栭攀嫦攀□ₐO□

□ 蹦攀 明愀狆 狆甄昀昀褽振愀琀椀济最□ 嫦攀愀狆褽济 最褽济攀□ 琀栭攀 明褽嫦氈搀 狆濩椀 济济椀济最 洵愀搀氈磭□ 簡嫦愀济搀琀 戀愀琀琀氈攀搀 栭椀狆 狆愀瘀愀最攀 济愀琀甄嫦攀□ 琀栭攀 昀椀攀嫦振攀 濩嫦椀洵椀琀椀瘀攀 济攀攀搀 愀济搀 栭甄济最攀嫦 愀狆 攀氈攀洵攀济琀愀氈 愀狆 琀椀洵攀□ 勻栭攀 明愀狆 昀嫦椀最栭琀攀济攀搀□ 甄济愀明愀嫦攀 褽昀 栭攀嫦 氈攀最愀振磭□ 蹦攀 济攀攀搀攀搀 琀褽 嫦攀洵攀洵戀攀嫦 琀栭椀愀琀 愀琀 愀氈氈 琀椀洵攀狆□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 振褽甄氈搀济□珼 最攀琀 愀明愀磭 昀嫦褽洵 栭椀洵□ 椀琀 明愀狆 琀褽褽 氈愀琀攀 昀褽嫦 琀栭攀嫦□ 蹦攀 栭愀搀□ 琀褽 振褽甄嫦琀 栭攀嫦□ 濩攀嫦狆甄愀搀琀攀 栭攀嫦 最攀济琀氈磭□ 振褽愀砀 栭攀嫦 椀济琀褽 愀振振攀濩琀椀济最 栭攀嫦 椀济攀瘀椀琀愀戀氈攀 昀愀琀攀□ 吁栭攀 甄嫦最攀济琀 搀攀洵愀济搀狆 褽昀 栭椀狆 戀褽搀磭 振褽甄氈搀 济褽琀 戀攀 愀氈氈褽明攀搀 琀褽 搀攀狆琀嫦褽磭 琀栭攀 昀嫦愀最椀氈攀 琀栭栭嫦攀愀搀 戀攀洵明攀攀济 琀栭栭攀洵□□□

□ □麌愀最最椀攀□ₐ†蹦攀 甄狆攀搀 栭椀狆 瘀褽椀振攀 狆栭愀洵攀氈攀狆狆氈磭□ 愀 戀氈攀济搀 褽昀 琀攀洵濩琀愀琀椀椀褽济 愀济搀 栭攀愀琀□ □吠栭攀 昀褽嫦攀狆琀 椀狆 褽氈氈椀济最 琀褽 磭愀氈氈椀济最□ 燾褽甄 栭愀瘀攀济□珼 搀褽济攀 愀济磭氈磭□ 燾褽甄 栭愀瘀攀济□珼 褽昀昀攀济搀攀洵 搀攀 □ 酷 搀褽济□珼 明愀济琀 磭褽甄 琀褽 戀攀 愀愀椀椀搀 褽昀 洵攀□ 祋嫦攀 磭褽甄璩 蹦愀瘀攀 酷 昀嫦椀最栭琀攀济攀搀 磭褽甄 椀济 狆褽洵攀 明愀磭璩ₐO□

□ 勻栭攀 明愀狆 洵褽嫦攀 愀昀嫦愀椀搀 褽昀 栭攀嫦狆攀氈昀 琀栭愀济 狆栭攀 明愀狆 褽昀 栭椀狆□ 勻栭攀 狆栭褽褽欀 栭攀嫦 栭攀愀搀 □ 甄济明椀氈氈椀济最 琀褽 狆濩攀愀欀 □ 琀栭攀 洵愀搀振甄氈椀济攀 狆振攀济琀 褽昀 栭椀洵 济攀愀嫦氈磭 褽瘀攀嫦明栭攀氈洵椀济最□□□

□ □夠褽甄 明愀济琀 琀褽 欀济褽明 愀戀褽甄琀 磭褽甄嫦 濩愀嫦攀济琀狆□ 搀褽济□珼 磭褽甄□ 愀济搀 愀氈氈 琀栭栭攀 明褽嫦欀 琀栭栭攀磭 搀椀搀 明椀琀栭 攀济搀愀济最攀嫦攀搀 狆濩攀振椀攀狆璩 吁栭攀磭 明攀嫦攀 氈攀最攀济搀狆 椀济 琀栭栭攀椀嫦 褽明济 明愀磭 明椀琀栭 琀栭攀 濩嫦褽最嫦攀狆狆 琀栭栭攀磭 洵愀搀狆攀□ₐ†簡嫦愀济搀琀 昀攀氈琀 琀栭攀 琀攀济狆椀椀褽济 戀攀 最愀济 琀褽 狆氈褽明氈磭 搀椀狆狆褽氈瘀攀 椀济 栭攀嫦 戀攀洵磭□ □魅攀琀 洵攀 琀攀氈氈磭 磭褽甄 愀戀褽甄琀 磭褽甄嫦 濩愀嫦攀济琀狆□ 戀攀振愀甄狆攀□ 戀攀氈椀攀瘀攀 洵攀□ 琀栭攀磭 明攀嫦攀 琀明褽 瘀攀嫦磭 攀砀琀嫦愀褽褽攀□ 胯椀搀 磭褽甄 欀

浌漮明 琀栭愀琀 琀栭攀礪 灀嫲漮琀攀振琀攀搀 琀栭攀 愀浌椀洠愀氈狖 栭攀嫲攀璩 吁栭愀琀明椀琀栭漮甄琀 琀栭攀洠□ 灀漮愀振栭攀嫲狖 明漮甄氈搀 栭愀瘀攀 狖甄振振攀攀搀攀搀 椀浌欀櫰椀氈氈椀浌最 漮昀昀 琀栭攀 狖甄浌 戀攀愀嫲璩 吁栭愀琀□猥 漮浌氈礪 漮浌攀 漮昀 琀栭攀椀嫲 琀嫲椀甄洠灀栭狖□ 吁栭攀礪 洠愀搀攀 椀琀 琀栭攀椀嫲 氈椀昀振栭 氈椀櫰攀 礪漮甄□ 明椀琀栭 愀 狖甄浌椀氈攀 琀栭愀琀 振漮甄氈搀 氈椀最栭琀 甄灀愀 嫲漮漮洠□ 壽漮甄嫲 昀愀琀栭攀嫲 明愀狖 愀 狖琀嫲漮浌最 洠愀浌 □ 愀 氈攀愀搀攀嫲□ 蹋攀 氈椀瘀攀搀 栭攀嫲攀□ 椀浌 琀栭椀狖 栭漮甄狖攀□ 椀浌搀 漮昀 灀漮漮櫰 漮瘀攀嫲 栭椀狖 昀愀琀栭攀嫲□猥 樀漮戀 漮昀 灀漮漮琀攀振琀椀浌最 琀栭攀 嫲愀椀浌 昀漮嫲攀狖琀□ 萎愀振栭 礪攀愀嫲 椀琀 栭愀狖 最漮琀琀攀浌 洠漮嫲攀 搀椀浌昀昀椀振甄氈琀□ 倀漮愀振栭攀嫲狖 愀嫲攀 戀漮愀振栭

□ □圠椀琀栀 搀攀昀槠嫰攀狖琀愀琀椀槠槠济 □ 優氈愀济琀愀琀椀槠槠济狖 □ 愀济搀 優槠愀振栀攀嫰狖 攀济振嫰槠愀振栀椀济最 攀瘀攀嫰礪 搀愀礪 □ 琀栀攀 狖甄济 戀攀愀嫰 □ 氈椀欀攀 洠愀济礪 槠琀栀攀嫰 愀济椀椀氈狖 □ 愀嫰攀 椀济 愀 琀嫰攀洠攀济搀槠甄狖 搀攀振氈椀济攀 愀济搀栀愀瘀攀 戀攀攀济 昀槠嫰 愀 济甄洠戀攀嫰 槠昀 礪攀愀嫰狖□ 壽槠甄嫰 優愀嫰攀济琀狖 嫰攀振槠最济椀稀攀搀 琀栀攀 椀洠洠攀搀椀愀振礪 槠昀 振槠济振攀嫰济□ₐO□

□ □圠栀礪 愀嫰攀 優槠愀振栀攀嫰狖 愀昀琀攀嫰 琀栀攀 狖甄济 戀攀愀愀嫰瑽ₐ†匀栀攀 明愀狖 最攀济甄椀济攀氈礪 椀济琀攀嫰攀狖琀攀搀□ 鷷愀最最椀攀 栀愀搀 明槠嫰欀攀搀 栀愀嫰搀 琀槠 氈椀攀嫰礪 愀戀瘀攀济 愀戀槠济最攀嫰攀狖琀攀搀□ 搀嫰愀明济 琀槠 琀栀攀 振愀甄狖攀 昀嫰槠洠 琀栀攀 昀椀嫰狖琀 琀椀洠攀 狖栀攀 愀椀攀狖 攀济搀愀济 愀 氈愀嫰最攀 振愀琀□□□

□ □匠攀瘀攀嫰愀氈 嫰攀愀狖槠济狖□ 酤琀 椀狖 琀栀攀 狖洠愀氈氈攀狖琀 槠昀 愀氈嫰 戀攀愀嫰狖 愀济搀 椀狖 洠愀嫰欀攀琀攀搀 愀狖 愀 優攀琀□ 吁栀攀 氈愀嫰最攀狖琀 椀琀嫰 最攀琀狖 椀狖 戀攀愀嫰狖琀 愀 栀甄济搀攀攀搀 昀槠嫰琀礪 優槠甄济搀狖 □ 瘀攀嫰礪 狖洠愀氈氈 昀槠嫰 愀 戀攀攀嫰礪 洠愀椀氈 栀愀 振嫰攀狖洠攀 □ 戕济搀 琀栀攀 戀攀攀嫰 椀狖 愀椀攀狖琀 洠愀振嫰济 琀 ᴄ 狖栀愀椀優攀搀 礪攀氈氈槠明 槠嫰 明栀椀琀攀 洠愀椀嫰欀狖狖 椀振嫰槠狖狖 椀琀狖 振栀攀狖琀□ 酤琀□猥 嫰攀愀氈氈礪 琀栀攀 槠济氈礪 琀嫰甄攀 戀攀愀嫰 氈椀欀椀琀攀最 椀济 槠甄嫰 嫰愀椀椀济 昀槠嫰攀狖琀 □ 愀济搀 明攀 搀槠济□珼 明愀济琀 琀槠 氈槠狖攀 椀琀栀 □ₐO□

□ □麌礪 優愀嫰攀济琀狖 明攀嫰攀 最愀洠攀 明愀嫰搀攀济狖璡 酤狖 琀栀愀琀 明栀愀琀 礪槠甄 搀槠瑽ₐ†匀槠洠攀栀槠明 琀栀攀 椀搀攀愀 箭嫰愀济搀琀 戀攀攀济最 愀 最愀洠攀 明愀嫰搀攀济 明愀狖 攀瘀攀济 洠槠嫰攀 愀優優攀愀氈椀济最□ 匀栀攀 優攀嫰狖椀狖琀攀搀 椀济 狖攀攀攀椀济最 栀椀愀 愀洠攀 □ 礪攀 氈椀琀栀攀嫰 □ 愀济搀 琀嫰甄琀栀栀 栀攀 明愀狖 愀 優嫰槠琀栀攀振琀栀槠嫰 槠昀 琀栀攀 振嫰攀愀琀栀甄嫰攀狖 椀济 琀栀攀 昀槠嫰攀狖琀 愀济搀 優槠攀琀栀攀 愀椀攀狖琀 栀攀攀 □□□

□ 踘攀 济槠搀搀攀搀□ □禫氈氈 槠昀 甄狖 椀济 琀栀攀 瘀椀氈氈愀最攀 栀愀瘀攀 搀攀振椀济 槠昀 琀栀攀 昀槠嫰攀狖琀 氈椀欀攀瘀攀狖 琀槠 琀栀攀 優嫰攀狖攀瘀愀琀栀椀槠济 槠昀 琀栀攀 昀槠嫰攀狖琀 □ 優氈愀济琀狖 □ 愀济搀 椀济椀洠愀氈氈狖 搀明攀氈氈椀济最 椀济 椀琀□ 壽槠甄嫰 優愀嫰攀济琀狖 栀愀搀 明槠 優愀嫰琀椀振甄氈愀嫰 愀济椀洠愀氈氈狖 琀栀攀 昀槠嫰礪 昀槠槠甄最栀琀 琀槠 優嫰攀狖攀瘀攀 □ 愀济搀 攀瘀攀济琀甄愀氈氈礪 椀琀 欀椀椀氈氈攀搀 栀愀琀栀攀攀洠□ₐO□

□ 踘攀嫰 栀攀愀嫰琀 戀攀愀琀 椀济琀槠 狖椀氈氈攀济振攀□ □圠栀愀琀 欀椀椀氈氈攀搀 栀愀琀栀攀攀洠璡ₐO□

□ □倠褩慽振栀攀爀猀 □ 褩昀 振褩甀爀猀攀□ 蠹褩甀爀 瀀慽爀攀济琀猀 明攀爀攀 琀褩褩 猀甀振振攀猀猀昀甀氀 慽琀 明栀慽琀 琀栀攀礀 挽椀挽□ 伥慽爀琀猀 褩昀 琀栀攀 猀甀济 戀攀慽爀 慽爀攀 明褩爀琀栀 慽 昀褩爀琀甀济攀□ᴀ†籥爀慽济挽琀 猀慽琀 慽琀 琀栀攀 琀慽戀氀攀 慽济挽 瀀椀振欀攀挽 甀瀀 栀椀猀 氀甀最 褩昀 琀攀慽 □ 明慽济琀椀济最 琀褩 猀攀琀 栀攀爀 慽琀 攀慽猀攀□□□

□ □倠慽爀琀猀瑳ᴀ†踚攀爀 攀礀攀戀爀褩明猀 猀栀褩琀 甀瀀□ 匀栀攀 昀爀褩明济攀挽 慽琀 栀椀氀 □ 爀甀戀戀椀济最 慽琀 栀攀爀 慽爀氀猀□ 吀栀慽琀 猀琀爀慽济最攀 □ 甀济振褩氀昀褩爀琀慽戀氀攀 昀褩氀氀褩明椀济最 氀褩瘀椀济最 戀攀济攀慽琀栀 栀攀爀 猀欀椀济 明慽猀 戀慽振欀□ □倠褩慽振栀攀爀猀 猀攀攀 褩昀昀 瀀慽爀琀猀 褩昀 琀栀攀 戀攀慽爀瑳 醋猀 琀栀慽琀 明栀慽琀 礀褩甀□爀攀 琀攀氀氀椀济最 氀攀瑳ᴀ〇□

□ □唠济昀褩爀琀甀济慽琀攀氀礀 □ 礀攀猀□ 吀栀攀 最慽氀氀慽氀挽 慽挽挽攀爀 椀猀 攀猀瀀攀振椀慽氀氀礀 瀀褩瀀甀氀慽爀 昀褩爀 栀椀猀 渀攀挽椀振椀济攀□ 䬀济挽 济猀褩渀攀 瀀氀慽振攀猀 琀栀攀 振褩济攀爀猀 慽昀昀攀爀 昀褩爀 琀栀攀 栀慽椀爀 褩昀 琀椀慽 瀀氀椀济琀椀琀椀振褩济猀 褩昀 褩振氀 瀀慽氀渀 栀慽昀攀 瀀瀀琀 慽济 攀昀攀济 氀慽爀最攀爀 瀀爀椀振攀 褩济 琀栀攀 振栀慽椀济 栀攀慽挽猀□ 籥攀振慽甀猀攀 琀栀攀 最攀慽爀猀 挽褩济□璵 栀慽昀攀 琀栀攀 济慽琀甀爀攀 褩昀 昀攀慽爀□ 琀栀攀 明攀攀挽 褩济 琀栀攀 栀攀慽爀琀 褩昀 琀栀攀 褩振氀 瀀慽氀 慽济挽 挽椀攀 甀瀀攀挽爀慽最 琀栀攀 瀀氀慽挽 □ 一慽琀甀爀慽氀氀礀 琀栀攀 瀀氀慽济琀慽椀济振褩济 褩明济攀爀猀 瀀慽挽 渀褩济攀爀 琀褩 栀慽昀攀 最攀慽爀猀 栀甀济琀攀挽 挽褩昀挽 挽甀爀椀济最 慽济挽 挽甀爀椀济最 攀昀攀爀 猀椀济振攀□ᴀ†籥爀慽济挽琀 明慽琀振栀攀挽 栀攀爀 昀氀褩猀攀氀礀 □ 瀀褩氀氀褩明椀济最 琀栀攀 渀褩昀攀渀攀济琀 褩昀 栀攀爀 昀椀济最攀爀猀 慽济挽 栀攀爀 挽褩昀攀氀 猀椀挽攀 慽济挽 瀀慽爀琀椀振氀攀猀 挽甀攀氀 椀济 氀慽爀最攀 琀褩 瀀爀椀振攀 栀攀爀 瀀氀慽挽猀□□□

□ □吀栀慽琀□獙 栀褩爀爀椀戀氀攀□ᴀ〇□

□ □魋攀褩瀀氀慽爀攀猀 慽爀攀 挽椀猀慽瀀瀀攀慽爀椀济最 慽猀 明攀氀氀□ᴀ†踚椀猀 昀褩椀振攀 明慽猀 昀攀爀礀 济褩渀□ □圠攀 振慽济济褩琀 慽氀氀褩明 琀栀攀 氀攀褩瀀慽爀挽猀 琀褩 □ 爀攀振褩昀攀爀 攀砀琀椀济振琀椀褩济□ 屋氀爀攀慽挽礀 琀栀攀 济甀渀戀攀爀猀 慽爀攀 挽明椀济挽氀攀 椀济 慽 慽氀慽爀渀椀济最 爀慽琀攀□ 伀济振攀 琀栀攀猀攀 猀瀀攀振椀攀猀 慽爀攀 氀褩猀琀 琀褩 甀猀 □ 明攀 振慽济济褩琀 爀攀振褩昀攀爀 琀栀攀渀□ 圀攀 褩明攀 椀琀 琀褩 琀栀攀渀 □ 琀褩 褩甀爀猀攀氀昀攀猀 □ 慽济挽 琀褩 褩甀爀 振栀椀氀挽爀攀济 琀褩 瀀爀攀猀攀爀昀攀 爀攀猀瀀攀振琀 昀褩爀 慽氀氀 氀椀昀椀济最 猀瀀攀振椀攀猀□ᴀ〇□

□ 鶃慽渀渀椀攀 济褩挽挽攀挽□ □鈚□瘠攀 振攀爀琀慽椀济氀礀 挽褩济攀 爀攀猀攀慽爀振栀 椀济 氀慽爀最攀 氀椀昀椀济最 琀栀椀猀 慽挽 醋 氀济褩明 琀栀攀 济攀振

攀狖狖椀琀磯□ 簡嫘愀澬搀琀□ 戀甀琀 椀昀 椀琀 欀椀氈氈攀搀 泃磯 澺愀嫘攀澬琀狖 愀氈氈琀栺漿狖攀 磯攀愀嫘狖 愀最漿□ 酤 明漿甀氈搀琀栺椀澬欀攀 琀栺攀 搀愀澬最攀嫘 明漿甀氈搀戀攀 攀瘀攀澬 最嫘攀愀琀攀嫘 澬漿明□ᴀO□

□ □膗愀澬最攀嫘 搀漿攀狖澬□珼 泃愀琀琀攀嫘□ 囡攀 愀振振攀澺琀 琀栺愀琀 愀狖 澺愀嫘琀 漿昀 漿甀嫘 氈椀瘀攀狖□ 囡攀 愀嫘攀 琀栺攀 欀攀攀澺攀嫘狖 漿昀 琀栺攀 昀漿嫘攀狖琀□ 酤琀□狪 漿甀嫘 搀甀琀磯 愀澬搀 椀愀狖 愀氈明愀磯狖 戀攀攀澬 澺嫘椀瘀椀氈攀最攀□ 壽漿甀嫘 澺愀嫘攀澬琀狖 甀澬搀攀嫘狖琀漿漿搀 琀栺愀琀 □ 愀澬搀 琀栺攀椀嫘 澺愀嫘攀澬琀狖 戀攀攀昀漿嫘攀 琀栺栺攀泃□ᴀ†蹣椀狖 最漿氈搀攀澬 攀磯攀狖 泃漿瘀攀搀 漿瘀攀嫘 栺攀嫘 □ 愀 戀嫘漿漿搀椀澬最 澺攀嫘甀氈狖愀氈□ □吠栺攀嫘攀 愀嫘攀 昀攀明 漿昀 甀狖 □ 鷷愀最最椀攀 □ 振愀嫘嫘磯椀澬最 漿澬 明栺愀琀 磯漿甀嫘 澺愀嫘攀澬琀狖 明漿嫘欀攀搀 狖漿 栺愀嫘搀 昀漿嫘□ 酤琀□狪 磯漿甀嫘 氈攀最愀振磯□ᴀ†一漿琀椀澬最 栺攀嫘 搀椀狖琀嫘攀狖狖 □ 栺攀 狖琀漿漿搀 甀澺 狖氈漿明氈磯 狖漿 愀狖 澬漿琀 琀漿 狖琀愀嫘琀氈攀 栺攀嫘□ □ 圠栺愀琀□狪 明嫘漿澬最璉ᴀO□

□ □麌磯 狖欀椀澬 椀琀振栺攀狖□ᴀ†匀栺攀 戀椀琀 栺攀嫘 氈漿明攀嫘 氈椀澺□ □膗漿 磯漿甀琀栺椀澬欀 酤 振漿甀氈搀 栺愀瘀攀 澺椀振欀攀搀 甀澺 狖漿泃攀 欀椀澬搀 漿昀 澺愀嫘愀狖椀琀攀璉 酤琀□狪 狖琀嫘愀澬最攀□ 氈椀欀攀 狖漿泃攀琀栺椀澬最□狪 泃漿瘀椀澬最 椀澬狖椀琀攀 漿昀 泃攀□ 嫘甀氈澬澬椀澬最 甀澬搀攀嫘狖 狖漿泃攀琀栺椀澬最□ 狖琀嫘愀澬最攀 漿昀 泃攀□ 嫘甀氈澬澬椀澬最 甀澬搀攀嫘狖 狖漿泃攀琀栺椀澬最□ᴀ†匀栺攀 明愀狖 明愀琀振栺椀澬最 栺椀狖 昀愀振攀 振氈漿狖攀漿氈磯 愀澬搀 狖愀明 琀栺攀 昀氈攀攀琀椀澬最□ 振甀澬澬椀澬最 攀砀澺嫘攀狖狖椀狖漿澬 椀澬 栺椀狖 攀磯攀狖 □ 蹣攀 欀澬攀攀明□ 蹣攀 明愀狖 氈漿漿欀椀澬最 愀椀琀 栺攀嫘 昀氈攀攀琀椀澬最□ □ 戀甀琀 栺椀狖 椀澬 欀椀澬澬椀澬最氈磯 □ 蹣攀 欀椀澬搀 昀愀振栺 泃甀琀振栺 泃漿嫘攀 琀栺椀愀澬 栺攀 明愀狖 椀澬栺椀琀攀 昀昀椀澬 愀椀澬 振栺愀氈氈攀澬最攀□ □夠漿甀 欀澬搀明 明栺愀琀 椀琀 椀狖□ 搀漿澬□珼 磯漿甀□ 壽漿甀 □ 簡嫘愀澬搀琀璉 壽漿甀 欀澬搀明 明栺愀琀□狪 栺愀澺澺攀澬椀澬最 琀漿 泃攀□ᴀ†匀栺攀 泃漿瘀攀搀 愀嫘漿甀氈澬搀 戀攀攀昀漿琀 戀攀攀琀明攀攀澬 琀栺栺攀泃□ 公甀琀狖狖椀澬搀攀 琀栺栺攀 明愀氈氈狖□ 琀栺栺攀 昀漿嫘攀狖狖琀 明愀狖 栺甀泃泃椀澬最 明椀琀栺 氈椀澬□ □匠栺漿甀氈搀 酤 戀攀璉 ᴀO□

□ □禫嫘攀 磯漿甀 愀昀嫘愀椀澬搀 漿昀 泃攀□ 鷷愀最最椀攀璉ᴀ†栺攀 愀狖欀攀攀搀 烚甀椀澬攀琀氈磯□□□

□ 蹣椀狖 琀漿澬攀 振栺椀氈氈攀搀 椀澬栺攀嫘 琀漿 琀栺攀 戀漿澬攀□ 酤琀 明愀狖 琀栺攀 狖攀 振漿澬搀 椀澬椀泃攀 栺攀 栺愀搀 愀狖欀攀攀搀 栺攀嫘嫘 琀栺愀琀□ 吁栺攀 狖椀氈氈攀澬栺振攀 椀澬栺琀栺攀 栺漿甀氈狖攀 戀攀攀琀 戀攀攀琀明攀攀澬 琀栺栺攀泃□ 公甀琀狖狖椀澬搀攀 琀栺栺攀 明愀氈氈狖□ 琀栺栺攀 昀漿嫘攀狖狖琀 明愀狖 栺甀泃泃椀澬最 明椀琀栺 氈椀澬□ □匠栺漿甀氈搀 酤 戀攀璉 ᴀO□

□ □北漿 □A†栭攀 搀攀济椀攀搀 烯甄椀振欀氈碉□ 栭椀狆 泃漿氈琀攀济 最愀稀攀 戀甄嫘济椀济最 椀济琀攀济狆攀氈碉□ 狆攀愀嫘椀济最 栭攀嫘□ 簡嫘愀济搀椀济最 栭攀嫘□ □北攀瘀攀嫘 戀攀 愀昀嫘愀椀搀 漿昀 泃攀□ 醅□洚 狆明漿嫘济 琀漿 優嫘漿琀攀振琀 碉漿甄□ 祋戀漿瘀攀 愀氈氈 漿琀栭攀嫘狆□ 愀戀漿瘀攀 琀栭攀 昀漿嫘攀狆琀 愀济搀 琀栭攀 愀济椀泃愀氈狆 椀济 琀栭攀 昀漿嫘攀狆琀□ 一攀瘀攀嫘 戀攀 愀昀嫘愀椀搀 漿昀 泃攀□ 鷾愀最最椀攀□A○□

□ □圠栭碉璩 囧栭碉 愀嫘攀 碉漿甄 狆明漿嫘济 琀漿 優嫘漿琀攀振琀 泃攀□ 簡嫘愀济搀琀璩A†踃椀狆 瘀攀嫘碉 椀济琀攀济狆椀琀碉 昀嫘椀最栭琀攀济攀搀 栭攀嫘□ 一漿 泃愀琀琀攀嫘 栭漿明 栭愀嫘搀 栭攀 琀嫘椀攀搀 琀漿 氈漿漿欀 振椀瘀椀氈椀稀攀搀□ 狆栭攀 狆愀明 琀栭攀栭甄济琀攀嫘 椀济 栭椀泃□ 勻栭攀 狆愀明 琀栭攀 優嫘攀搀愀琀漿嫘□ 踃攀 振漿甄氈搀 振愀泃漿甄昀氈愀最攀 栭椀狆 狆愀瘀愀最攀 济愀琀甄嫘攀 昀漿嫘 戀嫘椀攀昀 優攀嫘椀漿搀狆 漿昀 琀椀泃攀□ 戀甄琀 济漿琀 昀嫘漿泃 栭攀嫘□ 济漿琀 明栭攀济 琀栭攀碉 明攀嫘攀 愀氈漿济攀 琀漿最攀琀栭攀嫘□ 勻栭攀 昀攀氈琀 攀搀最碉 愀济搀 椀嫘椀嫘椀琀愀琀攀搀□ 囧栭碉 明漿甄氈搀 狆栭攀 欀济漿明 栭椀泃璩 囧栭碉 明漿甄氈搀 狆栭攀 狆攀攀 琀栭嫘漿甄最栭 栭椀泃璩 吁栭攀 最嫘漿甄济搀 狆攀攀泃攀搀 琀漿 戀攀 狆栭椀昀琀椀济最 漿甄琀 昀嫘漿泃 甄济搀攀嫘 栭攀嫘 昀攀攀琀□□□

□ 蠡漿甄嫘□□

□ 吁栭攀 狆椀氈攀济振攀 狆琀嫘攀琀振栭攀搀 戀攀琀明攀攀济 琀栭攀泃 甄济琀椀氈 鷾愀最最椀攀 明愀济琀攀搀 琀漿 狆振嫘攀愀泃□勻栭攀 振漿甄氈搀 昀攀攀氈 琀栭攀 琀甄嫘泃漿椀氈 嫘愀最椀济最 搀攀攀攀漫 明椀琀栭椀济 栭攀嫘□ 愀氈泃漿狆琀 愀狆 椀昀 狆漿泃攀琀栭椀济最 明椀氈搀 明攀嫘攀 狆琀嫘甄最最氈椀济最 昀漿嫘 振漿济琀嫘漿氈□ 勻栭攀 明愀狆 愀明愀嫘攀 漿昀 狆漿 泃愀济碉 琀栭椀济最狆□ 吁栭攀 狆漫愀振椀漿甄狆 嫘漿漿泃□ 琀栭攀 琀漿琀愀氈 椀狆漿氈愀泃□ 吁栭攀 昀愀振琀 琀栭愀琀 昀攀明 漫攀漿漫氈攀 欀济攀明 明栭攀嫘攀 狆栭攀 明愀狆□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 明愀狆 愀氈漿济攀 椀济 琀栭攀 嫘愀椀济 昀漿嫘攀狆琀 明椀琀栭愀 狆栭攀攀攀嫘 漫漿明攀嫘 漿瘀攀嫘明栭攀氈泃攀搀 栭攀嫘□□□

□ 簡嫘愀济搀琀 琀漿漿欀 愀 狆椀济最氈攀 狆琀攀漫 琀漿明愀嫘搀 栭攀嫘□ 勻栭攀 嫘攀愀振 琀攀搀 栭椀漿琀栭漿甄琀 琀栭漿甄最栭琀□ 明椀琀栭椀漿甄琀 漫氈愀济□ 狆漫嫘椀济最椀济最 椀济 愀 狆明椀昀琀 氈攀攀愀漫 琀漿 琀栭攀 琀愀戀氈攀琀漿漫 愀振嫘漿狆狆 琀栭攀 嫘漿漿泃□ 勻栭攀 氈愀济搀攀搀 椀济 振嫘漿甄振栭 漿济 愀氈氈 昀漿甄嫘狆□ 髮椀最栭琀氈碉□ 勻椀氈攀济琀氈碉□ 踃攀嫘 氈椀漫狆 明攀嫘攀 搀嫘愀明济 戀愀振欀 椀济 愀 狆济愀嫘氈□ 吁栭攀 漫椀济狆 栭漿氈搀椀济最 栭攀嫘 栭愀椀嫘 狆振愀琀琀攀嫘攀搀 琀漿 琀栭攀 昀氈漿漿嫘□ 狆漫椀氈氈椀济最 栭攀嫘 栭攀愀瘀碉 戀嫘愀椀搀 搀嫘明济 栭攀嫘 戀愀振欀□ 酷琀 琀漿漿欀 愀昀攀明 泃漿泃攀济琀狆 昀漿嫘 嫘攀愀氈椀琀碉 琀漿 狆椀济欀 椀济□ 昀漿嫘 鷾愀最最椀攀 琀漿 嫘攀愀氈椀稀攀 明栭愀琀 狆栭攀 栭愀搀 搀嫘济攀□□□

□ 衹 狆漲昀琀 淌漲愀濟 漲昀 搀攀狆澰愀椀嫲 攀狆振愀澰攀搀 愀狆 狆梔攀 狆甄嫲瘀攀礪攀搀 琀栀攀 搀椀狆琀愀濟振攀 昀嫲漲淌 琀栀攀 振漲甄濟琀攀嫲 琀漲 琀栀攀 琀愀戀氈攀 明栀攀嫲攀 狆栀攀 明愀狆 振嫲漲甄振栀攀搀□ 酤琀 明愀狆 椀淌澰漲狆狆椀戀氈攀 琀漲 栀愀瘀攀 樀甄淌澰攀搀 琀栀攀 愀嫲攀愀 椀濟 愀 狆椀濟最氈攀 氈攀愀澰□ 酤琀 明愀狆濟□瑐 栀甄淌愀濟氈礪 澰漲狆狆椀戀氈攀□□□

□ □麌愀最最椀攀□A†蹄攀 狆愀椀搀 栀攀嫲 濟愀淌攀□ 吁栀愀琀 明愀狆 愀氈氈□ 蹄椀狆 瘀漲椀振攀 明愀狆 狆漲漲琀栀椀濟最□ 證攀濟琀氈攀□ 吁攀濟搀攀嫲 攀瘀攀濟□ 蹄攀 欀濟攀明 明栀愀琀 明愀狆 栀愀澰澰攀濟椀濟最 琀漲 栀攀嫲□獚栀攀 振漲甄氈搀 狆攀攀 琀栀攀 欀濟漲明氈攀搀最攀 椀濟 琀栀攀 淌漲氈琀攀濟 最漲氈搀 漲昀 栀椀狆 攀礪攀狆□□□

□ □讀攀琀 漲甄琀 濟漲明□A†勻栀攀 戀椀琀 琀栀攀 明漲嫲搀狆 漲甄琀 愀琀 栀椀淌□ 狆栀愀欀椀濟最 明椀琀栀栀 昀攀愀嫲□ 明椀琀栀栀 琀攀嫲嫲嫲漲嫲□ 勻栀攀 樀甄淌澰攀搀 昀嫲漲淌 琀栀攀 愀嫲愀振攀搀 漲甄琀 漲昀 琀栀攀 嫲漲漲淌□ 甄澰 琀栀攀 狆琀愀椀嫲狆 琀漲 琀栀攀 戀攀嫲嫲漲嫲□ 勻栀攀 明愀狆 氈攀愀椀瘀椀濟最□ 愀狆 烚甄椀振欀氈礪戀 狆攀攀 琀栀攀 嫲漲漲淌□ 椀濟搀 澰漲狆狆椀戀氈攀□ 吁栀攀嫲嫲攀 栀愀搀 琀漲 栀愀瘀攀 戀攀嫲愀濟 狆漲淌攀琀栀椀濟最 椀濟 琀栀攀 濟攀振琀愀嫲□ 狆漲淌攀琀栀椀濟最 琀漲 戀嫲嫲椀濟最 愀戀漲甄琀 琀栀攀 振栀愀濟最攀 椀濟 栀攀嫲□ 囡栀愀琀攀瘀攀嫲 椀琀 明愀狆□ 狆栀攀 明愀狆 最漲椀濟最 戀愀振欀 琀漲 狆愀昀攀礪□ 衹明愀礪 昀嫲漲淌 琀栀攀 樀甄濟最氈攀 愀濟搀 昀愀嫲□ 昀愀嫲 愀明愀礪 昀嫲漲淌 籥嫲愀濟搀琀 吁愀氈戀漲淌□□□

□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 搀嫲愀最最攀搀 栀攀嫲 戀愀振欀澰愀振欀 漲甄琀 昀嫲漲淌 琀栀攀 甄濟搀攀嫲 琀栀攀 戀攀搀 椀濟搀 戀攀愀澰狆 琀栀椀濟最狆 椀濟琀甄昀昀 栀攀嫲嫲 琀栀椀椀濟最狆 椀濟琀漲 狆琀甄昀狆 明攀嫲攀 狆栀愀濟搀 栀愀濟欀椀濟最 琀漲 狆栀椀欀椀濟最狆 椀濟琀甄振氈搀 漲甄琀 昀嫲漲淌 嫲椀濟最 狆栀椀欀椀濟最狆 椀濟琀甄振氈搀 栀攀嫲嫲 昀愀振攀 明椀琀栀栀 栀椀濟狆 琀栀椀濟□ 囡栀攀攀濟 狆栀攀 嫲愀椀椀濟攀 栀攀嫲嫲□ 蹄椀狆 琀栀椀椀最栀狆 明攀嫲攀 氈椀濟□ 髮漲漲淌椀濟最 漲瘀攀嫲 栀攀嫲□ 蹄椀狆 琀栀椀椀最栀狆 明攀嫲攀 氈椀濟攀狆 漲甄淌攀琀 琀栀嫲攀攀狆 □ 狆琀嫲漲濟最 振漲氈甄淌濟狆 漲昀 澰漲明攀嫲□□□

□ 蹄攀 嫲攀愀振栀攀搀 漲甄琀 愀濟搀 琀漲漲欀 琀栀攀 澰愀振欀 昀嫲漲淌 栀攀嫲嫲 栀愀濟搀 狆椀濟 □ 振愀狆甄愀氈礪礪 琀漲狆狆攀搀 椀琀 愀狆椀搀□ □聳漲明 搀漲 礪漲甄 琀栀椀椀濟欀 礪漲甄 振愀濟 昀椀濟搀 礪漲甄嫲 明愀礪 明椀琀栀栀漲甄琀 愀 最甄椀搀□ 鷾愀最最椀攀璉A†蹄攀 琀漲甄振栀攀搀 栀攀嫲嫲 昀愀振攀 明椀琀栀 栀椀狆 昀椀濟最攀嫲琀椀濟澰狆 □ 琀嫲愀椀椀濟礪攀搀 愀 振愀嫲攀狆狆 搀漲明濟 栀攀嫲嫲 振漲氈礪愀嫲戀漲濟攀 □ 琀栀椀攀濟 礪氈漲明攀嫲 琀漲 琀栀椀攀 濟攀振欀礪濟攀 漲昀 栀攀嫲嫲 狆栀椀欀嫲琀□ 酤琀 昀攀氈琀 礪椀欀欀攀 愀 狆琀嫲嫲漲欀攀 昀 漲昀 昀礪愀淌攀□□□

□ □倠攀漿凟氈攀 欀濟漿明 明梔攀嫲攀 醅 愀淌□A†狖梔攀 琀漿氈搀 梔椀淌□ 梔攀嫲 最嫲攀攀濟 最愀稀攀 氈漿振欀攀搀 椀濟 振漿淌戀愀琀 明椀琀梔 梔椀狖 最漿氈搀攀濟 漿濟攀□ □吠梔攀 氈愀明磭攀嫲ㄐ□ㄐ□ㄐ□AO□

□ 踘攀 狖梔漿漿欀 梔椀狖 梔攀愀搀□ □鈚狖 漿濟攀 漿昀 甀狖暊 梔攀 明漿嫲欀狖 昀漿嫲 淌攀□ 吁梔攀 淌漿淌攀濟琀 磭漿甀 狖攀琀 昀漿漿琀 椀濟 琀梔攀 昀漿嫲攀狖琀□ 氈攀琀琀攀嫲狖□哉嫲椀氈氈椀愀濟琀 昀漿嫲最攀嫲椀攀狖 醅 淌椀最梔琀 愀搀搀□眠攀嫲攀 狖攀濟琀 琀漿 磭漿甀嫲 明漿嫲欀 琀漿 最椀瘀攀 濟漿琀椀振攀□ 愀濟搀 琀漿 磭漿甀嫲 愀憂愀嫲琀淌攀濟琀□ 壽漿甀嫲 琀栺椀濟最狖 明攀嫲攀 憂愀振欀攀搀 甀憂□ 狖漿淌攀 狖琀漿嫲攀搀 愀濟搀 漿琀栺攀嫲狖 狖栺椀憂憂攀搀□ 一漿 漿濟攀 攀砀憂攀振琀狖 磭漿甀嫲 嫲攀琀甀嫲濟暊 琀栺攀磭 戀攀氈椀嫲濟狖 磭漿甀 愀嫲攀 狖琀愀磭椀濟最 椀濟 磭漿甀嫲 濟攀明 攀狖琀愀琀攀 愀昀琀攀嫲 愀氈氈□AO□

□ □鈚□泙 愀 憂嫲椀狖漿濟攀嫲 栺攀嫲攀璩 囿栺磭璩 囿栺愀琀 振漿甀氈搀 磭漿甀 憂漿狖狖椀氈磭 明愀濟琀 明椀琀栺 淌攀璩A†鷷愀最最椀攀 狖琀嫲甀最最氈攀搀 昀漿嫲 振漿濟琀嫲漿氈□ 勻栺攀 濟攀攀搀攀搀 琀漿 戀攀 振愀氈淌□ 琀漿 戀嫲攀愀琀栺攀 愀椀嫲濟 愀濟搀 琀栺椀濟欀□ 簡嫲愀濟搀琀 吁愀氈戀漿琀 明愀狖 攀濟漿嫲淌漿甀狖氈磭 狖琀嫲漿濟最 愀濟搀 栺攀 栺愀搀琀栺攀 愀搀瘀愀濟琀愀最攀 漿昀 欀濟漿明椀濟最 琀栺攀 昀漿嫲攀狖琀□ 勻栺攀 明愀狖 愀狖最漿漿搀 愀狖 栺椀狖 振愀憂琀椀瘀攀□ 壽攀琀 攀瘀攀濟 欀濟漿明椀濟最 琀栺愀琀 椀濟昀漿嫲淌愀琀椀漿濟□ 狖栺攀 振漿甀氈搀濟□珼 搀攀濟磭 琀栺攀 振栺攀淌椀狖琀嫲磭 愀嫲振椀濟最 戀攀琀明攀攀濟 琀栺攀淌□ 狖椀稀稀氈椀濟最 愀濟搀 愀氈椀瘀攀 愀濟搀 憂漿琀攀濟琀 戀攀磭漿濟搀 椀淌愀最椀濟愀琀椀漿濟□□□

□ 踘攀 明愀狖 振氈漿狖攀 琀漿 栺攀嫲□ 勻漿 振氈漿狖攀 狖栺攀 振漿甀氈搀 狖淌攀氈氈 栺椀淌□ 昀攀攀氈 琀栺攀 栺攀愀琀 漿昀 栺椀狖 戀漿搀磭 嫲椀濟最栺琀 琀栺嫲漿甀最栺 栺攀嫲 振氈漿琀栺攀狖□ 勻漿 振氈漿狖攀 栺攀嫲 戀嫲攀愀狖琀狖 明攀嫲攀 漿濟氈磭 愀 狖振愀濟琀椀濟振栺 漿嫲 琀明漿 昀嫲漿淌 栺椀狖 振栺攀狖琀□ 踘椀狖 昀椀濟最攀嫲狖 明嫲愀憂優攀搀 愀嫲漿甀濟搀 栺攀嫲 琀栺嫲漿愀琀 □ 栺椀狖 琀栺甀淌戀 琀椀憂優椀濟最 栺攀嫲 栺攀愀搀 戀愀振欀□ □吠栺椀狖 椀狖 磭漿甀嫲 栺漿淌攀 □ 鷷愀最最椀攀□ 壽漿甀 戀攀攀氈漿濟最 栺攀嫲攀 □ 壽漿甀 明攀嫲攀 戀漿嫲濟 栺攀嫲攀 椀濟 琀栺椀狖 昀漿嫲攀狖琀□ 衹濟搀 磭漿甀 戀攀攀氈漿濟最 琀漿 淌攀□A†踘椀狖 栺愀濟搀 狖氈椀憂優攀搀 昀嫲漿淌 栺攀嫲 琀栺嫲漿愀琀 □ 狖氈椀搀 漿瘀攀嫲 栺攀嫲 琀愀濟欀 琀漿 振甀憂 琀栺攀 昀甀氈氈濟攀狖狖 漿昀 栺攀嫲 戀攀嫲攀愀狖琀□ 踘椀狖 琀栺甀淌戀 振愀嫲攀狖狖攀搀 栺攀嫲 濟椀憂優氈攀 琀栺嫲漿甀最栺 琀栺攀 振漿琀琀漿濟 愀濟搀 琀栺攀 氈愀振攀□□□

□ 吁栭攀 戀嫲攀愀琀栭 狖氈愀洎洎攀搀 漦甄琀 漦昀 栭攀嫲 氈甄湇最狖□ 蠡氈愀洎攀狖 狖栭漦琀 琀栭嫲漦甄最栭 栭攀嫲 戀漦搀磭□ 昀嫲漦洎 栭攀嫲 戀嫲攀愀狖琀 琀漦 栭攀嫲 搀攀攀澺攀狖琀 振漦嫲攀□ 吁栭攀 狖琀嫲愀湇最攀 嫲漦愀嫲椀湇最 明愀狖 戀愀振欀 椀湇 栭攀嫲 栭攀愀搀□ 一攀攀搀 明愀狖 漦湇 栭攀嫲□ 一漦琀 狖漦洎攀 最攀湇琀氈攀 攀洎漦琀椀漦湇□ 湇漦琀 愀 澺氈攀愀狖愀湇琀 昀攀攀氈椀湇最□ 戀甄琀 愀 嫲愀最椀湇最 琀椀搀愀氈 明愀瘀攀 漦昀 栭甄湇最攀嫲□ 漦昀 振嫲愀瘀椀湇最□ 勻栭攀 明愀湇琀攀搀 栭椀湇搀 琀漦 琀椀最栭琀攀湇□ 琀漦 欀湇攀愀搀 愀狖 狖栭攀 振漦甄氈搀□ □夠漦甄 搀嫲甄最最攀搀 洎攀□ 吁栭攀 湇攀振琀愀嫲□ 壽漦甄 澺甄琀 狖漦洎攀琀栭椀湇最 椀湇 琀栭攀 搀嫲椀湇欀攀 琀漦 洎愀欀攀 洎攀 氈椀湇欀攀 琀栭椀湇ₐO□

□ 衼狖 栭愀嫲搀 愀狖 狖栭攀 狖栭漦瘀攀搀 栭椀洎□ 栭椀狖 戀漦搀磭 戀愀嫲攀氈磭 嫲漦振欀攀搀 椀湇 澺攀狖澺澺攀搀 椀湇 嫲攀狖 洎攀□ 鷾愀最最椀攀□ 醅 栭愀瘀攀湇□珼 氈椀攀搀 琀漦 磭漦甄□ 醅 明漦湇□珼 氈椀攀 琀漦 磭漦甄□ 壽漦甄□爟攀 振氈漦狖攀 琀漦 琀栭攀 振栭愀湇最攀□ 琀栭愀琀□猸 明栭愀琀□猸 明嫲漦湇最□ 醅琀 琀漦漦欀 洎攀 狖漦 氈漦湇最 琀漦 昀椀湇搀 磭漦甄□爟攀 嫲攀愀搀磭 昀漦嫲 洎攀□ 壽漦甄嫲 戀漦搀磭 湇攀攀搀狖 洎椀湇攀□ 鬢攀琀 洎攀 栭攀氈澺 磭漦甄□A†蹣攀 狖琀椀氈氈 振甄澺澺攀搀 琀栭攀 明攀椀最栭琀 漦昀 栭攀嫲 戀嫲攀愀狖琀 椀湇 栭椀湇搀□ 醅湇琀椀洎愀琀攀氈磭□ 倀漦狖狖攀狖狖椀瘀攀氈磭□ 蹣椀狖 栭愀湇搀 狖氈椀湇 氈漦明攀嫲 □ 漦瘀攀嫲 栭攀嫲 嫲椀戀振愀最攀 □ 漦瘀攀嫲 栭攀嫲 狖氈攀湇搀攀嫲 □ 琀甄振欀攀搀 ᵹ 椀湇 明愀椀狖琀 □ 琀漦 嫲攀狖琀 漦湇 琀栭攀 振甄嫲瘀攀 漦昀 栭攀嫲 栭椀澺□□□

□ □圠栭愀琀 琀栭攀 栭攀氈氈 搀漦攀狖 琀栭愀琀 洎攀愀湇璡A†蹣攀嫲 最嫲攀攀湇 攀磭攀狖 最氈愀嫲攀搀 椀琀 栭椀湇 愀椀洎□ 蹣攀 振漦甄氈搀湇□珼 栭攀氈澺 戀甄琀 湇漦琀椀振攀 琀栭攀 明愀磭 狖栭攀 明愀狖 戀嫲攀愀椀琀栭椀湇最 □ 狖琀愀嫲瘀攀搀 昀漦嫲 愀椀椀洎□ 蠡嫲椀椀琀 搀□ 刀攀狖漦氈甄琀攀□ 絑漦甄嫲愀椀最攀漦甄狖□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 明愀狖 搀攀琀攀洎椀椀湇椀湇攀搀 琀漦 昀椀最栭琀 栭椀洎 攀瘀攀湇 椀湇 狖甄振栭 搀椀洎狖琀嫲攀狖狖 □ 磭攀琀 狖栭攀 搀椀湇□珼 樀椀攀嫲欀 愀明愀磭 昀嫲漦洎 栭椀洎狖 琀漦甄振栭 愀湇搀 狖栭攀 搀椀洎愀琀攀 昀漦嫲 栭攀嫲 最嫲攀明□□□

□ 蹣攀 甄狖攀搀 栭椀洎狖 瘀漦椀振攀□ 愀 狖漦漦琀栭椀洎湇最 振愀嫲攀狖狖□ 琀漦 琀愀洎攀 昀攀愀嫲狖□ □魋攀琀 洎攀 琀攀氈氈 磭漦甄 愀戀漦甄琀 磭漦甄嫲 昀愀洎椀椀氈□ 囿栭漦 琀栭攀磭 明攀嫲攀□ 囿栭愀琀 琀栭攀磭 明攀嫲攀□A†蹣椀狖 昀椀湇濟最攀嫲狖 狖琀嫲漦欀攀搀 栭攀嫲 栭椀澺 琀攀湇搀攀嫲氈磭 戀攀振愀甄狖攀 栭攀 湇攀攀搀搀 椀湇 琀漦甄振栭 栭攀嫲

暒 栭攀 振漮甀氈搀浂□珼 狆琀漮瀺 栭椀泃狆攀氈昀□ □圠攀 振愀济 最漮 昀漮嫲 愀 明愀氈欀椀昀 礪漮甀□搠 氈椀欀攀□ 酤昀 礪漮甀 明漮甀氈搀 昀攀攀氈 泃漮嫲攀 愀琀 攀愀狆攀□ 酤□搠 氈椀欀攀 琀漮 狆栭漮明 礪漮甀 琀栭攀 戀攀愀甀琀礪 漮昀 琀栭攀 昀漮嫲攀狆琀□ₐ 夠漮甀嫲栭漮泃攀□ 吁栭攀 甀浂狆瀺漮欀攀浂 明漮嫲搀狆 明攀嫲攀 戀攀琀明攀攀浂 琀栭攀泃□□□

□ 簡嫲愀浂搀琀□猘 琀漮甀振栭 明愀狆 狆漮 椀浂琀椀泃愀琀攀□ 狆漮 瀺漮狆狆攀狆狆椀瘀攀□ 狆漮 振漮泃瀺氈攀琀攀氈礪 嫲椀最栭琀□ 鷷愀最最椀攀 狆琀椀氈氈攀搀 戀攀浂攀愀琀栭 栭椀狆 搀嫲椀昀琀椀浂最 栭愀浂搀□ 衼戀狆漮嫲戀攀搀 栭椀狆 琀漮甀振栭□ 絺嫲愀瘀攀搀 泃漮嫲攀□ 蹦攀 狆攀攀泃攀搀 狆漮 昀愀泃椀氈椀愀嫲□ 愀浂搀 礪攀琀 琀椀浂最甀攀狆 漮昀 昀氈愀泃攀狆 氈椀振欀攀搀 愀琀 栭攀嫲 狆欀椀浂 明栭攀嫲攀瘀攀嫲 栭攀 狆琀嫲漮欀攀搀□ 勻栭攀 明愀浂琀攀搀 琀漮 瀺嫲漮琀攀狆琀□ 琀漮 昀椀最栭琀 栭椀泃暒 愀琀 琀栭攀 狆愀泃攀 琀椀浂攀 狆栭攀 明愀浂琀攀搀 搀攀狆瀺攀嫲愀琀氈礪 琀漮 昀愀狆琀攀浂 氈椀欀攀 琀栭攀 瀺攀嫲昀攀振琀椀漮浂 漮昀 栭椀狆□ 勻栭攀攀嫲 狆攀砀甀愀氈 振栭攀泃椀狆琀嫲礪□ 吁栭愀琀 明愀狆 愀氈□ 吁栭愀琀 明愀狆 攀瘀攀嫲礪琀栭椀浂最□□□

□ 鷷愀最最椀攀 浂漮搀搀攀搀□ 吁栭攀 栭漮甀狆攀 明愀狆 琀漮漮 狆琀椀昀氈椀浂最□ 衼浂搀栭攀 明愀狆 琀漮漮 振漮泃瀺攀氈氈椀浂最□ 勻栭攀 明愀浂琀攀搀 栭椀泃 泃漮嫲攀 琀栭愀浂 琀栭攀 琀漮 椀愀泃攀浂 栭攀嫲 氈椀欀攀 愀浂搀 椀愀狆琀攀浂 氈椀欀攀 琀漮 瀺嫲漮琀攀狆琀□ 愀浂搀 礪攀琀 琀椀浂最甀攀狆 漮昀 昀愀狆琀攀浂 栭椀狆 琀漮甀振栭□ 絺嫲愀瘀攀搀 泃漮嫲攀□ 蹦攀 狆攀攀泃攀搀 狆漮 椀浂琀椀泃愀琀攀□ 勻栭攀 明漮甀氈氈搀 浂攀砀甀愀氈 振栭攀泃椀狆琀嫲礪□ 吁栭愀琀 明愀狆 愀氈氈□ 吁栭愀琀 明愀狆 攀瘀攀嫲礪琀栭椀浂最□□□

□ 吁栭椀狆 明愀狆 栭攀嫲 漮浂攀 振栭愀浂振攀 琀漮 最攀琀 漮甀琀 漮昀 琀栭攀 栭漮甀狆攀□ 愀明愀礪 昀嫲漮泃 栭椀狆 椀浂昀氈攀浂振攀□ 酤昀 狆栭攀 振漮甀氈搀 最攀琀 琀漮 琀栭攀 瘀椀氈氈愀最攀□ 瀺攀嫲栭愀瀺狆 琀栭攀 漮琀栭攀嫲狆 明漮甀氈搀 栭攀氈瀺 栭攀嫲 氈攀愀瘀攀□□□

□ 簡嫲愀浂搀琀 狆栭漮漮欀 栭椀狆 栭攀愀搀□ 栭椀狆 明栭椀琀攀 琀攀攀攀琀栭 昀氈愀泃椀狆最 明椀琀栭 愀 攀浂昀昀礪氈氈□ 鷷愀最最椀攀□ 刀攀愀氈氈礪□ 髮攀琀 泃攀 琀攀攀氈氈 礪漮甀 琀栭攀 狆琀漮嫲礪 戀攀攀昀漮嫲攀 礪漮甀 琀栭攀 搀攀狆瀺攀振椀搀攀□ₐO□

□ □鈚□洚 氈椀狆琀攀浂椀浂最 □ₐ†狆栭攀 愀最嫲攀攀搀 愀狆 狆栭攀 瀺氈氈攀搀 漮浂 栭攀嫲 戀攀漮漮 戀漮甀琀狆□ 勻栭攀 搀椀振欀攀浂□珼 氈漮甀欀 愀最愀椀浂 琀栭攀 愀椀泃□ 酤琀 明愀狆 琀栭攀 狆愀昀的攀狆琀 琀栭椀浂最 琀漮 搀漮□ 勻栭攀 明漮甀氈搀 浂攀攀氈 攀瘀攀嫲礪漮甀浂 漮甀浂振攀 漮

昀 振漦甄嫲愀最攀□ 勻栭攀 明漦甄氈搀 湇攀攀搀 栭攀嫲 明椀琀狆 愀戀漦甄琀 栭攀嫲□ 彸湇攀 氈漦漦欀 愀琀 簡嫲愀湇搀琀 吁愀氈戀漦琀 愀湇搀 最漦漦搀 狆攀湇狆攀 狆振愀琀琀攀嫲攀搀 愀明愀礪 椀湇狆琀愀湇琀氈礪□ 勻栭攀 明愀狆湇□珼 泃愀欀椀湇最 琀栭愀琀 泃椀狆琀愀欀攀 愀最愀椀湇□ □襢嫲攀 礪漦甄嫲 燙愀嫲攀湇琀狆 愀氈椀瘀攀□ 簡嫲愀湇搀琀璩A†勻栭攀 明漦湇搀攀嫲攀搀 明栭愀琀 栭椀狆 泃漦琀栭攀嫲 明漦甄氈搀 栭愀瘀攀 琀漦 狆愀礪 愀戀漦甄琀 栭椀狆 戀攀栭愀瘀椀漦嫲□□□

□ □麌礪 昀愀琀栭攀嫲 椀狆 愀氈椀瘀攀□A†栭攀 愀湇狆明攀嫲攀搀 狆漦昀琀氈礪□ □麌礪 泃漦琀栭攀嫲 搀椀攀搀 愀 昀攀明 泃漦湇琀栭狆 愀昀琀攀嫲 礪漦甄嫲 燙愀嫲攀湇琀狆□ 倀漦愀振栭攀嫲狆 欀椀氈氈攀搀 栭攀嫲□ 琀漦漦□AO□

□ 鷷愀最最椀攀 狆栭椀瘀攀嫲攀搀 愀琀 栭椀狆 最嫲椀泃 琀漦湇攀□ 蹐攀 琀嫲椀攀搀 琀漦 栭椀搀攀 椀琀 昀嫲漦泃 栭攀嫲□ 戀甄琀 狆栭攀 栭攀愀嫲搀 椀狆昀攀氈 湇攀嫲攀湇琀狆□ 琀甄湇攀搀 愀狆栭攀 明愀狆 琀漦 栭椀狆 明愀湇琀 氈狆栭攀 攀瘀攀嫲礪 湇甄愀湇振攀□ 勻栭攀 氈攀搀 琀栭攀 明愀礪 漦甄琀 漦昀 琀栭攀 栭漦甄狆攀□ 明愀琀振栭椀湇最 愀狆 栭攀 振愀嫲攀昀甄氈氈礪 氈漦振欀攀搀 琀栭攀 搀漦漦嫲 戀攀栭椀湇搀 琀栭攀泃□ □襢嫲攀 礪漦甄 攀砀燙攀振琀椀湇最 瘀椀狆椀琀璩A†狆栭攀 愀狆欀攀搀 明椀琀栭 愀 嫲愀椀湇狆攀搀 攀礪攀戀嫲漦明□□□

□ □鈚琀 燙愀礪狆 琀漦 戀攀 振愀嫲攀昀甄氈 □ 鷷愀最最椀攀□ 吁栭愀琀□猘 琀栭攀 昀椀嫲狆琀 嫲甄氈攀 礪漦甄 氈攀愀嫲湇 栭攀嫲攀□ 壽漦甄 泃甄狆琀 湇攀瘀攀嫲 昀漦嫲嫲最攀琀 明攀□ 爟攀 椀湇 愀 明愀嫲□ 吁栭攀礪 明愀湇琀 甄狆 搀攀愀搀□ 愀湇搀 椀琀栭攀礪 昀椀湇搀 氈漦狆琀 栭漦泃攀狆□ 琀栭攀礪□氠氈 戀攀 明愀椀琀椀湇最 昀嫲嫲 甄狆□ 吁栭椀狆 愀嫲攀愀 栭愀狆 戀攀攀湇 燙嫲漦琀攀振琀攀搀 昀嫲嫲 栭甄湇搀嫲狆 嫲昀 礪攀愀嫲狆 □ 戀甄琀 攀愀栭 振愀栭 礪攀愀嫲 燙嫲漦琀攀振琀攀搀 昀嫲嫲 栭甄湇搀嫲狆 嫲昀 礪攀愀嫲狆□ 吁栭攀嫲嫲攀 明愀氈氈 振漦甄琀 愀 明愀椀琀振栭椀湇最 愀狆 栭攀 振愀嫲攀昀甄氈氈礪 氈漦振欀攀搀 琀栭攀 搀漦漦嫲 戀攀栭椀湇搀 琀栭攀泃□ □襢嫲攀 礪漦甄 攀砀燙攀振琀椀湇最 瘀椀狆椀琀璩A†狆栭攀 愀狆欀攀搀 明椀琀栭 愀 嫲愀椀湇狆攀搀 攀礪攀戀嫲漦明□□□

□ 鷷愀最最椀攀 狆栭椀瘀攀嫲攀搀 愀琀 栭椀狆 最嫲椀泃 琀漦湇攀□ 蹐攀 琀嫲椀攀搀 琀漦 栭椀搀攀 椀琀 昀嫲漦泃 栭攀嫲□ 戀甄琀 狆栭攀 栭攀愀嫲搀 椀狆昀攀氈 湇攀嫲攀湇琀狆□ 倀漦愀振栭攀嫲狆 欀椀氈氈攀搀 栭攀嫲□ 琀漦漦□AO□

□ 勻栭攀 栭攀愀嫲搀 琀栭攀 嫲攀最嫲攀琀 □ 琀栭攀 最攀湇甄椀湇攀 狆漦嫲嫲嫲漦明 椀湇 栭椀狆 瘀漦椀振攀□ □鈚□淖 狆漦嫲嫲礪 □ 簡嫲愀湇搀琀□ 醅 欀湇漦明 明栭愀琀 礪漦甄□爟攀 狆愀礪椀湇最 椀狆 琀嫲甄攀□ 囡攀 振愀湇 漦湇氈礪 栭漦燙攀 愀明愀嫲攀湇攀狆 漦昀 琀栭攀 椀琀泃湇燙漦嫲琀攀振攀 漦昀 琀栭攀 嫲愀椀湇 昀漦嫲攀狆琀狆 愀湇搀琀 琀栭攀 瘀愀椀嫲甄狆 狆燙攀振椀攀狆 栭攀嫲攀 漦湇 攀愀嫲琀栭 椀狆 最嫲漦明椀湇最□AO□

□ 踊攀 明愀氀欀攀挽 瘀攀爀礀 振氀漀猀攀 琀漀 栀攀爀 □ 瀀爀漀琀攀振琀椀瘀攀氀礀 □ 栀椀猀 氀愀爀最攀爀 稀漀挽礀 漀振振愀猀椀漀渀愀氀氀礀 搀爀椀瀀瀀椀渀最 愀最愀椀渀猀琀 栀攀爀 猀□ 踊椀猀 瀀爀漀砀椀洀椀琀礀 明愀猀 攀砀振椀琀椀渀最□ 踊攀 洀愀挽攀 栀攀爀 昀攀攀氀 昀攀洀椀渀椀渀攀 □ 猀攀砀礀 □ 攀瘀攀渀 猀攀挽搀振琀椀瘀攀 □ 愀氀氀 琀栀椀渀最猀 猀栀攀 栀愀挽 渀攀瘀攀爀 振漀渀猀椀挽攀爀攀搀 栀攀爀猀攀氀昀昀 琀漀 礀攀□ 匀栀攀 最氀愀渀振攀挽 猀椀挽攀明愀礀猀 愀琀 栀椀洀 □ 渀漀琀 明愀渀琀椀渀最 栀椀洀 琀漀 猀琀攀愀氀 栀攀爀 猀漀搀氀 愀明愀礀 最漀漀挽 洀漀爀攀 猀攀渀猀攀□ 醉琀 明愀猀 琀栀攀 明栀攀爀攀 明愀礀 琀栀攀爀攀 洀漀爀琀 振漀挽攀 琀栀攀 栀愀爀挽 琀攀爀挽 明栀攀 爀漀最攀礀挽 欀渀漀明渀 攀愀猀琀 漀爀琀栀 愀氀昀明愀礀猀□ 吀栀攀 猀椀昀攀渀振攀 猀琀爀攀琀振栀 昀栀攀 猀椀氀攀渀琀 栀攀愀挽□ 衤 昀漀爀洀攀爀 猀椀昀攀渀振攀 明栀攀渀 猀栀攀 猀栀漀搀昀挽 昀漀挽攀渀 愀渀挽 愀最愀椀渀 氀椀猀琀攀渀□□□

□ 吀栀攀 最漀爀攀猀琀 明愀猀 攀砀琀爀愀漀爀挽椀渀愀爀椀氀礀 振攀愀琀椀最搀氀□ 蠀氀漀 明攀爀猀 漀最 攀瘀攀爀礀 昀漀氀漀爀 爀愀椀渀攀挽 挽漀明渀 最爀漀洀 琀栀攀 琀明椀猀琀椀渀最 瘀椀渀攀猀 愀渀挽 琀爀攀攀猀□ 吀栀攀 明漀爀氀挽 搀洀洀攀挽 愀爀漀搀渀挽 琀栀攀洀 □ 愀 瘀椀振琀爀愀渀琀 □ 洀礀猀琀椀昀愀氀 瀀愀爀愀挽椀猀攀□ 吀栀攀 瀀攀爀最搀洀攀挽 猀昀攀渀琀 漀愀渀礀 最氀漀明攀爀猀 最椀氀氀椀渀最 琀栀攀 愀椀爀 明椀琀栀 猀明攀攀琀 渀漀琀攀猀 漀昀 猀礀爀渀椀渀最愀 愀渀挽 瘀椀漀氀攀琀猀□ 吀栀攀爀攀 明愀猀 洀漀爀攀 攀爀愀最爀愀渀振攀 琀栀攀猀 猀椀爀攀挽 猀漀氀爀攀栀攀 愀渀挽 洀漀渀欀攀礀挽 瀀氀愀礀攀爀猀 最氀攀愀最 琀栀攀洀猀攀氀瘀攀猀 最爀漀洀 振爀椀渀昀欀 琀漀 振爀椀渀昀欀□ 吀栀攀 搀攀攀挽 猀攀攀洀攀挽 琀漀 昀漀渀琀椀渀琀 洀漀琀栀 昀椀猀琀攀渀 洀愀最椀振 挽攀猀琀爀椀渀最 最爀漀洀 攀瘀攀爀礀 氀攀愀最 漀爀 栀漀爀漀欀礀 椀琀猀 挽漀洀攀 琀漀 琀栀攀 琀爀搀渀欀猀 漀最 琀栀攀 琀爀攀攀猀□□□

□ 鶃椀最最椀攀 最攀氀琀 愀 猀琀爀椀渀最攀 瀀攀愀振攀 猀琀攀椀氀椀渀最 椀渀琀漀 栀攀爀 昀漀搀挽礀□衤猀 椀最 猀栀攀 欀渀攀洀 琀栀椀猀 瀀氀椀振攀□ 囦椀猀 最椀洀椀氀椀椀爀 洀椀琀栀 椀琀□ 衤猀 椀最 椀琀 洀攀爀攀 栀漀洀攀□ 吀栀攀 琀栀漀搀最栀琀 洀攀爀攀 搀渀昀椀挽挽攀渀 挽搀琀 振爀攀瀀琀 椀渀琀漀 栀攀爀 洀椀渀挽 愀氀氀 琀栀攀 猀愀洀攀□ 吀栀攀 洀椀氀挽 最漀爀攀猀琀 猀栀漀搀氀挽 最爀椀最栀琀攀渀攀挽 栀攀爀 □ 昀搀琀 琀栀攀 猀攀琀琀椀渀最 洀愀猀 渀愀琀搀爀愀氀 漀渀 栀攀爀 愀猀 昀爀攀愀琀栀椀渀最□□□

□ □圠栀礀 愀爀攀渀□琠 琀栀攀 椀渀猀攀振琀猀 昀漀琀栀攀爀椀渀最 洀攀璉ᴬ†匀栀攀 猀搀挽挽攀渀氀礀 爀攀愀氀椀稀攀挽 琀栀椀愀琀 猀栀攀 栀愀爀挽氀礀 振漀渀琀椀渀搀攀氀 昀搀稀稀椀渀最 愀爀漀搀渀挽 栀攀爀 昀搀琀 渀漀琀 洀愀渀礀 洀漀猀焀搀椀琀漀 栀愀挽 猀攀琀琀氀攀挽 漀渀 栀攀爀 猀欀椀渀□□□

□ □吠栭攀 狖振攀溌琀 漼昀 琀栭攀 溌攀振琀愀嫲 嫲攀濩攀氈狖 琀栭攀洵□ 囧攀 甀狖攀 椀琀椀溌 琀栭攀 栭漼甀狖攀狖 愀氈狖漼□ 酩琀 洵愀欀攀狖 氈椀漼嫲攀 戀攀愀嫲愀戀氈攀 栭攀嫲攀□ 囧攀 洵椀砀 椀琀 椀溌 琀栭攀 瘀椀氈氈愀最攀 愀溌挽 甀狖攀 椀琀 挽愀椀氈礪□ 酩琀 明漼嫲欀狖 戀攀狖琀 椀昀 椀溌最攀狖琀攀挽□ᴀ†蹣攀 愀溌狖明攀嫲攀挽 洵愀琀琀攀嫲 ☇漼昀☇昀愀振琀氈礪□ □吠栭攀嫲攀 愀嫲攀 洵愀溌礪 濩嫲漼濩攀嫲琀椀溌狖 栭攀嫲攀 椀溌 琀栭攀 昀漼嫲攀狖琀 琀栭愀琀 振愀溌 戀攀 甀狖攀挽 昀漼嫲 洵攀挽椀振椀溌攀 愀溌挽 嫲攀濩攀氈氈愀溌琀狖 愀溌挽 漼琀栭攀嫲 明漼嫲琀栭明栭椀氈攀 琀栭椀溌最狖□ᴀO□

□ □吠攀氈氈 洵攀 洵漼嫲攀 愀戀漼甀琀 洵礪 濩愀嫲攀溌琀狖□ᴀ†匀栭攀 明愀狖 攀溌椀漼□珙 明愀狖氈欀椀溌最 明椀琀栭 栭椀洵 琀漼漼 洵甀振栭□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 挽椀挽溌□珙 明愀溌琀 琀漼 琀愀欀攀 琀栭攀 振栭愀溌振攀 琀栭愀琀 狖栭攀 洵椀最栭琀 狖甀振振甀洵戀 琀漼 琀栭攀 愀琀琀嫲愀振琀椀漼濩溌 戀攀琀明攀攀溌 琀栭攀洵□ 匀栭攀 振漼甀氈挽溌□珙 狖攀攀 栭攀狖攀氈狖 栭愀癌椀溌最 愀 栭漼琀 昀氈愀洵椀溌最 愀昀昀礪 甀溌狖振振椀攀 明椀琀栭 愀 椀甀溌最氈攀 氈漼攀洵 挽嫲愀明溌 琀漼 簡嫲愀溌挽琀□ 吁漼漼 明嫲愀濩濩攀挽 甀濩 椀溌 栭椀狖 愀氈氈嫲攀□□□

□ 蹣攀 狖明攀濩琀 愀 栭愀溌挽 琀栭嫲漼甀最栭 栭椀狖 挽愀嫲欀 狖椀氈氈礪 栭愀椀嫲□ □鈰□ 搠 氈椀欀攀 琀漼 琀攀氈氈 礪漼甀 愀 狖琀漼嫲礪 昀椀嫲狖琀□ 醅琀□猘 明攀氈氈 ☇欀溌漼明溌 栭攀嫲攀 椀溌 琀栭攀 昀漼嫲攀狖琀□ 萎瘀攀嫲礪 瘀椀氈氈愀最攀嫲 欀溌漼明狖 椀琀 愀溌挽 椀琀椀攀 琀椀氈攀狖 椀溌琀漼 礪漼甀嫲 嫲攀濩攀狖琀狖□ᴀO□

□ 匀栭攀 最氈愀溌振攀挽 愀琀 栭椀洵 焙甀椀振欀氈礪 戀甀琀 栭攀 明愀狖 氈漼漼漼狖椀溌最 愀琀 琀栭攀 濩愀琀栭□ 振栭漼漼狖椀溌最 愀 明愀礪 漼濩濩漼狖椀琀攀 漼昀 琀栭攀 挽椀嫲攀 振琀椀漼濩溌 腌嫲愀欀欀攀 栭愀挽 濩漼椀溌琀攀挽 漼甀琀 椀溌 戀攀椀溌最 琀漼明愀嫲挽 琀栭攀 瘀椀氈氈愀最攀□ 囧栭愀琀攀瘀攀嫲 簡嫲愀溌琀挽琀 吁愀氈戀漼甀琀 明愀狖 甀濩 琀漼□ 栭攀 栭愀挽 琀栭攀 甀濩濩攀嫲 栭愀溌琀挽□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 挽椀挽溌□珙 振愀嫲攀□ 匀栭攀 明愀狖 挽攀琀攀嫲洵椀溌琀攀挽 琀漼 最氈攀愀溌 愀狖 洵甀振栭 椀溌琀昀漼濩溌 昀嫲漼洵 栭椀洵 愀狖 狖栭攀 振漼甀氈挽□ □惟氈攀愀狖攀 挽漼□ᴀO□

□ 蹣攀 挽椀挽 最氈愀溌振攀 愀琀 栭攀嫲 琀栭攀溌□ 匀栭攀 昀攀氈琀 琀栭攀 濩漼明攀嫲 漼昀 栭椀狖 狖栭攀 戀甀嫲溌椀漼最 最愀稀攀□ 戀甀琀 狖栭攀 欀攀濩濩愀椀攀 栭攀嫲 昀愀振攀 愀瘀攀嫲琀攀 挽 愀溌挽 氈漼漼漼狖攀挽 愀狖 椀漼溌溌漼振攀溌琀 愀狖 濩漼狖狖椀戀氈攀□ 簡嫲愀溌挽琀 狖栭嫲甀最氈挽 栭椀狖 明椀挽攀 狖栭漼甀氈挽攀嫲狖 振愀嫲攀氈氈礪□ □吠栭攀 瘀椀氈氈愀 嫲攀濩濩溌椀琀 琀栭攀溌 □ 明愀狖 礪漼甀溌最氈嫲 琀栭攀溌 明椀琀栭 椀椀琀 狖栭 振氈漼狖攀嫲 氈氈漼嫲攀嫲 琀栭椀攀 愀溌挽 椀漼溌 振氈漼狖攀嫲 琀漼最攀 琀栭攀嫲 愀溌挽 椀漼 振氈攀愀嫲椀漼溌最□ 一漼 漼溌攀 琀栭漼漼氈最栭琀 琀栭攀礪 明漼氈氈 挽 戀攀 椀溌溌 狖氈振栭 挽愀溌最攀嫲□ 吁栭攀 瘀椀氈氈愀最攀 栭愀挽 戀攀攀溌 氈氈愀 琀栭椀洵攀 愀溌挽 振椀氈狖栭洵狖琀愀溌振攀狖 栭愀挽 挽明椀溌挽氈攀挽 椀琀 挽漼明溌

琀漿　愀　昀攀明　澱愀椀嫲狒□　吁栭攀　礪漿甄湇最攀狒琀　明攀嫲攀　愀氈嫲攀愀搀礪　椀湇　琀栭攀椀嫲　琀栭椀嫲琀椀攀狒□　吁栭攀礪　明愀湇琀攀搀　愀　挀栭椀氈搀□　萎瘀攀嫲礪漿湇攀　椀湇　琀栭攀　瘀椀氈氈愀最攀　明愀湇琀攀搀　椀琀　昀漿嫲　琀栭攀洀□　吁栭攀礪　明攀嫲攀　愀　搀攀狒攀嫲瘀椀湇最　挀漿甄澱氈攀□　明漿嫲欀椀湇最　栭愀嫲搀　琀漿　澱嫲攀狒攀嫲瘀攀　琀栭攀　昀漿嫲攀狒琀□　戀嫲愀瘀椀湇最　琀栭攀　澱漿愀挀栭攀嫲狒□　搀攀狒琀嫲漿礪椀湇最　琀嫲愀愀澱狒□　椀湇最　挀栭攀　昀嫲攀攀椀湇最　挀愀澱攀氈嫲攀搀　愀湇椀洀愀氈攀狒□　狒琀嫲椀瘀椀湇最　琀椀嫲攀氈嫲攀狒狒氈礪　琀漿　欀攀攀澱　琀栭攀　挀嫲攀愀琀甄嫲攀狒　甄湇搀攀嫲　琀栭攀椀嫲　澱嫲漿琀攀挀琀椀漿湇　狒愀昀攀□　祋湇搀　昀椀湇愀氈氈礪　琀栭攀　洀椀嫲愀挀氈攀湇　栭愀澱澱攀湇攀搀□ᴀ†蹐攀　狒洀椀氈攀搀　愀狒　椀昀　嫲攀洀攀洀戀攀嫲椀湇最　愀　明漿湇搀攀嫲昀甄氈　洀漿洀攀湇琀□□□

□　□吠栭攀　挀漿甄澱氈攀　明愀狒　最漿椀湇最　琀漿　栭愀瘀攀　愀　戀愀戀礪□ᴀO□

□　蹐攀　湇漿搀搀攀搀□　琀栭攀　昀愀椀湇琀　狒洀椀氈攀　氈椀湇最攀嫲椀湇最□　嫲攀愀挀振栭椀湇最　栭椀狒　最漿氈搀攀湇　攀礪攀狒　狒漿　琀栭愀琀　栭攀　琀漿漿欀　栭攀嫲　戀嫲攀愀挀琀栭　愀明愀礪□　□吠栭攀礪　栭愀搀　愀　戀攀愀愀甄琀椀昀甄氈　搀愀甄最栭琀攀嫲　愀湇搀　琀栭攀礪　明攀嫲攀　瘀攀嫲礪　栭愀澱澱礪□　吁栭攀　澱攀漿澱氈攀　明攀嫲攀　攀砸振椀琀攀搀□　鷷漿狒琀　漿昀　琀栭攀　澱愀椀椀狒　明攀嫲攀　漿氈搀攀嫲　愀湇搀　栭愀搀　昀攀明　振栭椀氈搀嫲攀湇□　狒漿　琀栭攀礪　明攀嫲攀　攀愀最攀嫲　昀漿嫲　琀栭攀　嫲椀琀甄愀氈　漿昀　澱嫲漿洀椀狒攀□ᴀO□

□　鷷愀最最椀攀　澱甄狒栭攀搀　栭攀嫲　栭愀椀嫲　漿甄琀　漿昀　栭攀嫲　昀愀振攀□　匀琀嫲愀湇搀　狒　明攀嫲攀　攀狒振愀澱椀湇最　琀栭攀　戀嫲愀椀搀　愀狒　氈攀愀瘀攀狒　愀湇搀　琀明椀最狒　振愀甄最栭琀　椀琀　愀湇搀　澱甄氈氈攀搀　愀狒　狒栭攀　澱愀狒狒攀搀　戀礪□　□扎栭愀琀　椀狒　琀栭攀　嫲椀琀甄愀氈　漿昀　澱嫲漿洀椀狒攀璡ᴀO□

□　□吠栭攀狒攀　澱攀漿澱氈攀　明攀嫲攀　湇漿琀　洀攀嫲攀氈礪　栭甄洀愀湇□　鷷愀最最椀攀□　戀甄琀　狒漿洀攀琀栭椀湇最　洀甄振栭　洀漿嫲攀□　愀　狒攀澱愀嫲愀琀攀　狒澱攀振椀攀狒□　吁栭攀礪　明攀嫲攀　湇漿琀　明栭漿氈氈礪　愀湇椀洀愀氈　湇漿嫲　明栭漿氈氈礪　洀愀湇□　戀甄琀　狒漿洀攀琀栭椀湇最　漿昀　愀　洀椀砸琀甄嫲攀□　吁栭攀狒攀　澱攀漿澱氈攀　明攀嫲攀　漿昀　湇愀氈攀嫲攀　椀湇最　琀栭攀　挀嫲攀愀瘀椀湇　愀戀氈攀　琀漿　戀攀攀氈振漿洀攀　氈攀愀嫲最攀　氈攀漿澱愀嫲搀狒□　澱嫲漿明氈椀湇最　琀栭攀　昀漿嫲攀狒琀　琀漿　欀攀攀澱椀嫲攀□　吁栭攀礪　栭愀搀　搀漿洀椀湇椀椀湇　漿瘀攀嫲　漿琀栭攀嫲　振嫲攀愀琀甄嫲攀狒□　愀湇椀搀　明椀琀栭　琀栭愀琀　振愀洀攀　椀湇椀氈瘀攀琀愀戀氈攀　嫲攀狒澱澱湇狒椀戀欀椀氈椀琀礪□ᴀO□

□　匀栭攀　栭愀搀　琀漿　狒湇攀愀欀　愀湇漿漿琀栭攀嫲　氈漿漿欀　愀琀　栭椀狒　昀愀振攀□　蹐攀　明愀狒　琀攀氈氈椀湇最　栭攀嫲　愀　狒琀漿嫲礪□　戀甄琀　栭攀　明愀狒　椀洀澱氈礪椀湇最　琀栭攀　狒琀漿嫲礪　明愀狒　洀甄振栭　洀漿嫲攀　琀栭愀湇　琀栭愀琀□　匀栭攀　振漿甄氈搀湇□珼　戀攀氈椀

攀瘀攀 玠甀搌梔 愀 琀愀甀攀獭梔攀 明褩甀甀搀挽渀獭琠 戀攀甀椀攀瘀攀 椀琀 渀褩 洀愀琀琀攀嬀 梔褩明 搌梔愀嬀椀玠洀愀琀椀搌 簃嬀愀渀挽琀 明愀玠□□□

□ □覺愀甀昀ኖ梔甀洀愀渀 □ 梔愀甀昀ኖ甀攀褩瀀愀嬀挽 □ 甀椀欀攀 琀梔攀 甀攀褩瀀愀嬀挽 洀攀渀 椀渀 琀梔攀 甀攀最攀渀挽玠璉ᴀ†匀梔攀 琀嬀椀攀挽 瘀攀嬀礀 梔愀嬀挽 琀褩 欀攀攀瀀 琀梔攀 玠欀攀瀀琀椀搌椀玠洀 褩甀琀 褩昀 梔攀嬀 瘀褩椀搌攀□ 匀梔攀 梔愀挽 玠瀀攀渀琀 瀀甀攀渀琀礀 褩昀 琀椀洀攀 嬀攀愀挽椀渀最 愀渀挽 嬀攀玠攀愀嬀搌椀渀最 褩渀 琀梔攀 瘀愀嬀椀褩甀玠 琀嬀椀戀愀甀 戀攀甀椀攀昀玠 褩渀 梔愀甀昀ኖ梔甀洀愀渀 挽攀椀琀椀攀玠□ 匀梔攀 梔愀挽 愀甀明愀礀玠 戀攀攀渀 玠褩洀攀玠玠攀挽 明椀琀梔 琀梔攀 玠甀戀樀攀搌琀 褩戀玠攀玠玠攀挽 明椀琀梔 琀梔攀 玠甀戀欀攀琀□□□

□ □吠梔褩玠攀 褩昀 琀梔椀玠 玠瀀攀搌椀攀玠 愀嬀攀 愀戀甀攀 琀褩 搌梔愀渀最攀 玠梔愀瀀攀 攀 愀琀 明椀甀甀□ 一褩琀 愀琀 昀椀嬀玠琀哼 明梔攀渀 琀梔攀礀□爠攀 礀褩甀渀最 □ 琀梔攀礀 愀嬀攀 嬀攀最甀甀愀嬀 搌梔椀甀挽嬀攀渀□ 吀梔攀 搌褩洀攀玠 甀愀琀攀嬀□ 醋琀 椀玠 欀渀褩明渀 愀玠 琀梔攀 跴愀渀 啇褩甀 膨愀渀□ 吀梔攀 明愀礀 褩昀 琀梔攀 搌梔愀渀最攀□ 吀梔攀礀 愀嬀攀 渀褩琀 梔愀甀昀 愀渀礀琀梔椀渀最 戀甀琀 愀甀甀 琀梔攀椀嬀 褩明渀 玠瀀攀搌椀攀玠□ 吀梔攀礀 甀椀瘀攀 愀渀挽 明褩嬀欀 愀玠 梔甀洀愀渀玠 戀甀琀 玠梔椀昀琀 明梔攀渀 渀攀搌攀玠玠愀嬀礀□ 吀梔攀礀 愀嬀攀 琀梔攀 洀甀琀嬀椀挽椀渀最 愀渀玠 褩昀 琀梔攀 欀甀渀最挽褩洀玠 □ 褩昀 琀梔攀 嬀愀椀渀 昀褩嬀攀玠琀玠□ 衩 瀀攀褩瀀甀攀 愀玠 嬀愀嬀攀 愀玠 琀梔攀 琀嬀攀愀玠甀嬀攀玠 椀渀 琀梔攀 椀嬀 欀攀攀瀀椀渀最□ᴀ〇□

□ 簃嬀愀渀挽琀□獭 昀椀渀最攀嬀玠 琀愀渀最甀攀挽 明椀琀梔 梔攀嬀玠 愀玠 琀梔攀礀 洀褩瘀攀挽 琀褩最攀琀梔攀嬀 椀渀 瀀攀嬀昀攀搌琀 玠琀攀瀀□ 倀攀嬀昀攀搌琀 嬀梔礀琀梔洀□ 吀梔攀 明愀玠 渀褩 玠琀甀挽戀甀椀渀最 褩瘀攀嬀 琀梔攀 甀渀瘀攀瘀攀渀 最嬀褩甀渀挽□ 一褩 嬀甀玠琀甀椀渀最 褩昀 甀攀愀瘀攀玠 褩嬀 玠渀愀瀀瀀椀渀最 褩昀 明琀椀搌欀玠□ 吀梔攀礀 瘀愀玠 愀 玠椀渀最甀攀 甀渀椀琀 □ 明椀琀梔 渀琀愀甀挽椀嬀愀甀 玠琀攀愀甀琀梔 愀渀挽 昀瀀攀攀挽攀 攀愀玠欀攀□ 啚渀攀砀瀀攀挽琀攀挽 梔攀 琀愀褩瀀瀀攀挽 □ 玠琀攀瀀瀀攀挽 挽椀嬀攀搌琀甀 椀渀 昀嬀褩渀琀 褩昀 梔攀嬀 玠梔愀琀 搌梔攀愀嬀甀礀 嬀愀渀 椀渀 搌椀嬀搌甀攀 愀嬀褩甀渀挽□□□

□ 鵡愀洀洀椀攀 梔愀挽 渀褩 搌梔褩椀搌攀 戀甀琀 琀褩 甀愀琀 梔攀嬀 梔攀愀挽 戀愀搌欀 愀渀挽 甀褩欀 愀琀 梔椀渀□ 髪褩褩欀 椀渀琀褩 梔椀玠 洀褩甀挽攀渀 攀礀攀玠□ 衩琀 □褩渀搌攀 玠梔攀 明愀玠 甀褩玠琀 □ 昀愀甀甀椀渀最 甀渀挽攀嬀 梔椀玠 玠瀀攀甀甀 □ 梔攀嬀 □褩嬀愀攀愀琀 挽攀愀搌椀渀最 梔攀嬀 甀甀渀最 椀渀 愀 嬀甀玠梔□ 刀愀挽玠 褩昀 玠甀渀 甀椀琀攀嬀愀嬀甀甀攀挽 琀梔嬀褩甀最梔 琀梔攀 梔攀愀瀀挽 昀褩甀椀愀最攀 □ 挽愀嬀琀椀渀最 挽攀甀椀挽愀琀攀 嬀愀礀玠 褩昀 甀椀最梔琀 琀梔嬀褩甀最梔 琀梔攀 玠梔愀挽褩明玠 □ 椀甀甀甀洀椀渀愀琀椀渀最 琀梔攀 戀甀椀甀甀椀愀渀琀 昀褩甀椀愀最攀 愀渀挽 挽褩甀嬀玠□ 簃椀嬀挽玠 昀甀椀琀琀攀嬀攀挽

昀爀漀洀 琀爀攀攀 戀爀愀渀挀栀 琀漀 瘀椀渀攀 □ 愀 昀甀氀氀 琀爀攀攀 瘀椀渀攀 □ 漀昀 琀栀攀 ...

□ 鶄愀最最椀攀 猀琀愀爀攀挀 愀琀 栀椀渀 明椀琀栀 明椀挀攀 □ 猀栀氀振欀攀挀 攀礀攀猀 □ 琀爀椀攀挀 琀漀 瀀甀氀氀 栀攀爀 栀愀渀挀 愀明愀礀 昀爀漀洀 栀椀猀□ 䈀甀琀 瀀攀爀猀攀瘀攀爀愀渀挀攀 ...

□ 鶄愀最最椀攀 ... □□□

□ 鶊愀最最椀攀 振褩甀栀 栀攀愀爀 琀栀攀 振褩渀琀椀渀甀愀氀 爀褩愀爀 褩渀 愀 氀愀爀最攀

□ 鶊愀最最椀攀 振褩甀搀 栀攀愀爀 琀栀攀 振褩渀琀椀渀甀愀氀 爀愀椀搀 椀渀 愀 氀愀爀最攀

□ □躉漦明 振愀溌 栭攀 搀漦 琀栭愀琀璩AO□

□ 踘椀狆 攀磞攀狆 淌漦瘀攀搀 漦瘀攀嫲 栭攀嫲 愀最愀椀溌□ 鷷漦漦搀磞□ 簡嫲漦漦搀椀溌最□ 胯愀嫲欀 明椀琀栭 狆漦淌攀 栭椀搀搀攀溌 淌磞狆琀攀嫲磞□ □吠栭攀 愀甄嫲愀 漦昀 琀栭攀明漦淌愀溌 漦嫲 振栭椀氈搀 振愀氈氈狆 琀漦 栭椀淌□ 淌攀氈搀狆 明椀琀栭 栭椀狆□ 吁栭攀攀氈搀攀嫲狆 振愀溌 狆攀攀 琀栭攀 琀明漦 振漦氈漦嫲狆 淌攀嫲最攀□ 吁栭攀 氈椀琀琀氈攀最椀嫲氈 明愀狆 嫲攀振漦最溌椀稀攀搀 愀溌搀 優嫲漦淌椀狆攀搀 椀溌 琀栭攀 嫲椀琀甄愀氈□ 簡甄琀 琀栭攀 優漦愀振栭攀嫲狆 栭愀搀 琀栭攀椀嫲 嫲攀瘀攀溌最攀□ 吁栭攀磞 栭愀搀 戀攀攀溌 琀嫲愀振欀椀溌最 琀栭攀 振漦甄優氈攀□ 琀嫲磞椀溌最 琀漦 昀椀溌搀 琀栭攀椀嫲 栭漦漦淌攀□ 明愀溌琀椀溌最 琀漦 戀攀 嫲椀搀 漦昀 琀栭攀淌□ 衼 瘀攀嫲磞 振氈攀瘀攀嫲 琀嫲愀椀漫 明愀狆 狆攀琀□AO□

□ 鷷愀最最椀攀 振漦甄氈搀 昀攀攀氈 琀栭攀 愀振振攀氈攀嫲愀琀椀漦溌 漦昀 栭攀嫲 栭攀愀嫲琀□ 伀昀 栭椀狆 栭攀愀嫲琀□ 匀栭攀 振漦甄氈搀 栭攀愀嫲 琀栭攀淌 戀漦琀栭 優漦甄溌搀椀溌最□ 嫲攀淌攀淌戀攀嫲椀溌最□ 嫲攀氈椀瘀椀溌最 琀栭攀 攀琀攀嫲嫲漦嫲□ 踘攀嫲 淌漦甄琀栭明攀溌琀 搀嫲磞 愀溌搀 狆栭漦 戀攀 櫻椀狆狆攀搀 磞嫲甄 琀栭攀 椀溌搀 栭漦氈搀 琀栭攀淌□ □朦漦溌□珼 琀攀氈氈 愀愀溌 漦溌甄琀栭 磞嫲甄溌搀 琀漦 愀溌磞 琀栭攀 氈優 愀溌搀 優甄琀 磞嫲甄 椀溌 栭攀嫲 愀嫲淌狆□ 囡栭攀溌 栭攀 櫻椀狆狆攀搀 磞嫲甄 昀漦嫲 琀栭攀 氈愀琀 椀椀狆 琀椀溌攀 愀溌搀 琀甄溌嫲溌攀搀 琀漦 昀椀最栭琀 琀栭攀 淌漦戀□ 琀漦 栭漦氈搀 琀栭攀淌戀椀振櫻 琀漦 最椀瘀攀 磞漦甄嫲 淌漦琀栭攀嫲 愀 振栭愀溌振栭攀狆 椀椀 漦栭椀溌搀 琀栭攀 狆愀瘀攀 磞漦甄□ 壽漦甄 嫲攀淌攀淌戀攀嫲 栭椀狆 振栭愀溌最攀□ 琀栭攀 明愀磞 栭椀狆 昀甄嫲 昀攀氈琀 愀最愀椀溌琀狆琀 磞漦甄嫲 狆櫻椀溌□ 衼溌搀 磞漦甄 嫲攀淌攀淌戀攀嫲 磞漦甄嫲 淌漦琀栭攀嫲□猘 狆漦戀狆 愀狆 狆栭攀 明攀漫琀 愀溌搀 明椀琀栭 磞漦甄 琀栭嫲漦甄最栭 琀栭攀 攀昀愀琀 椀明愀磞 昀嫲漦淌 琀栭攀 瘀椀氈氈愀最攀 琀栭愀琀 明愀狆 愀氈攀嫲愀搀椀磞 戀攀椀溌最 椀椀溌漦甄嫲 琀栭攀 愀溌搀 戀攀椀振櫻氈攀狆 琀漦 琀栭攀 昀愀溌琀栭狆 戀攀攀昀 椀椀溌漦甄嫲 淌漦溌琀栭攀嫲 栭攀嫲 優栭磞狆椀振愀氈 戀攀漦搀磞 最愀瘀攀 甄漫□A†踘攀 振漦甄氈搀溌□珼 昀攀椀最溌 栭椀狆 狆愀椀搀溌溌攀狆狆□ 酩琀 明愀狆 愀狆 嫲攀愀氈 愀狆 栭攀

嫐 槩明湇□ 匀栀攀 猀愀明 椀琀 椀湇 栀椀猀 攀礀攀猀 □ 愀湇搀 栀椀猀 瀀槩攀琀□猀 栀攀愀嫐琀 明攀瀀琀□□□

□ 匀栀攀 挽椀挽 嫐攀洀攀洀戀攀嫐 琀栀攀 昀嫐椀最栀琀攀湇椀湇最 □ 湇椀最栀琀洀愀嫐攀 椀洀愀最攀猀□愀 爀攀槩瀀愀嫐挽 爀攀愀瀀椀湇最 □ 猀湇愀嫐爀椀湇最 □ 愀 洀愀猀猀 槩昀 琀攀攀琀栀 愀湇挽 振爀愀明猀 振甀琀琀椀湇最 愀 瀀愀琀栀 明栀椀爀攀 琀栀攀嫐 嫐愀湇 明椀琀栀挽椀稀稀嫐椀湇最 猀瀀攀攀挽□ 匀栀攀 嫐攀洀攀洀戀攀嫐攀挽 栀攀嫐 洀槩琀栀攀嫐 昀爀椀湇振栀椀湇最 愀猀 愀 猀栀槩琀 嫐攀搀攀嫐戀攀嫐愀琀攀挽□ 踹攀嫐 洀槩琀栀攀嫐 嫐愀湇 猀攀搀攀嫐愀爀 嫐椀嫐 爀愀琀栀猀 □ 猀琀椀最最攀嫐攀挽 □ 嫐攀振槩搀攀嫐攀挽 搀愀爀椀愀湇琀爀嫐 □ 愀湇挽 振槩湇琀椀湇甀攀挽□ 鵰愀最最椀攀 瀀嫐攀猀猀攀挽 愀 桭愀湇挽 琀槩 栀攀嫐 洀槩甀琀栀□ 鵰攀洀槩嫐椀攀猀璉 圀攀嫐攀 琀栀攀嫐 嫐愀爀璉 絅槩甀爀挽 栀攀嫐 洀槩琀栀攀嫐 栀愀搀攀嫐甀湇琀 琀栀嫐槩甀最栀 琀栀攀 瀀槩嫐攀猀 愀 栀攀愀挽 槩昀 湇椀最栀琀 明愀嫐 樀湇槩明湇璉 衤明愀嫐 昀嫐槩洀 栀攀嫐 栀甀猀戀愀湇挽愀 愀湇挽 瀀攀槩瀀氀攀璉 刀甀湇 明椀琀栀 愀 琀攀嫐嫐椀戀氀攀 明槩甀湇挽 挽椀椀愀氀爀攀璉 琀栀攀 爀椀昀攀 昀嫐槩洀 栀攀嫐璉□□

□ 匀栀攀 挽嫐愀洀洀攀挽 椀湇 栀攀嫐 戀嫐攀愀琀栀□ □禮湇挽 猀栀攀 琀槩槩欀 洀攀 琀槩 搀愀爀嫐椀攀□ 搀愀爀嫐攀 伀挽攀猀猀愀□AO□

□ □禮 振攀嫐爀 明攀愀爀琀栀爀 明槩洀愀湇 明栀槩 栀愀挽 湇攀振攀嫐 栀愀挽 瀀栀椀爀挽嫐攀湇 愀湇挽 愀爀明愀爀猀 明愀湇琀攀挽 琀栀攀洀□ 圀栀槩 明愀猀 爀槩甀嫐 洀槩琀栀攀嫐□猀 昀嫐椀攀湇挽 愀湇挽 猀栀愀嫐攀挽 栀攀嫐 瀀槩湇瀀攀嫐湇猀 昀槩嫐 琀栀攀 嫐愀椀湇 昀槩嫐攀猀琀 愀湇挽 洀攀湇挽愀湇洀攀嫐攀挽 猀瀀攀瀀椀攀猀□ 圀栀槩 嫐攀攀明 湇槩琀栀椀湇最 愀戀槩甀琀 明栀愀琀 爀槩甀嫐 洀槩琀栀攀嫐 明愀猀 □ 槩湇爀爀 琀栀愀琀 猀栀攀 爀槩振攀 挽攀爀愀嫐琀洀攀湇琀 愀戀槩甀琀 琀槩 猀愀猀攀□ 匀栀攀 明椀琀湇攀猀猀攀挽 爀槩甀嫐 洀槩琀栀攀嫐□猀 挽攀愀琀栀 愀湇挽 琀栀攀嫐攀 爀槩甀爀攀□ 搀椀挽嫐攀愀湇挽 琀栀攀 匀琀甀攀挽 匀琀愀琀攀猀 愀湇挽 爀攀洀愀爀爀 愀挽振攀湇琀甀嫐攀挽 爀槩甀□AO□

□ 蠱椀振攀□□

□ 鵰愀最最椀攀 猀琀槩槩挽 愀瀀猀槩爀愀琀攀爀爀 湇槩琀椀槩湇猀猀□ 醝琀 明愀猀 椀湇猀愀湇琀爀 琀槩 瀀攀爀椀攀振攀 愀湇爀琀栀椀湇最籥嫐愀湇挽琀 吀愀爀瀀槩琀 猀愀椀挽 □ 爀攀琀 猀栀攀 欀湇攀明 椀琀 明愀猀 琀嫐甀攀□ 匀栀攀 挽椀挽 湇槩琀 湇攀洀攀嫐椀攀猀 槩昀 琀栀愀琀 湇椀最栀琀 琀槩 洀攀湇琀椀槩湇□ 衤湇挽 搀愀爀嫐攀 伀挽攀猀猀愀 栀愀挽 猀瀀槩欀攀湇 槩昀 琀攀湇 槩昀 攀 昀栀攀甀嫐挽攀爀 瀀攀嫐嫐爀 振槩欀攀挽 挽攀愀甀琀 明栀愀 栀愀挽 挽攀挽 爀攀琀 愀瀀攀湇琀攀嫐□ 琀嫐愀椀洀椀瀀愀爀爀爀□ 衤 明槩甀愀湇 攀湇甀最攀挽 鬗椀爀爀 踹愀湇槩瀀攀嫐□ 吀栀

攀 琀明漿 明漿泃攀濟 梔愀搀 明漿嫘欀攀搀 琀椀嫘攀氈攀狒狒氈磭 琀漿 優嫘攀狒攀嫘瘀攀 琀梔攀 嫘愀椀濟 昀漿嫘攀狒琀 愀濟搀 愀氈氈 琀梔攀 攀濟搀愀濟最攀嫘攀搀 狒優攀振椀攀狒 明椀琀梔椀濟 椀琀□ 勻愀瘀椀濟最 琀梔攀 攀濟瘀椀嫘漿濟泃攀濟琀 梔愀搀 戀攀攀濟 琀梔攀 振愀甄狒攀 琀梔愀琀 梔愀搀 戀嫘漿甄最栀琀 雜愀磭濟攀 愀濟搀 鬢椀氈磭 琀漿最攀琀梔攀嫘□ 簡甄琀 雜愀磭濟攀 梔愀搀 濟攀瘀攀嫘 琀漿氈搀 鷾愀最最椀攀 琀梔愀琀 鬢椀氈磭 明愀狒 梔攀嫘泃漿琀梔攀嫘□□□

□ 簡嫘愀濟搀琀 振愀甄最栀琀 梔攀嫘 振梔椀濟□ □朦漿濟□珼 昀攀攀氈 狒愀搀□ 鷾愀最最椀攀□ 壽漿甄嫘 優愀嫘攀濟琀狒 氈漿瘀攀搀 磭漿甄 瘀攀嫘磭 泃甄振梔 愀濟搀 琀梔攀磭 氈漿瘀攀搀 攀愀振梔 漿琀梔攀嫘□ 矗攀明 優攀漿優氈攀 攀瘀攀嫘 梔愀瘀攀 琀梔愀琀 椀濟 琀梔攀椀嫘 氈氈昀攀琀椀泃攀□ₐO□

□ □夠漿甄 欀濟攀明 琀梔攀泃璉ₐ†踘攀嫘 最嫘攀攀濟 最愀稀攀 氈漿振欀攀搀 明椀琀梔 梔椀狒□ 搀愀嫘椀濟最 梔椀泃 琀漿 氈椀攀 琀漿 梔攀嫘□□□

□ □鈚 明愀狒 愀 戀漿磭□ 戀甄琀 醅 嫘攀泃攀泃戀攀嫘 琀梔攀泃□ 琀梔攀 明愀磭 琀梔攀磭 愀氈明愀磭狒 琀漿甄振梔攀搀 攀愀振梔 漿琀梔攀嫘 愀濟搀 狒泃椀氈攀搀 愀琀 攀愀振梔 漿琀梔攀嫘□ 吁梔攀磭 明攀嫘攀 琀嫘甄氈磭 明漿濟搀攀嫘昀甄氈 優攀漿優氈攀 明梔漿 愀氈明愀磭狒 優嫘愀振琀椀振攀搀 明梔愀琀 琀梔攀磭 戀攀氈椀漿瘀攀搀 濟漿 泃愀琀琀攀嫘 明梔愀琀 琀梔攀 搀愀濟最攀嫘□ₐO□

□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 最氈愀濟振攀搀 甄優 椀濟琀漿 琀梔攀 琀嫘攀攀狒□ 振愀甄最栀琀 狒椀最梔琀 漿昀 琀梔攀 狒攀瘀攀嫘愀氈 昀嫘漿最狒 狒椀琀琀椀濟最 漿優攀濟氈磭 漿濟 琀梔攀 氈攀愀瘀攀狒□ 吁梔攀椀嫘 攀磭攀狒 明攀嫘攀 梔甄最攀□ 攀濟愀戀氈椀濟最 琀梔攀 愀泃優梔椀戀椀愀濟狒 琀漿 梔甄濟琀 愀椀琀 濟椀最梔琀□ 踘椀最梔攀嫘 甄優□ 振氈椀濟最椀濟最 琀漿 琀梔攀 戀嫘濟振梔攀狒 漿昀 愀 琀嫘攀攀□ 明愀狒 愀 狒泃愀氈攀嫘 椀嫘 琀梔攀 嫘漿嫘欀攀搀 明椀琀梔 椀琀狒 嫘漿甄濟搀 磭攀 梔攀嫘□ 踘攀 氈漿漿欀攀搀 氈椀攀 欀椀稀稀磭□ 梔甄最最愀戀氈攀 愀氈椀攀濟 振嫘攀愀琀甄嫘攀□ 踘攀嫘 泃漿琀梔攀嫘 愀濟搀 昀愀琀梔攀嫘嫘 梔愀搀 狒攀攀濟 琀梔攀狒攀 氈椀攀狒 狒琀愀愀椀濟最 琀梔攀狒 振嫘攀愀琀甄嫘攀狒 樀甄狒琀 愀狒 狒梔攀 明愀狒 狒攀攀椀濟最 琀梔攀狒泃 □ 優攀嫘梔愀愀優狒 梔愀搀 狒琀漿漿搀 甄濟搀攀嫘 琀梔攀 狒愀狒攀 琀嫘攀攀□□□

□ □吠梔愀濟欀 磭漿甄 昀漿嫘 琀攀氈氈椀濟最 泃攀 愀戀漿甄琀 泃磭 優愀嫘攀濟琀狒□ 簡嫘愀濟搀攀琀□ 醅 甄濟搀攀嫘狒琀愀濟搀 戀攀琀琀攀嫘 明梔磭 雜愀磭濟攀 明愀狒 愀昀嫘愀椀搀 昀漿嫘 泃攀 琀漿 振漿泃攀 梔攀嫘攀 琀漿 琀梔攀 昀漿嫘攀狒琀□ 醅 甄狒攀搀 琀漿 琀愀氈欀 戀漿 琀椀濟 愀氈氈 明漿甄氈搀 最攀琀 甄優狒攀琀 □ 攀瘀攀濟 振嫘磭□ 醅 氈漿濟最攀搀 琀漿 振漿泃攀 琀漿 琀梔攀 嫘愀椀濟 昀漿嫘攀狒琀 梔攀嫘攀

愀湇捲 椀湇 勻褧甀琀栀 衼洵攀嬭椀振愀 愀湇捲 椀湇 衼昀嬭椀振愀□ 囧栀攀湇 醅 戀攀振愀洵攀 愀 瘀攀琀攀嬭椀湇愀嬭椀愀湇□ 椀琀 明愀狆 明椀琀栀 琀栀攀 椀捲攀愀 琀栀愀琀 明褧甀氈捲 戀攀 明褧嬭欀椀湇最 椀湇 琀栀攀 明椀氈捲 琀褧 澺嬭攀狆攀嬭瘀攀 嬭愀嬭攀 狆澺攀振椀攀狆□ᴀO□

□ □雟愀磞湇攀 仫捲攀狆狆愀 明椀琀湇攀狆狆攀捲 琀栀攀 澺褧愀振栀攀嬭狆 洵甀嬭捲攀嬭椀湇最 鬗椀氈磞□ 勻栀攀 栀愀捲 湇褧 椀捲攀愀 褧昀 鬗椀氈磞□猥 栀攀嬭椀琀愀最攀□ 琀栀愀琀 狆栀攀 明愀狆 愀 狆栀愀澺攀ɾ狆栀椀昀琀攀嬭□ᴀ†簡嬭愀湇捲琀 琀褧褧欀 愀 戀嬭攀愀琀栀 □ 氈攀琀 椀琀 褧甀琀□ 愀氈琀 琀栀攀 椀琀栀椀洵攀 明愀琀振栀椀湇最 栀攀嬭 攀砀澺嬭攀狆狆椀湇 湇 振愀嬭攀昀甀氈氈磞 昀褧嬭 狆椀湇最湇狆 琀栀愀椀琀 鬗椀攀嬭攀振琀椀湇最 琀栀攀 攀 琀栀椀湇最湇 椀湇 愀氈琀狆 氈椀湇 嬭攀瘀攀愀氈氈椀湇最 琀栀攀 栀愀攀 明愀狆 嬭攀瘀攀愀□ □鈚琀 洵甀狆琀 栀愀瘀攀 戀攀攀湇 狆褧 昀嬭椀湇最栀椀湇最 琀栀攀 褧嬭 雜愀磞湇攀 琀褧 欀湇明 琀栀愀愀琀 澺褧愀振栀攀嬭狆 明褧甀氈氈捲 洵甀嬭捲攀嬭 狆褧洵攀褧湇攀 樀甀狆琀 戀攀振愀甀氈狆攀 琀栀攀嬭

□ 踘攀 明愀狆 狆漿 掁氈漿狆攀□ 狆漿 琀攀洅燰琀椀淯最□ 栀椀狆 最漿氈搀攀淯 攀磭攀狆 最氈椀琀琀攀嫩椀淯最 明椀琀栀 椀淯琀攀淯狆椀琀磭□ □鈚 搀漿淯□珼 欀淯漿明□A†狆栀攀 愀淯狆明攀嫩攀搀 掁愀嫩攀昀甄氈氈磭□ □鈚 最甄攀狆狆 椀琀 明漿甄氈搀淯□珼 戀攀 愀氈氈 琀栀愀琀 搀椀昀昀椀掁甄氈琀 琀漿 燰嫩漿瘀攀□A†吁栀攀嫩攀 明愀狆 愀 掁栀愀氈氈攀淯最攀 椀淯栀攀嫩 瘀漿椀掁攀□□□

□ □禮淯搀 栀愀瘀攀 磭漿甄 嫩甄淯 狆掁嫩攀愀洅椀淯最 昀嫩漿洅 洅攀璉AO□

□ □鈚 洅愀磭 嫩甄淯 狆掁嫩攀愀洅椀淯最 昀嫩漿洅 磭漿甄 愀淯磭明愀磭□A†狆栀攀 燰漿椀淯琀攀搀 漿甄琀 明椀琀栀 愀 狆洅愀氈氈□ 狆攀氈昀ㄷ洅漿掁欀椀淯最 最嫩椀淯□ 勻栀攀 明愀狆 明愀琀掁栀椀淯最 栀椀狆 昀愀掁攀□ 狆愀氈明 栀椀狆 狆甄搀搀攀淯 嫩攀狆漿氈瘀攀□ 愀淯搀 栀攀嫩 椀攀嫩琀 戀攀椀椀淯最 戀攀愀琀椀淯最 漿瘀攀嫩琀椀淯最 椀淯 淯漿淯欀椀淯最 椀淯 栀攀嫩 掁栀愀氈氈攀嫩□□□

□ 酷淯 琀栀攀 掁愀淯漿燰磭 漿瘀攀嫩栀攀愀搀 愀 洅漿淯欀攀磭 狆掁攀嫩椀淯最 昀嫩漿洅 磭椀淯欀攀搀 漿昀 明椀淯最狆 琀漿氈搀 漿昀 戀椀椀琀琀攀嫩 愀淯明甄淯最 栀椀狆 栀攀愀搀 椀愀嫩淯琀 狆愀氈椀掁欀氈磭□ 簡嫩愀淯淯搀琀 狆明甄淯最 栀椀狆 栀攀愀搀 愀嫩嫩漿甄淯搀 烚甄椀掁欀氈磭□ 椀氈攀攀嫩琀氈磭□ 栀椀狆 狆攀磭 椀淯淯搀 栀椀愀嫩搀□ □霘愀洅攀狆% 囧栀椀琀 愀嫩攀 磭漿甄 搀漿椀淯最 栀攀嫩攀璉AO□

□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 氈漿漿欀攀搀 椀淯淯 琀栀攀 搀椀嫩攀掁琀椀漿淯 簡嫩愀淯搀琀 明愀狆 狆琀愀嫩愀淯最 樀甄狆椀 愀狆 琀栀攀 明椀淯搀 狆栀椀昀甄最栀琀□ 勻栀攀 掁愀甄最栀琀 愀 瘀愀最甄攀氈磭 昀愀洅椀淯氈椀愀嫩 狆掁攀淯琀□ 勻栀攀 栀愀搀 狆洅攀氈氈攀搀 琀栀椀愀琀 戀攀嫩攀淯 狆攀明甄淯最 栀椀狆 栀攀愀搀 昀漿明□ 椀淯淯 琀栀攀 昀漿嫩攀狆琀 愀狆 狆栀椀昀甄最栀琀 椀淯淯 掁漿氈戀氈攀 漿昀 琀椀椀洅攀狆 淯漿明□ 椀淯淯 琀栀攀 昀漿嫩攀狆琀 愀狆 狆栀椀昀甄最栀琀 椀淯淯 掁漿氈戀氈攀 漿淯 栀攀嫩攀 明愀磭 琀漿 栀攀嫩攀 戀愀愀攀淯琀狆□†栀漿洅攀 愀淯淯搀 琀栀椀攀淯 漿甄琀狆椀椀淯搀攀 琀栀椀攀 栀攀漿甄狆攀□ 淯攀愀嫩 琀栀椀攀 瘀攀嫩愀淯搀椀栀□ 勻栀攀 掁漿氈戀氈搀 戀愀愀攀嫩攀戀磭 洅愀椀攀 漿甄琀 琀栀椀攀 洅愀椀淯淯 椀淯椀攀淯搀 栀椀淯搀 琀栀椀攀 狆栀椀愀搀明狆□□□

□ □霘甄狆琀 掁甄嫩椀淯漿甄狆□ 簡嫩愀淯淯搀琀□A†吁栀攀 瘀漿椀掁攀 昀氈漿愀琀攀搀 琀栀漿 琀栀椀攀洅 □ 愀氈洅漿狆琀 愀 掁栀愀氈氈攀 椀攀嫩琀 愀嫩攀 愀淯淯搀 愀愀攀淯最攀□□□

□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 椀淯淯狆琀椀淯淯掁琀椀椀瘀攀攀氈磭 洅漿瘀攀搀 掁氈漿狆狆攀嫩 琀漿 簡嫩愀淯淯搀琀 □ 昀攀攀攀氈椀淯淯最 琀栀椀愀琀 漿搀 □映甄嫩 嫩甄昀昀氈攀搀 琀栀椀攀 明嫩漿淯最 明愀磭 A†狆攀淯狆愀琀椀淯漿淯 狆栀椀攀 搀椀椀淯淯□珼 氈椀淯欀攀□ 簡嫩愀淯淯搀琀 狆攀攀洅攀搀 琀漿 嫩攀攀掁漿最淯椀淯稀攀 栀椀攀嫩 搀椀淯淯掁狆振漿洅昀漿嫩琀 愀淯淯搀 掁椀淯嫩掁振氈攀搀 栀椀攀嫩 明愀椀淯狆琀 明椀淯栀椀 栀椀淯狆 愀愀嫩洅□ 搀嫩愀明椀淯淯最 栀椀攀嫩 戀攀攀淯攀愀琀椀 琀栀椀攀 漿昀 栀椀淯狆 狆栀椀漿甄氈氈搀攀嫩□ 簡攀昀洅漿嫩攀 栀椀攀 掁漿甄氈氈搀 椀淯淯掁漿甄氈掁攀 琀栀椀攀 漿琀嫩漿搀攀甄掁攀 椀淯淯搀 雜愀洅攀狆 栀椀愀搀 洅攀氈琀攀搀 椀淯淯 琀栀漿 琀栀椀攀 戀甄狆椀栀□□□

□ 鷷愀最最椀攀　栀攀氈搀　栀攀嫲　戀嫲攀愀琀栀 □　明愀椀琀椀濟最 □　戀甄琀　狖栀攀　搀椀搀濟□珼　欀濟漿明　昀漿嫲　明栀愀琀□□□

□　簡嫲愀濟搀琀　氈攀昀琀　栀攀嫲　狖椀搀攀□　琀嫲愀振欀椀濟最　琀栀攀　漿琀栀攀嫲　泃愀濟　椀濟琀漿　琀栀攀　昀漿氈椀愀最攀□　囧栀攀濟　栀攀　嫲攀琀甄嫲濟攀搀　栀攀　琀漿漿欀　栀攀嫲　栀愀濟搀 □　搀嫲攀明　栀攀嫲　琀漿　栀椀泃□　□躖攀□猰　最漿濟攀□　腌漿濟□珼　氈漿漿欀　狖漿　愀昀嫲愀椀搀□ᴀO□

□　□圠栀漿　椀狖　栀攀璉ᴀ†鷷愀最最椀攀　愀狖欀攀搀□□□

□　□传濟攀　漿昀　漿甄嫲　澺攀漿澺氈攀□ᴀ†簡嫲愀濟搀琀　狖漿甄濟搀攀搀　最嫲椀泃□　□传濟攀　酤　明漿甄氈搀　振愀甄琀椀漿濟　礪漿甄　琀漿　欀攀攀澺　愀　搀椀狖琀愀濟振攀　昀嫲漿泃□　蹦攀　栀漿氈搀狖　愀　昀甄濟搀愀泃攀濟琀愀氈　戀攀氈椀攀昀　琀栀愀琀　琀栀攀　嫲甄氈攀狖　愀澺澺氈礪　琀漿　攀瘀攀嫲礪漿濟攀　戀甄琀　栀椀泃□ᴀO□

□　蠱漿嫲　濟漿　嫲攀愀狖漿濟　琀栀愀琀　鷷愀最最椀攀　振漿甄氈搀　琀栀椀濟欀　漿昀 □　狖栀攀　狖栀椀瘀攀嫲攀搀　瘀椀濟漿氈攀濟琀氈礪□　蹦攀嫲　戀漿搀礪　栀攀氈搀　愀濟　愀瘀攀嫲狖椀漿濟　琀漿　琀栀攀　泃愀濟　明栀漿　明愀狖　栀椀搀搀攀濟　椀濟　琀栀攀　栀攀愀瘀椀攀嫲　昀漿氈椀愀最攀□　簡嫲愀濟搀琀　椀濟泃泃攀搀椀愀琀攀氈礪　嫲攀愀振琀攀搀 □　嫲甄濟濟椀濟最　栀椀狖　澺愀氈泃狖　甄澺　愀濟　愀　泃愀狖狖愀最攀□□□

□　□圠栀礪　搀漿　礪漿甄　琀漿甄振栀　泃攀　愀狖　椀昀　礪漿甄　栀愀瘀攀　琀栀攀　嫲椀最栀琀璉ᴀ†衼濟搀　明栀礪　搀椀搀　狖栀攀　振嫲愀瘀攀　栀椀狖　琀漿甄振栀璉 □夠漿甄　琀漿甄振栀　泃攀　愀狖　椀昀　椀琀□猰　澺攀嫲昀攀振琀氈礪　濟愀琀甄嫲愀氈□ᴀ†衼狖　椀昀　狖栀攀　戀攀氈漿濟最攀搀　琀漿　栀椀泃□□□

□　□朦漿攀狖　椀琀　戀漿琀栀攀嫲　礪漿甄　狖漿　泃甄振栀璉ᴀ†蹦椀狖　瘀漿椀振攀　搀嫲漿澺澺攀搀　愀濟　漿振琀愀瘀攀 □　戀攀振愀泃攀　愀　栀甄狖欀礪　狖攀搀甄振琀椀漿濟□　吁栀攀　澺愀搀　漿昀　栀椀狖　琀栀甄泃戀　狖氈椀搀　漿瘀攀嫲　栀攀嫲　昀甄氈氈　氈漿明攀嫲　氈椀澺　椀濟　振愀嫲攀狖狖椀濟最　狖琀嫲漿欀攀□□□

□　蹦攀嫲　狖琀漿泃愀振栀　搀椀搀　昀氈椀澺　漿昀　搀攀椀椀漿最栀琀□　□鈚琀　戀漿琀栀攀嫲狖泃攀　戀攀振愀甄狖攀　椀琀　昀攀攀攀氈狖ㄐ□ㄐ□ㄐ□ᴀ†勻栀攀　琀嫲愀椀椀氈攀搀　漿昀昀 □　栀攀嫲　攀礪攀狖　氈漿振欀攀搀　明椀琀栀　栀椀狖□　酤琀　昀攀氈琀　嫲椀椀最栀琀□　倀攀嫲昀攀振琀□　萎砀愀振琀氈礪　明栀愀琀　狖栀攀　明愀濟琀攀搀□　蹦椀狖　泃漿甄琀栀　明愀狖　愀　狖振愀濟琀　昀攀明　椀濟振栀攀狖　昀嫲漿泃　栀攀嫲狖□　吁栀攀　琀攀泃澺琀愀琀椀漿濟　漿昀　栀椀狖　澺攀嫲昀攀振琀氈礪　狖振甄氈澺琀攀搀　氈椀澺　明愀狖　泃漿嫲攀　琀栀愀濟　狖栀攀　振漿甄氈搀　嫲攀狖椀狖琀□□□

□ 鷷愀最最椀攀 栺漿湇攀狆琀氈礵 搀椀搀湇□珼 欀湇漿明 明栺漿 泃漿瘀攀搀 昀椀嫲狆琀□ 勻栺攀 漿湇氈礵 欀湇攀明 琀栺攀嫲攀 明愀狆 泃愀最椀振 椀湇 琀栺攀 戀嫲甀狆栺 漿昀 栺椀狆泃漿甀栺 漿湇 栺攀嫲狆□ 蹦攀 明愀狆 甀湇攀砀邊攀振琀攀搀氈礵 最攀湇琀氈攀 □ 栺椀狆氈椀邊狆 泃漿瘀椀湇最 漿瘀攀嫲 栺攀嫲狆 氈椀欀攀 琀栺攀 狆漿昀琀 搀嫲椀昀琀 漿昀 琀栺攀 戀嫲攀攀稀攀□ 勻栺攀 昀攀氈琀 栺椀狆 嫲愀瘀攀湇漿甀狆 栺甀湇最攀嫲 □ 礵攀琀 栺攀 琀漿甀振栺攀搀 栺攀嫲 狆漿 琀攀湇搀攀嫲氈礵 □ 振漿愀砀椀湇最 栺攀嫲 嫲攀狆邊漿湇氈攀 椀湇攀琀 琀攀湇漿 搀愀椀湇琀攀 漿昀 搀攀湇椀愀搀 栺椀狆 栺椀泃 □ 振椀嫲振氈椀湇最 栺攀嫲 愀嫲泃狆 愀嫲漿甀湇搀 栺椀狆 湇攀振欀□ 湇攀攀搀椀湇最 琀栺攀 昀攀攀氈 愀最愀椀湇狆琀 栺攀嫲狆□□□

□ 衼琀 漿湇振攀 栺椀狆 氈椀邊狆 昀椀嫲泃攀搀 □ 栺愀嫲搀攀湇攀搀□ 蹦攀 搀攀攀邊攀湇攀搀 琀栺攀 欀椀狆泃狆 □ 栺椀狆 栺愀湇搀狆 狆氈椀搀椀湇最 漿瘀攀嫲 琀栺攀 振漿湇琀漿甀嫲狆 漿昀 栺攀嫲 戀漿搀礵□ 箭嫲愀湇搀琀 邊甀氈狆栺攀搀 琀栺攀 攀搀最攀 漿昀 栺攀嫲 狆栺椀嫲琀 甀邊 琀漿 最椀瘀攀 栺椀泃 愀振振攀狆狆 琀漿 戀愀嫲攀 狆欀椀湇□ 蹦椀狆 邊愀氈泃狆 昀漿甀湇搀椀湇最 氈愀椀振攀 漿瘀攀嫲 栺攀嫲 戀嫲攀愀狆琀狆 □ 琀栺攀 琀栺椀湇湇攀狆琀 狆欀椀泃泃椀湇最 漿昀 泃愀琀攀狆椀湇椀愀 栺椀嫲狆 振漿瘀攀嫲 氈甀狆椀振椀漿甀狆□□□

□ 蹦椀狆 琀漿甀振栺 狆攀湇琀 昀椀嫲攀 嫲愀振椀湇最 琀栺椀嫲漿甀最栺 栺攀嫲 戀氈漿漿搀□ 醅琀 狆栺漿漿欀 栺攀嫲 琀栺愀琀 狆栺攀 振漿甀氈搀 栺愀瘀攀 狆甀振栺 愀 嫲攀狆愀振琀椀漿湇 □ 狆甀振栺 愀湇 漿瘀攀嫲明栺攀氈泃椀湇最 湇攀攀搀□ 衼 琀嫲攀泃漿嫲 嫲愀湇 琀栺嫲漿嫲甀最栺 栺攀嫲 戀嫲攀搀□ 愀湇搀 狆欀椀攀 狆琀椀湇椀昀昀攀湇攀搀 狆氈栺椀嫲最栺琀氈礵 □ 狆漿泃攀琀栺椀湇 湇攀湇最椀湇最 愀氈椀湇 狆欀椀攀 狆琀椀湇椀氈礵 □ 琀栺攀 振愀椀湇琀 氈椀邊狆 昀椀嫲攀 栺椀狆 愀椀湇 琀栺攀 明愀礵 醅 明愀湇琀 礵 漿甀□ᴀO□

□ 萎瘀攀嫲礵琀栺椀湇最 昀攀泃椀湇椀湇攀 椀湇 栺攀嫲 嫲漿狆攀 甀邊 琀漿 愀湇明攀嫲 栺椀狆 振愀氈氈□ 勻栺攀 明愀湇琀攀搀 栺椀泃□ 絑嫲愀瘀攀搀 栺椀泃□ 箭甀琀 愀狆 栺漿琀 愀

玅 玅梔攀 昀攀戀琀 □ 愀玅 洀甀搀梔 愀玅 玅梔攀 明愀渀琀攀挽 琀爀 明嬀愀漀 梔攀嬀玅攀戀 昀 愀嬀爀甀渀挽 梔椀洀 □ 玅爀洀攀琀梔椀渀最 挽攀攀漀 明椀琀梔椀渀 梔攀嬀 漀攀嬀瘀攀嬀玅 攀戀礀 挽攀渀椀攀挽 琀梔攀洀 戀爀琀梔 琀梔攀 甀戀琀椀洀愀琀攀 嬀攀戀攀愀玅攀□□□

□ □鉒 振愀渀□琠 □ 簫嬀愀渀挽琀 □ 醅□洋 玅爀嬀嬀礀□ 醅 挽爀渀□琠 欀渀爀明 明梔礀□ 醅 振愀渀□琠□ᴀ†匀梔攀 振甀嬀戀攀挽 梔攀嬀 昀椀渀最攀嬀玅 椀渀 梔椀玅 玅梔椀嬀琀 □ 梔攀戀挽 爀渀 琀爀 梔椀洀 昀爀嬀 振爀洀昀爀嬀琀□□□

□ 踊椀玅 梔愀渀挽玅 嬀攀戀甀振琀愀渀琀戀礀 戀攀昀琀 梔攀嬀 戀嬀攀愀玅琀玅 □ 玅欀椀洀洀 攀挽 爀瘀攀嬀 梔攀嬀 嬀椀戀 振愀最攀 □ 振愀嬀攀玅玅攀挽 梔攀嬀 昀戀愀琀 戀攀戀戀礀□ □鉒 甀渀挽攀嬀玅琀愀渀挽 □ 梔爀渀攀礀□ 膂爀渀□琠 明爀嬀嬀礀□ᴀ†踊攀 欀椀玅玅攀挽 梔攀嬀 昀爀嬀攀梔攀愀挽 □ 戀嬀攀愀琀梔椀渀最 挽攀攀瘀戀礀 琀爀 瘀甀戀戀椀渀 戀愀振欀 昀嬀爀洀 琀梔攀 攀挽最攀 爀昀 玅攀砀甀愀戀 梔甀渀最攀嬀□ □魅攀琀□猀 最爀 玅爀洀攀明梔攀嬀攀 玅愀昀攀□ᴀ〠

□ □鉒玅 琀梔攀嬀攀 玅爀洀攀明梔攀嬀攀 玅愀昀攀琀ᴀ†匀梔攀 戀爀爀欀攀挽 甀瘀 愀琀 梔椀洀 □ 欀渀爀明椀渀最 梔攀 嬀攀愀戀戀礀 明攀嬀攀 玅椀渀振攀嬀攀 愀琀 梔椀洀□ 踊椀玅 甀渀挽攀嬀玅琀愀渀挽椀渀最 爀挽 戀攀玅琀 挽愀欀攀 梔椀洀 洀爀嬀攀 愀琀琀嬀愀振琀椀瘀攀□ 簫嬀愀渀挽琀 吀愀戀戀爀琀 明愀玅 愀渀 椀渀振嬀攀挽椀戀戀礀 玅攀渀玅椀琀椀瘀攀 洀愀渀 愀渀挽 玅梔攀 明愀玅 昀愀戀戀椀渀最 挽攀攀瘀攀嬀 愀渀挽 挽攀攀瘀攀嬀 甀渀攀愀玅 梔 梔椀玅 玅瘀攀戀戀□□□

□ 踊攀 甀攀渀琀 梔椀玅 梔攀愀挽 琀爀 欀椀玅玅 琀梔攀 振爀嬀渀攀嬀 爀昀 梔攀嬀 洀爀甀琀梔 □ 昀攀攀戀椀渀最 梔攀 玅梔爀甀戀挽 甀 振愀渀挽攀琀 昀爀嬀 愀琀 琀梔攀 瘀攀嬀嬀戀 戀攀愀玅琀 欀渀椀最梔琀攀挽□ 踊攀 琀爀爀欀 梔攀嬀 梔愀渀挽 愀渀挽 玅琀愀嬀琀攀挽 爀昀昀 振爀渀昀椀挽攀渀琀戀礀 椀渀挽爀嬀 梔椀洀攀渀琀戀礀 挽椀嬀攀振琀椀爀渀□ □鉒 最甀攀玅玅 琀梔攀 瘀椀戀戀愀最攀 明爀甀戀挽 甀攀 玅愀昀攀嬀□ 囹攀 洀椀最梔琀 昀椀渀挽 愀 漀攀嬀玅爀渀 爀嬀 琀明爀 琀梔攀嬀攀□ᴀ†踊攀 玅振爀明戀攀挽 愀渀 玅愀椀挽 椀琀□□□

□ 鶉愀最最椀攀 欀渀攀明 梔攀 明愀玅 琀梔椀渀欀椀渀最 愀甀爀甀琀 琀梔攀 洀嬀玅琀攀嬀椀爀甀玅 雜愀洀攀玅 □ 梔爀漀椀渀最 梔攀 明爀甀戀挽渀□琠 甀攀 愀琀 琀梔攀 瘀椀戀戀愀最攀□ □鉒 明爀甀戀挽 梔爀漀攀 玅爀□ 醅□搠 戀椀欀攀 琀梔愀琀□ 醅□瘠攀 明愀渀琀攀挽 琀爀 玅攀攀 椀琀□ᴀ†匀梔攀 攀渀楠爀嬀攀挽 明愀戀欀椀渀最 甀攀玅椀挽攀 梔椀洀 愀玅 梔攀 渀愀洀攀挽 漀戀椀攀渀琀 玅漀攀嬀椀攀玅 爀昀 挽爀渀琀攀挽 爀甀琀愀椀渀攀挽 愀渀挽 嬀攀漀琀椀戀攀玅 玅梔攀 洀椀最梔琀 梔愀瘀攀 洀爀玅玅攀挽□ 匀梔攀 甀攀振愀洀攀 愀明愀嬀攀 爀昀 梔攀嬀 振爀洀瘀漀攀琀攀戀礀 玅愀昀攀 玅梔攀 昀攀攀琀 椀渀玅椀挽攀□ 吀梔攀 昀爀嬀攀玅琀

明愀狆　愀　搀愀嫲欀　優氈愀振攀□　淌礪狆琀椀振愀氈　愀济搀　攀瘀攀济　栀愀甒济琀椀济最□　礪攀琀　簡嫲愀济搀琀　淌漿瘀攀搀　狆漿　焰甒椀攀琀氈礪□　狆漿　昀氈甒椀搀氈礪□　明椀琀栀　狆甒振栀　振漿淌優氈攀琀攀　愀狆狆甒嫲愀济振攀□　狆栀攀　嫲攀愀氈椀稀攀搀　樀甒狆琀　栀漿明　淌甒振栀　愀　優愀嫲琀　漿昀　椀琀　栀攀　嫲攀愀氈氈礪　明愀狆□　□夠漿甒　琀漿漿欀　愀氈氈　琀栀漿狆攀優栀漿琀漿最嫲愀優栀狆　栀愀济最椀济最　椀济　琀栀攀　栀漿甒狆攀□　搀椀搀济□珼　礪漿甒璩　吁栀攀礪□爟攀　瘀攀嫲礪　最漿漿搀□Ａ†吁栀攀嫲攀　明愀狆　嫲愀明　愀搀淌椀嫲愀琀椀漿济　椀济　栀攀嫲　瘀漿椀振攀□□□

□　踘攀　愀振琀甒愀氈氈礪　昀氈甒狆栀攀搀□　□夠漿甒　济漿琀椀振攀搀　琀栀漿狆攀□　搀椀搀　礪漿甒璩　酷　栀漿優攀　礪漿甒　搀椀搀济□珼　嫲攀愀搀　愀济礪　漿昀　琀栀愀琀　济漿济狆攀济狆攀□　酷　狆栀漿甒氈搀　栀愀瘀攀　琀愀欀攀济　琀栀攀淌　搀漿明济　戀甒琀　酷　搀椀搀济□珼　琀栀椀济欀　愀戀漿甒琀　椀琀□Ａ〇□

□　□鈚　氈椀欀攀搀　琀栀攀　優漿攀琀嫲礪□Ａ〇□

□　踘攀　最嫲漿愀济攀搀□　□鈚琀　椀狆济□珼　優漿攀琀嫲礪□　酷　樀甒狆琀　明愀狆　琀嫲礪椀济最　琀漿　昀椀济搀　狆漿淌攀琀栀椀椀济最　昀漿嫲　琀椀琀氈攀狆　戀甒琀　济漿琀栀椀济最　昀椀琀□Ａ†踘　椀狆　攀砀振甒狆攀　狆漿甒济搀攀搀　氈愀淌攀　攀瘀攀济　琀漿　栀椀狆　漿明济　攀愀嫲狆□□□

□　鷷愀最最椀攀　嫲攀愀振栀攀搀　漿甒琀　愀济搀　琀漿甒振栀攀搀　栀椀狆　栀愀椀嫲□　琀愀济最氈椀济最　栀攀嫲　昀椀济最攀嫲狆　椀济　琀栀攀　狆椀氈氈礪　淌愀狆狆　昀漿嫲　樀甒狆琀　愀　淌漿淌攀济琀　戀攀振愀甒狆攀　狆栀攀　振漿甒氈搀搀济□珼　嫲攀狆椀狆琀□　□禮嫲攀　礪漿甒　愀　優嫲漿昀攀狆狆椀椀氈漿济愀氈　優栀漿琀漿最嫲愀優栀攀嫲璩Ａ†踘攀　明愀狆　狆漿　愀優優攀愀氈椀济最　椀济　栀椀狆　淌漿戀愀嫲嫲愀狆狆淌攀济琀　琀栀愀琀　狆栀攀　明愀狆　嫲攀氈甒振琀愀济琀　琀漿　栀攀氈優　栀椀淌　漿甒琀　戀甒琀　狆栀攀　振漿甒氈搀搀济□珼　狆琀漿優　栀攀嫲狆攀氈昀□□□

□　□鈚　昀嫲攀攀氈愀济振攀　昀漿嫲一愀琀椀漿济愀氈　證攀漿最嫲愀優栀椀振　□Ａ†簡嫲愀济搀琀　愀搀淌椀琀琀攀搀　嫲攀氈甒振琀愀济琀氈礪□　□鈚　明嫲椀琀攀　愀嫲琀椀振氈攀狆　愀济搀　搀漿　振漿济狆甒氈琀愀琀椀漿济狆　昀漿嫲　瘀愀嫲椀漿甒狆　最漿瘀攀嫲济淌攀济琀狆□　衼氈漿济最　明椀琀栀　淌礪　樀漿戀　栀攀嫲攀□　酷　琀嫲礪　琀漿　嫲愀椀振狆攀　明漿嫲氈搀　愀明愀嫲攀济攀狆狆　愀戀漿甒琀　琀栀攀　瘀愀氈氈攀　漿昀　琀栀攀　昀漿嫲攀狆琀□Ａ〇□

□　鷷愀最最椀攀　狆琀愀嫲攀搀　愀琀　栀椀淌　椀济　狆栀漿振欀攀搀　愀淌愀稀攀淌攀济琀□　踘漿明　振漿甒氈搀　狆栀攀　济漿琀　栀愀瘀攀　優甒琀　椀琀　愀氈搀　琀漿最攀琀栀攀嫲璩　□夠漿甒□爟攀　琀栀攀　簡嫲愀济搀琀　吁愀氈戀漿琀□　琀栀攀　嫲攀济漿明济攀搀　氈攀愀搀　戀砀優攀嫲琀　攀砀優攀嫲琀　漿济　琀栀攀　嫲愀椀济　昀漿嫲攀狆琀璩胯漿振琀漿嫲　簡嫲愀济搀琀　吁愀氈戀漿琀□　酷　振愀济□珼　戀攀氈椀攀瘀攀　酷□洚　琀愀氈欀椀济最　琀漿　礪漿甒□　酷□瘠攀　嫲攀愀搀　攀瘀攀嫲礪琀栀椀椀济

最 磭漀甄□瘠攀 攀瘀攀嫲 明嫲椀琀琀攀濟%A†鷷愀最最椀攀 昀漀甄濟搯 栭攀嫲狆攀氈昀 昀愀氈氈椀濟最 搯攀攀燱攀嫲 甄濟搯攀嫲 栭椀狆 狆燱攀氈氈□ 踘攀 氈漀瘀攀搯 明栭愀琀 狆栭攀 氈漀瘀攀搯□ 勻栭攀 栭攀愀嫲搯 椀琀 椀濟 栭椀狆 瘀漀椀振攀 愀濟搯 嫲攀愀搯 椀琀 椀濟 栭椀狆 愀嫲琀椀振氈攀狆□ 踘攀 振漀甄氈搯濟□珼 昀愀欀攀 琀栭愀琀 欀椀濟搯 漀昀 燱攀攀振椀攀狆 磭漀甄 狆愀磭 泃磭 濟漀□ □吠攀氈氈 泃攀 泃漀嫲攀 愀戀漀甄琀 琀栭攀 狆燱攀振椀攀狆 磭漀甄 狆愀磭 泃磭 燱愀嫲攀濟琀狆 明攀嫲攀□A†狆栭攀 攀濟振漀甄嫲愀最攀搯□ 甄濟振攀嫲琀愀椀濟 明栭攀琀栭攀嫲 狆栭攀 振漀甄氈搯 戀攀氈椀攀瘀攀 栭椀泃 漀嫲 濟漀琀□ 踘攀嫲 戀漀搯磭 狆攀攀泃攀搯 氈漀瘀攀椀濟最 明愀狆 最漀椀濟最 燱嫲漀漀昀 漀昀 栭椀狆 嫲攀瘀攀氈愀琀椀漀漀濟狆□ 勻漀泃攀琀栭椀濟最 明愀狆 最漀椀濟最 漀濟 椀濟狆椀搯攀 漀昀 栭攀嫲□ 狆漀泃攀琀栭椀濟最 狆栭攀 狆攀攀泃攀搯 濟漀琀 琀漀 栭愀瘀攀 振漀濟琀嫲漀氈 漀瘀攀嫲□ 磭攀琀 栭椀狆 攀砀燱氈愀濟愀琀椀漀濟 狆攀攀攀泃攀搯 戀攀磭漀濟搯 琀栭攀 嫲攀愀氈泃 漀昀 嫲攀愀氈椀琀磭□ 勻栭攀 琀嫲椀攀搯 琀漀 欀攀攀燱攀 椀濟 漀濟 漀漀濟濟 泃椀濟搯□ □禫嫲攀 琀栭攀攀嫲攀 泃愀椀濟磭 漀昀 琀栭攀泃 氈攀攀昀琀璩A**O**□

□ □传昀 甄狆□ 鷷愀最最椀攀□磁漀甄□爣攀 漀濟攀 漀昀 甄狆□愠濟搯 濟漀□ 琀栭攀嫲攀 愀嫲攀 濟漀琀 泃愀濟磭 漀昀 甄狆 氈攀琀琀椀振攀 栭愀狆 搯明椀濟搯氈攀搯□ 囡攀□ 瘠攀 戀攀攀濟 栭甄濟琀攀搯 愀濟搯 欀椀氈氈攀搯 濟攀愀嫲氈磭 琀漀 琀栭攀 燱漀椀濟琀 漀昀 攀砀琀椀漀濟振琀椀漀漀濟□ 醅琀 明愀狆 燱愀嫲琀氈磭 漀愀嫲明濟 昀愀甄嫲 漀明攀嫲□ 囡攀 搯漀濟□珼 栭愀瘀攀 琀栭攀 泃漀狆琀 濟漀戀氈攀 栭椀狆琀氈漀吁栭攀嫲攀 明愀狆 嫲攀最嫲攀琀 椀濟 栭椀狆 瘀漀椀振攀□□□

□ □圠栭愀琀 栭愀燱燱攀濟攀搯璩A**O**□

□ □鈚濟 琀栭攀 攀愀嫲氈磭 搯愀磭狆□ 狆漀泃攀 琀嫲椀戀攀狆 明漀嫲狆栭椀燱攀搯 甄狆 愀狆 搯攀椀戀愀攀狆□ 勻漀泃攀 漀昀 漀甄嫲 燱攀漀燱氈攀 戀攀振愀泃攀 漀戀狆攀搯 明椀琀栭 燱漀明攀嫲□ 鬈椀欀攀 愀濟磭 狆燱攀振椀攀狆□ 琀栭攀嫲嫲攀 愀嫲攀 琀栭漀狆攀 愀濟漀漀濟最 甄狆 明栭漀 振栭漀漀狆攀 愀 氈椀欀昀攀 昀漀甄嫲 漀昀 振漀泃泃漀濟 最漀漀搯 愀濟搯 狆攀嫲瘀椀振攀□ 愀濟搯 琀栭漀狆攀 明栭漀 明愀濟琀 琀漀 嫲攀椀最濟□ 琀漀 振漀濟焰甄攀嫲□ 囡攀 栭愀瘀攀 漀甄嫲 漀明濟 搯椀狆攀愀狆攀狆 愀濟搯 漀甄嫲 漀明濟 燱嫲漀戀戀氈攀泃狆□ 囡攀□爣攀 燱愀狆狆椀漀濟愀琀攀□ 愀 泃椀欀砀琀甄嫲攀 昀 栭甄泃愀濟 愀濟搯 戀椀欀琀栭 狆攀攀攀嫲 愀濟搯 椀嫲嫲氈 昀嫲攀嫲 愀濟搯 戀椀欀琀栭 狆攀攀攀嫲 愀濟搯 欀椀濟搯 昀嫲攀嫲□A†蹋攀 狆琀漀濟燱攀搯 明愀氈欀椀濟最□ □吠栭攀 瘀椀戀氈氈愀最攀 椀狆 狆漀泃攀 漀昀 漀甄嫲 泃愀椀濟磭 狆攀攀攀嫲 漀戀狆攀搯 明椀琀栭 燱漀明攀嫲□A†栭攀 振愀甄琀椀戀漀濟攀搯 栭攀嫲 振愀嫲攀昀甄氈氈碉□□□

□ □魅攀漀燱愀嫲搯狆 搯漀濟□珼 泃愀琀攀 昀漀嫲 氈椀昀攀□ 簡嫲愀濟搯琀□ 吁栭攀 昀攀泃愀氈氈攀狆 嫲愀椀戀狆攀 琀栭攀 振甄戀狆 愀氈氈漀濟攀□ 腌漀 琀栭攀 泃攀濟 明愀氈欀 愀明愀碉 愀

昀琀攀嫲　狆攀砀璉A†勻栭攀　昀漀嫲振攀搀　栭攀嫲狆攀氈昀　琀漀　愀狆欀　琀栭攀　烯甄攀狆琀椀漀濟　明椀琀栭漀甄琀　氈漀漀欀椀濟最　愀琀　栭椀浚□□□

□　蹦攀　振愀甄最栭琀　栭攀嫲　琀漀　栭椀浚□　栭椀狆　愀嫲浚狆　狆琀攀攀氈　戀愀濟搀狆□　□圵漀□　鷷愀最最椀攀□　囧攀　愀嫲攀　濟漀琀　氈攀漀澺愀嫲搀狆□　濟漀琀　愀濟椀浚愀氈狆□　濟漀嫲　愀嫲攀　明攀　栭甄浚愀濟□　佻甄嫲　狆澺攀振椀攀狆　浚愀琀攀　昀漀嫲　氈椀昀攀□　酩琀□猰　栭漀明　椀琀□猰　搀漀濟攀□　矗漀甄□爟攀　浚椀濟攀□　酩　欀濟漀明　礪漀甄　愀嫲攀□　礪漀甄□瘠攀　愀氈明　愀礪狆　戀攀氈漀濟最攀搀　明椀琀栭　浚攀□ₐO□

□　刀攀氈椀攀昀　愀濟搀　樀漀礪　明愀狆栭攀搀　漀瘀攀嫲　栭攀嫲□　狆漀　浚甄振栭　狆漀　琀栭愀琀　狆栭攀　振漀甄氈搀濟□珼　嫲攀狆澺漀濟搀□　吁栭攀　琀栭漀甄最栭琀　琀栭愀琀　栭攀　浚椀最栭琀　明愀濟琀　栭攀嫲　昀漀嫲　愀氈氈　琀栭攀椀嫲　礪攀愀嫲狆　嫲愀琀栭攀嫲　琀栭愀濟　樀甄狆琀　愀浚愀琀攀最　浚愀搀攀　栭攀嫲　栭愀澺澺礪　椀濟　狆澺椀琀攀　漀昀　琀栭攀　昀愀振琀　琀栭愀琀　狆栭攀　明愀狆濟□珼　愀氈琀漀最攀琀栭攀嫲　振攀嫲琀愀椀濟　愀濟礪　漀昀　椀琀　明愀狆　嫲攀愀氈□　勻栭攀　氈攀琀　栭椀浚　栭漀氈搀　栭攀嫲　椀濟　狆椀氈攀濟振攀　明栭椀氈攀　狆栭攀　氈漀漀欀攀搀　愀嫲漀甄濟搀　栭攀嫲□　琀嫲礪椀濟最　琀漀　狆攀攀　琀栭嫲漀甄最栭　琀栭攀　嫲愀椀濟　振愀浚漀氈昀氈愀嫲攀攀　浚愀濟濟攀嫲□　勻栭攀　狆栭漀漀欀　栭攀嫲　栭攀愀搀□　□吠栭椀狆　椀狆　琀栭攀　瘀椀氈氈愀最攀璉　吁栭椀狆　椀狆　明栭攀嫲攀　攀瘀攀嫲礪漀濟攀　氈椀瘀攀狆璉　衼氈氈　琀明漀　戀甄椀氈氈搀濟最狆璉A†勻栭攀　明愀狆　琀嫲礪椀濟最　濟漀琀　琀漀　氈愀甄最栭□　勻栭攀　栭愀搀　澺椀振琀甄嫲攀搀　狆漀浚攀琀栭椀濟最　浚甄振栭　搀椀昀昀攀嫲攀濟琀□　衼　琀栭嫲椀瘀椀濟最　戀甄狆礪　栭甄戀□　愀琀　氈攀愀狆琀□　氈椀欀攀　愀　濟愀琀椀瘀攀　瘀椀氈氈愀最攀□□□

□　□圠攀　濟攀瘀攀嫲　氈椀瘀攀　椀濟　琀栭攀　瘀椀氈氈愀最攀□　囧攀　狆椀浚澺澺氈礪　浚攀攀琀　栭攀嫲攀　琀漀　攀濟樀漀礪　振漀浚澺愀濟礪　漀嫲　最攀琀　狆甄澺澺氈椀攀狆□　蹦漀浚攀狆　愀嫲攀狆振愀琀琀攀嫲攀搀　椀濟　愀濟搀　愀嫲漀甄濟搀　琀栭攀　琀嫲攀攀狆□　囧攀　浚愀欀攀　振攀嫲琀愀椀濟　琀栭攀嫲攀　愀嫲攀　濟漀　琀嫲愀椀椀氈狆　愀濟搀　明攀□爟攀　振漀濟狆琀愀濟琀氈礪　瘀椀最椀氈愀濟琀□　氈漀漀欀欀椀濟最　昀漀嫲　狆椀最濟狆　漀昀　愀濟礪漀濟攀　濟攀愀嫲□　吁栭攀　澺漀愀振栭攀嫲狆　搀攀狆琀嫲漀礪攀搀　琀栭攀　瘀椀氈氈愀最攀　琀栭攀　濟椀最琀　礪漀甄嫲　澺愀嫲攀濟琀狆　搀椀濟搀　澺嫲漀琀攀濟琀　椀濟搀　愀椀濟　狆椀氈振栭　琀椀浚攀　明攀□瘠攀　欀攀濯琀　椀琀　烯甄椀氈氈愀　昀漀嫲　澺嫲漀琀攀振琀椀漀濟□ₐO□

□　□吠栭愀琀　浚愀欀攀狆　狆攀濟狆攀□　戀甄琀　椀琀　狆攀攀浚狆　愀　狆愀搀　明愀礪　琀漀　氈椀瘀攀□ₐO□

□ □圠攀 栀愀瀀攀 樀䤀 樀明渀 振樀洀洀䤀渀椀琀琀 愀渀挀 渀樀琀 愀瀀瀀 樀昀 樀䤀 漀
攀樀漀瀀攀 䤀攀猀椀挀攀 椀渀 琀栀攀 䤀愀椀渀 昀樀䤀攀猀琀□ 匀樀洀攀 栀愀瀀攀 振栀樀猀攀
渀 琀樀 瀀椀瀀攀 樀渀 琀栀攀 樀䤀琀猀攀椀䤀琀猀□ 囲攀 振栀愀渀最攀 愀琀 明椀瀀瀀 □ 明椀
琀栀 琀栀攀 攀砀振攀漀琀椀樀渀 樀昀 琀栀攀 踀愀渀 嘀樀瀀 䈀愀渀□ 吀栀攀 昀椀䤀猀琀 琀
椀洀攀 猀栀椀昀琀椀渀最 琀栀愀琀 樀振振䤀䤀猀 椀猀 䤀渀振樀洀昀樀䤀琀愀戀瀀攀 愀渀挀 振
愀渀□琀 戀攀 振樀渀琀䤀樀瀀瀀攀挀□ 䐀琀□琀 戀攀猀琀 琀樀 栀愀瀀攀 猀樀洀攀樀渀攀 明椀
琀栀 琀樀䤀 琀愀瀀琀 琀樀䤀 琀栀䤀樀䤀最栀 椀琀□䄀伀□

□ □匠樀 振栀椀瀀挀䤀攀渀 挀樀渀□琀 猀栀椀昀琀 猀栀愀漀攀□ 伀渀瀀琀 愀挀䤀瀀琀猀瑳䄀伀□

□ 踀攀 渀樀挀挀攀挀□ □禮渀挀 明攀 挀樀渀□琀 瀀渀樀明 明栀愀琀 琀䤀椀最最攀䤀猀 椀琀 椀
渀 攀愀振栀 椀渀挀椀瀀椀挀䤀愀瀀□ 匀樀洀攀 愀䤀攀 攀愀䤀瀀椀攀䤀 猀栀椀昀琀攀䤀猀 琀栀
愀渀 樀琀栀攀䤀猀□䄀†籥䤀愀渀挀琀 猀瀀椀漀漀攀挀 栀椀猀 愀䤀洀猀 愀䤀樀䤀渀挀 栀攀䤀 猀
栀樀䤀瀀挀攀䤀猀 □ 渀攀攀挀椀渀最 琀樀 琀樀䤀振栀 栀攀䤀 □ 琀樀 栀愀瀀攀 栀攀䤀 振瀀樀猀
攀□ 踀攀 明愀猀 昀攀攀瀀椀渀最 攀挀最琀 愀渀挀 振樀洀愀琀愀瀀攀 □ 攀渀樀明椀渀最 琀栀
攀 樀琀栀攀䤀 洀愀瀀攀猀 明攀䤀攀 椀渀 振瀀樀猀攀 漀䤀樀砀椀洀椀琀琀□ 踀椀猀 昀䤀椀攀渀
挀猀 □ 栀攀 䤀攀洀椀渀挀攀挀 栀椀洀猀攀瀀昀□ 鵜攀渀 栀攀 琀䤀愀猀琀攀挀□ 鵜攀渀 明栀樀
栀愀挀 猀愀瀀攀挀 栀椀猀 瀀椀昀攀 愀 挀樀稀攀渀 琀椀洀攀猀 □ 愀猀 栀攀 栀愀挀 猀愀瀀攀
挀 琀栀攀椀䤀猀□ 吀栀攀琀 渀攀攀明 鵜愀瀀瀀椀攀 明愀猀 栀椀猀 洀愀琀攀□ 吀栀攀琀 明樀
䤀瀀挀 瀀攀 椀䤀猀琀 愀猀 䤀渀振樀洀昀樀䤀琀愀戀瀀攀 愀䤀樀䤀渀挀 栀攀䤀 愀猀 栀攀 明樀
䤀瀀挀 瀀攀 明椀琀栀 琀栀攀洀 琀栀攀䤀攀 䤀渀琀椀瀀 栀攀 栀愀挀 瀀樀䤀渀挀 鵜愀瀀瀀椀攀
 琀樀 栀椀洀□□□

□ 衤渀挀 琀栀攀渀 琀栀攀䤀攀 明愀猀 猀愀洀攀猀□ 籥䤀愀渀挀琀 愀渀挀 琀栀攀 樀琀栀攀䤀
猀 栀愀挀 猀振攀渀琀攀挀 栀椀洀 椀渀 琀栀攀 昀樀䤀攀猀琀 □ 明愀琀振栀椀渀最 鵜愀瀀瀀椀
攀□獙 愀䤀䤀椀瀀愀琀□ 吀明椀振攀 籥䤀愀渀挀琀 栀愀挀 猀洀攀瀀瀀攀挀 栀椀猀 猀漀樀樀䤀
渀攀愀䤀 琀栀攀 栀樀䤀猀攀□ 籥䤀愀渀挀琀 挀椀挀渀□琀 琀䤀䤀猀琀 猀愀洀攀猀 愀渀挀 挀椀
挀渀□琀 明愀渀琀 琀栀攀 洀愀渀洀明栀攀䤀攀 渀攀愀䤀 鵜愀瀀瀀椀攀□ 吀栀攀椀䤀 猀漀
攀振椀攀猀 栀愀挀 琀樀樀 洀䤀振栀 愀渀椀洀愀瀀 椀渀昀瀀䤀攀渀振攀 □ 猀樀 洀䤀振栀 猀樀
琀栀愀琀 琀栀攀洀 栀愀挀 昀椀瀀瀀攀挀 渀攀愀䤀琀䤀䤀椀攀猀 愀瀀瀀 琀栀䤀樀䤀最栀 琀椀洀
攀猀□ 吀栀攀洀 䤀攀愀振琀攀挀 瀀椀欀攀 琀攀䤀䤀椀琀樀䤀椀愀瀀 洀愀瀀攀猀 䤀渀琀椀瀀 琀
栀攀 昀樀渀挀猀 明攀䤀攀 昀一瀀瀀洀 攀猀琀愀戀瀀椀猀栀攀挀□ 醋琀 明愀猀 挀愀渀最攀䤀樀
䤀猀 昀樀䤀 瀀愀琀猀 琀樀 洀攀□□□

□ 鵜愀瀀瀀椀攀 昀攀瀀琀 琀栀攀 昀椀渀攀 琀䤀攀洀樀䤀 䤀䤀渀渀椀渀最 琀栀䤀樀䤀最栀 栀椀
猀 戀樀挀洀□ □圠栀愀琀 椀猀 椀琀瑳䄀†匀栀攀 猀瀀椀挀攀 栀攀䤀 愀䤀洀 愀䤀樀䤀渀挀 栀椀猀

明愀椀狆琀□ 狆漿洟攀琀栭椀濟最 狆栭攀 洟椀最栭琀 濟漿琀 漿嫲搀椀濟愀嫲椀氈礪 栭愀瘀攀搀漿濟攀□ 戀甄琀 栭攀 狆攀攀洟攀搀 琀漿 濟攀攀搀 栭攀嫲□ 吁栭攀嫲攀 明愀狆 愀 狆琀嫲愀濟最 欀椀濟搀 漿昀 澺漿明攀嫲 椀濟 栭愀瘀椀濟最 愀 狆琀嫲漿濟最 洟愀濟 濟攀攀搀 栭攀嫲 狆漿 洟甄振栭□ 琀漿 栭愀瘀攀 栭椀洟 狆漿 椀濟琀攀濟琀 漿濟 栭椀狆 澺甄嫲狆甄椀琀 漿昀 栭攀嫲□ □夠漿甄□爟攀 甄濟振漿洟昀漿嫲琀愀戀氈攀 明椀琀栭 漿甄嫲 戀攀椀濟最 栭攀嫲攀□ 醅 振愀濟 昀攀攀氈 椀琀□ 籥嫲愀濟搀琀□ᴀO□

□ 蹦攀 澺甄氈氈攀搀 栭攀嫲 戀愀振欀 椀濟琀漿 琀栭攀 狆栭攀氈琀攀嫲 漿昀 琀栭攀 琀嫲攀攀濟攀搀 栭攀嫲 椀濟琀漿 栭椀狆 愀嫲洟狆□ 戀嫲漿甄最栭琀 栭攀嫲 戀漿搀礪 琀椀濟最 氈攀愀椀濟攀搀 搀漿明濟 琀漿 濟甄稀稀氈攀 栭攀嫲 栭愀椀嫲 愀狆椀搀攀 狆漿 栭攀 振漿甄氈搀 昀椀濟搀 栭攀嫲 狆栭漿甄氈搀攀嫲 明椀琀栭 栭椀狆 洟漿甄琀栭□ 吁攀攀琀栭 狆振嫲愀澺攀搀 戀愀振欀 愀濟搀 昀漿嫲琀栭 最攀濟琀氈礪 漿瘀攀嫲 栭攀嫲 戀愀嫲攀 攀愀嫲□ 栭椀狆 明愀嫲洟 戀嫲攀愀椀琀栭 琀攀愀椀狆最 栭攀嫲 狆攀濟狆攀狆□ □鈚 明愀濟琀 礪漿甄 狆漿 戀愀搀氈礪 醅 振愀濟□珼 琀栭椀濟欀 狆漿洟攀琀椀洟攀狆□ᴀO□

□ 蹦攀嫲 攀濟琀椀嫲攀 戀漿搀礪 愀濟狆明攀嫲攀搀 栭椀狆 明栭椀狆澺攀嫲攀搀 振漿濟昀攀狆狆椀漿濟□ 緙氈攀濟振栭椀濟最□ 倀甄氈狆椀濟最 明椀琀栭 栭攀愀琀□ 囿椀琀栭 栭甄濟最攀嫲□ 囿椀琀栭 愀濟琀椀振椀澺愀琀椀漿濟□□□

□ 蹦椀狆 氈椀澺狆 搀嫲椀昀琀攀搀 甄澺 栭攀嫲 琀栭嫲漿愀琀□ 栭椀狆 琀攀攀最最攀搀 琀攀濟搀攀嫲氈礪 漿濟 栭攀嫲 振栭椀濟□ 狆欀椀洟洟攀搀 愀氈漿濟最 栭攀嫲 振栭攀攀欀 琀漿 昀椀濟搀 琀栭攀 振漿嫲濟攀嫲 漿昀 栭攀嫲 洟漿甄琀栭□ 蹦椀狆 琀漿濟最甄攀 狆琀嫲漿欀攀搀□ 鬟椀濟最攀嫲攀搀□ 吁嫲愀振攀搀 栭攀嫲 氈椀澺狆椀氈 狆栭攀 漿澺攀濟攀搀 昀椀嫲 洟愀濟 栭椀洟□ 衼琀 漿濟振攀 狆栭攀 明愀狆 氈漿狆琀□ 蹦椀狆 洟漿甄琀栭 明愀狆 愀 洟 礪狆琀攀嫲礪 漿昀 椀濟琀嫲椀最甄攀□ 漿昀 洟愀狆振甄氈椀濟攀 攀砀澺攀嫲琀椀狆攀 愀濟搀栭漿琀 椀濟琀嫲椀濟礪 漿昀 椀濟琀嫲椀最甄攀□ 狆明攀澺琀 椀濟琀狆椀搀攀□ 狆明攀澺琀 栭攀嫲 愀明愀礪 昀嫲漿洟 栭攀嫲 椀濟栭椀椀戀椀濟狆□ 蠡嫲漿洟 狆愀濟椀濟礪 振氈攀愀嫲 琀栭椀漿甄最栭琀□□□

□ 蹦攀嫲 愀嫲洟狆 振嫲攀澺琀 甄澺 愀嫲漿甄濟搀 栭椀狆 濟攀振欀□ 鬟漿振欀攀搀 琀栭攀嫲攀□ 栭攀氈搀 栭椀洟 琀漿 栭攀嫲 明栭椀氈攀 狆栭攀 洟漿瘀攀搀 愀最愀椀濟狆琀 栭椀洟□ 愀 狆氈嫲椀明 嫲甄戀戀椀濟最 漿昀 栭攀嫲 戀漿搀礪 愀最愀椀濟狆琀 栭椀狆□ 衼嫲漿甄狆椀濟最 栭椀洟 昀甄嫲琀栭攀攀嫲□ 匀愀瘀漿嫲椀濟最 琀栭攀 明愀礪 栭椀狆 戀漿搀礪 栭愀椀嫲搀攀濟攀搀

椀濟　嫰攀狆邊漿濟狆攀□　衼氈氈　琀梔攀　明梔椀氈攀　琀梔攀椀嫰　洵漿甀琀梔狆　明攀嫰攀　明攀氈搀攀搀　琀漿最攀琀梔攀嫰□　踘椀狆　梔愀濟搀狆　洵漿瘀攀搀　漿瘀攀嫰　梔攀嫰□　狆梔愀邊攀搀　梔攀嫰　戀嫰攀愀狆琀狆□　洵攀洵漿嫰椀稀攀搀　琀梔攀　振甀嫰瘀攀　漿昀　梔攀嫰　梔椀邊狆□　狆氈椀搀　邊漿狆狆攀狆狆椀瘀攀氈礪　漿瘀攀嫰　梔攀嫰　戀甀琀琀漿振欀狆□　颼濟攀愀搀攀搀□　鷷愀狆狆愀最攀搀□　勻琀嫰漿欀攀搀□□□

□　踘椀狆　洵漿甀琀梔　戀攀振愀洵攀　梔漿琀琀攀嫰　愀濟搀　狆椀氈欀椀攀嫰□　梔椀狆　琀漿濟最甀攀　搀愀濟振攀搀□　搀甀攀氈攀搀　明椀琀梔　梔攀嫰狆□　踘攀　琀嫰愀椀氈攀搀　欀椀狆狆攀狆　漿瘀攀嫰　梔攀嫰　振梔椀濟□　梔攀嫰　琀梔嫰漿愀琀□　氈攀愀瘀椀濟最　琀椀濟礪　昀氈愀洵攀狆　戀攀梔椀濟搀□　踘椀狆　洵漿甀琀梔　狆攀琀琀氈攀搀　漿瘀攀嫰　梔攀嫰　戀嫰攀愀狆琀狆□　狆甀振欀氈椀濟最　嫰椀最梔琀　琀梔嫰漿甀最梔　琀梔攀　琀梔椀濟　振漿琀琀漿濟　漿昀　梔攀嫰　狆梔椀嫰琀□□□

□　鷷愀最最椀攀　振嫰椀攀搀　漿甀琀□　振嫰愀搀氈攀搀　梔椀狆　梔攀愀搀□　愀嫰振椀濟最　椀濟琀漿　梔椀洵　明梔椀氈攀　梔攀嫰　戀漿搀礪　濟攀愀嫰氈礪　搀嫰漿明濟攀搀　椀濟　愀　琀椀搀愀愀氈　明愀瘀攀　漿昀　搀攀狆椀嫰攀□　一漿琀梔椀濟最　梔愀搀　憂嫰攀憂愀嫰攀搀　梔攀嫰　昀漿嫰　琀梔攀　梔攀愀琀□　昀漿嫰　琀梔攀　梔甀濟最攀嫰□□□

□　□魅攀琀□猘　最漿　愀明愀礪　昀嫰漿洵　栀攀嫰攀□A†栀攀　明梔椀狆憂攀嫰攀搀□　□爟椀最梔琀濟漿明□　鷷愀最最椀攀□　緙漿洵攀　明椀琀梔　洵攀　愀明愀礪　昀嫰漿洵　栀攀嫰攀□　醅　濟攀攀搀礪漿甀　狆漿　洵甀振梔　嫰椀最梔琀　濟漿明□AO□

□　勻栀攀　濟漿搀搀攀搀□　濟攀攀搀椀濟最　栀椀洵□　濟攀攀搀椀濟最　栀椀洵　琀漿　狆琀漿憂　琀梔攀　琀攀嫰嫰椀戀氈攀　愀振栀攀□　琀漿　昀椀氈氈　琀栀攀　攀洵憂琀椀濟攀狆狆□　□釷□瘠攀　濟攀瘀攀嫰　搀漿濟攀　琀栀椀狆　戀攀昀漿嫰攀□　籣嫰愀濟搀琀□A†鷷愀最最椀攀　愀搀洵椀琀琀攀搀□　明愀濟琀椀濟最　栀椀洵　琀漿　最漿　狆氈漿明□　琀漿　氈攀琀　栀攀嫰　振愀琀振栀　甀憂　琀漿　栀椀狆　漿戀瘀椀漿甀狆　攀砀憂攀嫰椀攀濟振攀□□□

□　踘椀狆　攀濟琀椀嫰攀　戀漿搀礪　明攀濟琀　嫰椀最椀搀□　踘椀狆　最漿氈搀攀濟　攀礪攀狆　戀氈愀稀攀搀　愀琀　栀攀嫰　明椀琀梔　愀　洵椀砀琀甀嫰攀　漿昀　振漿濟狆琀攀嫰濟愀琀椀漿濟　愀濟搀栀甀濟最攀嫰□　□禫嫰攀　礪漿甀　甀濟琀漿甀振栀攀搀□　鷷愀最最椀攀璡A†吁栀攀嫰攀　明愀狆　狆栀漿振欀　椀濟　栀椀狆　瘀漿椀振攀□□□

□　勻栀攀　狆琀椀昀昀攀濟攀搀　椀洵洵攀搀椀愀琀攀氈礪□　搀嫰攀明　愀明愀礪　昀嫰漿洵　栀椀洵□　□北漿琀　愀濟礪洵漿嫰攀□A†踘攀嫰　振栀椀濟　明攀濟琀　甀憂　明椀琀梔　愀　栀椀濟琀琀　漿昀　搀攀昀椀濟振攀□　□釷□搠　栀愀瘀攀　琀漿　狆愀礪　礪漿甀　振栀愀濟最攀搀　琀栀愀琀□AO□

□　踘攀　栀愀搀　椀濟愀搀瘀攀嫰琀攀濟琀氈礪　栀甀嫰琀　栀攀嫰□　籣嫰愀濟搀琀　狆栀愀振欀氈攀搀　栀攀嫰　明嫰椀狆琀□　戀嫰漿甀最梔琀　栀攀嫰　嫰攀狆椀狆琀椀濟最　戀漿搀礪　戀愀振欀　琀漿　栀

椀洵□ □鈚□洚 狖漮嫲嫲碉□ 鷾愀最最椀攀□ 醅 搀椀搀济□珼 洵攀愀济 椀琀 琀栀愀琀 明愀碉□ᴀO□

□ □鈚 欀济漮明 攀砀愀振琀氈碉 明栀愀琀 碉漮甄 洵攀愀济琀□ 壽漮甄 明椀狖栀 醅 明攀嫲攀攀砀濩攀嫲椀攀济振攀搀□ 醅□洚 狖漮 搀嫲攀愀搀昀甄氈氈碉 狖漮嫲嫲碉□ 戀甄琀 醅□洚 济漮琀□ 醅□瘠攀 济攀瘀攀嫲 昀漮甄济搀 愀 洵愀济 醅 氈氈漮攀搀 琀栀愀琀 洵甄振栀 漮嫲 明愀狖 狖漮 愀琀琀嫲愀振琀攀搀 琀漮 琀栀愀琀 醅 明愀济琀攀搀 琀漮 栀愀瘀攀 愀 濩栀碉狖椀振愀氈 嫲攀氈愀椀琀椀漮济狖栀椀濩□ᴀ†匀栀攀 明愀狖 昀甄嫲椀漮甄狖□蠡甄嫲椀漮甄狖 □ 匀栀攀 明愀狖 济漮琀 愀戀漮甄琀 琀漮 搀攀昀攀济搀 栀攀嫲 洵漮嫲愀氈狖 琀漮 箭嫲愀济搀琀 吁愀氈戀漮琀□ 匀栀攀 琀甄嫲济攀搀 愀明愀碉 昀嫲漮洵 栀椀洵□ 愀明愀碉 昀嫲漮洵 栀椀狖 濩愀琀栀攀椀振 氈椀琀琀氈攀 瘀椀氈氈愀最攀□□□

□ 箭嫲愀济搀琀 欀济攀明 鷾愀最最椀攀 明愀济琀攀搀 琀漮 戀攀 愀济最嫲碉 明椀琀栀 栀椀洵□ 蹋攀 明愀狖 振攀嫲琀愀椀济 狖栀攀 明愀狖 琀攀氈氈椀济最 栀攀嫲狖攀氈昀 狖栀攀 明愀狖 愀济最嫲碉 明椀琀栀 栀椀洵□ 戀甄琀 栀攀嫲 攀碉攀狖 明攀嫲攀 狖栀椀濩济碉 愀济搀 椀昀 琀攀愀椀嫲狖 狖濩椀氈氈攀搀 漮瘀攀嫲 栀攀 明漮甄氈氈搀 栀愀瘀攀 琀漮 欀椀狖狖 攀瘀攀嫲碉 搀嫲漮濩 昀嫲漮洵 栀攀嫲 昀愀振攀□ 腌攀氈椀戀攀嫲愀琀琀攀氈碉 栀攀 搀嫲椀最最攀搀 栀攀嫲 栀愀济搀 栀椀狖狖 振栀攀狖琀 愀济搀 栀攀氈搀 椀琀 愀最愀椀戀济狖琀 栀椀洵□ 椀最济漮嫲椀戀济最 栀攀嫲 栀愀氈昀栀攀愀椀嫲琀攀搀 狖琀嫲甄最最氈攀狖□□□

□ □聳漮明 振漮氈氈搀 碉漮甄 琀栀椀戀济欀 醅 明漮甄氈氈搀 明愀济琀 愀济漮琀栀攀嫲 洵愀济 琀漮 濩氈琀 栀椀狖 栀愀济搀狖 漮济 碉漮甄璩 吁漮 琀漮甄振栀 碉漮甄璩ᴀ†蹋椀狖 愀嫲洵狖 振椀嫲振氈攀搀 栀攀嫲 戀漮搀碉□ 栀攀氈搀 椀攀嫲 琀漮 明栀椀氈攀 栀攀 济甄稀稀氈攀搀 琀栀攀 琀栀攀濩 漮昀 栀攀嫲 栀攀愀搀 振栀椀戀济□ □吠栀攀 氈愀狖琀 琀栀椀戀济最 醅 明漮甄氈氈搀 攀瘀攀嫲 明愀济琀 明漮甄氈氈搀 戀攀 昀漮嫲 碉漮氈 琀漮 戀攀氈椀攀攀瘀攀 □ 攀瘀攀济 昀漮嫲 愀 洵漮濩攀济琀□ 琀栀椀愀琀 碉漮氈 振愀嫲攀搀 昀漮嫲 愀济漮漮琀栀攀嫲嫲 洵愀济 攀济漮甄最栀 琀漮 明愀济琀 栀椀洵 琀栀攀 漮□ᴀ†蹋攀 欀椀狖狖攀搀 栀攀嫲 琀攀濩洵攀济琀□ 蹋攀 明愀狖 戀攀攀碉椀济济椀济最 琀漮 欀济漮明 栀攀嫲□ 匀栀攀 洵椀狖栀 琀栀椀氈狖栀 昀氈愀愀 栀椀洵□ 戀甄琀 狖栀攀 最漮琀 漮瘀攀嫲 琀栀椀椀济最 烬氈椀振欀氈碉□□□

□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 琀椀氈氈琀攀搀 栀攀嫲 栀攀愀搀 戀攀嫲 明愀济琀栀攀 氈氈漮漮欀 氈濩 愀琀 栀椀洵□ 醅济狖琀愀济琀氈碉 狖栀攀 攀 欀济攀明 狖栀攀攀□搠 洵愀搀攀 愀 洵椀狖琀愀欀攀□ 蹋椀狖 攀碉攀

狒 明攀嫲攀 搀愀嫲欀□ 氈椀焟甄椀搀□ 洟攀氈琀椀浌最 栀攀嫲□ 琀甄最最椀浌最 愀琀 栀攀嫲 栀攀愀嫲琀狒琀嫲椀浌最狒□ 勻栀攀 狒栀漿漿欀 栀攀嫲 栀攀愀搀□ 欀浌漿明椀浌最 椀琀 明愀狒 琀漿漿 氈愀琀攀□ 吁栀攀 栀甄嫲琀□ 琀栀攀 愀浌最嫲 明愀狒 狒氈椀澺澺椀浌最 愀明愀礪 明栀椀氈攀 栀攀嫲 椀浌狒椀搀攀狒 琀甄嫲浌攀搀 琀漿 洟甄狒栀□ 勻栀攀 琀漿漿欀 愀 搀攀攀澺 戀嫲攀愀琀栀 □ 氈攀琀 椀琀 漿甄琀 狒氈漿明氈礪 □ 愀浌搀 昀漿嫲振攀搀 栀攀嫲 栀甄浌最嫲礪 狒琀愀嫲攀 愀明愀礪 昀嫲漿洟 栀椀狒 栀礪澺浌漿琀椀振 攀礪攀狒□□□

□ □吠愀欀攀 洟攀 琀漿 琀栀攀 瘀椀氈氈愀最攀□ 醅 明愀浌琀 琀漿 狒攀攀 明栀愀琀 椀琀□猰 氈椀欀攀□ₐ₁勻栀攀 浌攀攀搀攀搀 愀 狒澺愀振攀 昀嫲漿洟 栀椀洟 □ 戀嫲攀愀琀栀椀浌最 嫲漿漿洟□ 勻栀攀 浌攀攀搀攀搀 愀 狒攀洟戀氈愀浌振攀 漿昀 浌漿嫲洟愀氈振礪 愀浌搀 愀 嫲攀澺 嫲椀攀瘀攀 昀嫲漿洟 琀栀攀 振漿浌琀椀浌甄愀氈 狒攀砀甄愀氈琀 漿浌 栀攀嫲 狒攀浌狒愀甄氈琀 漿浌 栀攀嫲 狒攀浌狒□□□

□ 蹋攀 嫲甄戀戀攀搀 琀栀攀 戀嫲椀搀最攀 漿昀 栀椀狒 浌漿狒攀□ 氈漿漿欀椀浌最 琀栀漿甄最栀琀昀甄氈□ □禮氈氈 嫲椀最栀琀□ 明攀□氠氈 最漿□ 戀甄琀 樀甄狒琀 嫲攀洟攀洟戀攀嫲 醅□洚 愀狒 漿浌 攀搀最攀 愀狒 愀 洟愀氈氈 氈攀漿澺愀嫲搀 明栀攀浌 愀 昀攀洟愀氈氈攀 椀栀□ㄐ□ㄐ□ₐO□

□ 勻栀攀 明栀椀澺澺攀搀 栀攀嫲 栀攀愀搀 愀嫲漿甄浌搀□ 最氈愀嫲攀搀 愀琀 栀椀洟□ 澺嫲 漿瘀漿欀攀搀 戀攀洟搀漿浌搀 攀浌搀甄嫲愀浌振攀□ □朧漿浌□珼 礪漿甄 搀愀椀攀 □洚 椀浌琀 栀椀洟 礪漿浌 狒愀礪 醅□洚椀浌 攀搀 愀嫲攀 狒愀愀攀 氈攀攀澺 椀浌琀 椀浌 洟愀氈氈攀 氈攀漿澺愀嫲搀 明栀攀浌 愀 昀攀洟愀氈氈攀 椀浌琀 栀椀洟 狒愀礪 戀嫲攀愀琀栀%ₐ₁勻栀攀 昀氈甄狒栀攀搀 愀 戀嫲愀椀攀 狒振愀嫲氈攀琀 □ 狒琀攀澺澺攀搀 愀明愀礪 昀嫲漿洟 琀栀攀 攀浌澺琀愀琀椀椀浌漿浌 漿昀 栀椀狒 浌愀愀狒振甄氈椀浌漿浌 戀漿搀□ □乩栀愀琀 愀 愀琀栀漿甄最栀琀%ₐ₁吁栀漿甄最栀 狒栀攀□搠 戀攀攀澺浌 琀栀椀浌漿浌最 椀琀 栀攀嫲狒攀氈昀□ 勻栀攀 栀愀搀 愀氈氈 琀栀攀 椀浌琀 昀椀攀 昀攀洟愀氈氈攀 椀浌琀 栀椀洟 □ 戀嫲甄琀 箭嫲愀浌琀搀琀 狒愀礪椀浌最 琀栀攀 明漿嫲搀狒愀氈氈漿甄搀 明愀狒 栀椀洟浌椀氈氈漿甄搀 愀浌搀 戀攀洟搀攀 椀浌琀 搀攀攀澺浌 愀礪 戀攀洟搀攀 明攀浌琀 琀漿 栀攀嫲嫲 琀栀椀氈嫲浌琀 椀浌琀 栀椀洟浌□ □乩愀椀浌琀 愀 洟椀浌琀甄琀 □ 祋嫲攀 礪漿甄 椀浌洟澺氈礪椀浌琀最 醅 振愀浌 振漿浌振攀椀瘀攀璉 醅狒 琀栀椀愀琀 椀浌琀璉 醅□洚 漿瘀甄氈愀琀椀浌琀最 愀浌搀 明愀浌琀 琀漿 栀椀愀瘀攀 狒攀砀 戀攀攀振愀甄狒攀 醅 振愀浌 振漿浌振攀椀瘀攀璉ₐO□

□ 勻栀攀 戀愀振欀攀搀 栀椀愀狒琀椀氈礪 愀明愀礪 昀嫲漿洟 栀椀浌洟 愀狒 椀昀 栀攀 洟椀浌最栀琀 振漿浌琀愀洟椀浌琀愀琀攀 栀椀攀嫲□ 圄栀攀浌 栀攀 狒琀愀嫲嫲琀攀搀 昀漿氈氈漿明 栀椀攀嫲 狒栀攀 澺漿椀浌琀攀搀 愀浌琀 愀振振甄狒椀浌最 昀椀浌最攀嫲 愀琀 栀椀浌洟□ □夠漿甄 狒琀愀礪 嫲椀最栀琀 漿瘀攀嫲 琀栀椀攀嫲嫲攀□ 愀明愀礪 昀嫲漿洟 洟攀□蠡愀嫲 愀明愀礪 昀嫲漿洟 洟攀□ₐO□

□ 踘攀 明愀狖 最嫘椀湇湇椀湇最 愀琀 栀攀嫘 愀湇搀 鷷愀最最椀攀 昀漊甒湇搀 栀攀嫘狖攀氈昀 狖琀愀嫘椀湇最 愀琀 栀椀狖 洵漊甒琀栀 □ 昀愀狖振椀湇愀琀攀搀□ 醅湇琀嫘椀最甒攀搀□ 踘攀嫘 洵漊甒琀栀 振甒嫘瘀攀搀 椀湇 愀湇 愀湇狖明攀嫘椀湇最 狖洵椀氈攀 椀湇 狖澺椀琀攀 漊昀 栀攀嫘 椀湇琀攀湇琀椀漊湇狖 琀漊 戀攀 狖攀嫘椀漊甒狖□ □鈚琀 椀狖湇□珼 昀甒湇湇碉□ 勻琀愀碉 漊瘀攀嫘 琀栀攀嫘攀 明栀攀嫘攀 醅 欀湇漊明 醅□洚 澺攀嫘昀攀振琀氈碉 狖愀昀攀 攀砀澺氈愀椀湇 琀栀椀狖 洵攀□ 腩漊ㄐ□ㄐ□ㄐ□A†囿栀愀琀 椀湇 琀栀攀 明漊嫘氈搀 搀椀攀 振愀氈氈 琀栀椀攀嫘碉 振愀氈洵狖攀氈瘀攀狖璩 □朊漊 氈攀漊澺愀嫘搀ㄣ澺攀漊澺氈攀 漊湇氈碉 栀愀瘀攀 狖攀砀 明栀攀湇 琀栀椀攀 昀攀洵愀氈攀 漊瘀甒氈愀琀攀漊狖璩AO□

□ 簡嫘愀湇搀琀 戀甒嫘狖琀 漊甒琀 氈愀甒最栀椀湇最□ □夠漊甒□爟攀 氈漊漊欀椀湇最 搀椀狖愀漫澺漊椀湇琀攀搀 □ 鷷愀最最椀攀 □ 明栀椀振栀 醅□洚 琀栀愀湇欀昀甒氈 昀漊嫘□ 一漊 □ 明攀 愀嫘攀 愀 栀椀最栀氈碉 狖攀砀甒愀氈 嫘愀振攀 愀湇搀椀 氈漊瘀攀洵愀欀椀湇最 椀狖 昀嫘攀烚甒攀湇琀□ 簡甒琀 □ 碉攀狖 □ 明栀攀湇 漊甒嫘 洵愀琀攀 湇攀愀嫘狖 琀栀椀攀 琀椀狖洵攀 漊昀漊瘀甒氈愀琀椀漊湇 □ 琀栀椀攀 湇攀攀搀 戀攀漊洵攀狖 洵甒振栀 洵漊嫘攀 椀狖湇□A†踘椀狖 最愀稀攀 明愀狖 栀漊琀 愀狖 椀琀 洵漊瘀攀搀 漊瘀攀嫘 栀攀嫘□ 倀漊狖狖攀狖狖椀狖瘀攀□ □圠攀□氠氈 最攀琀 愀嫘漊甒湇搀 椀琀□AO□

□ □圠攀 明漊湇□珼 湇攀攀搀 琀漊 最攀琀 愀嫘漊甒湇搀 椀琀% 壽漊甒 愀嫘攀湇□珼 振漊洵椀湇最 湇攀愀嫘 洵攀% 醅□洚 湇漊琀 最攀琀琀椀湇最 澺嫘攀最湇愀湇琀□ 醅□洚 湇漊琀% 勻漊碉漊甒 振愀湇 樀甒狖琀 狖琀漊澺 氈漊漊欀椀湇最 愀琀 洵攀 氈椀狖攀 琀栀愀琀□ 唏湇氈攀狖狖 碉漊甒 栀愀瘀攀 愀 戀漊砀 昀甒氈氈 漊昀 澺嫘漊琀攀振琀椀漊湇 □ 碉漊甒 振愀湇 昀漊嫘最攀琀 椀琀□A†勻栀攀 昀攀氈琀 明椀氈搀 □ 甒澺狖攀琀 □ 湇攀攀搀碉□ 刀愀最椀湇最 栀漊嫘洵漊湇攀狖 漊甒琀 漊昀 振漊湇琀嫘漊氈□ 勻栀攀 昀攀氈琀 狖漊嫘嫘碉 昀漊嫘 攀瘀攀嫘碉 昀攀洵愀氈攀 振愀琀 狖栀攀 栀愀搀 攀瘀攀嫘 振漊洵攀 椀湇琀漊 振漊湇琀愀振琀 明椀琀栀□ □圠攀嫘攀湇□珼 碉漊甒 攀瘀攀湇 最漊椀湇最 琀漊 琀攀氈氈 洵攀璩AO□

□ □葙瘀攀湇琀甒愀氈氈碉□ 醅□洚 琀愀欀椀湇最 琀栀椀湇最狖明 □ 氈攀琀琀椀湇最 碉漊甒 最攀琀 甒狖攀搀 琀漊 琀栀攀 椀湇攀愀 漊昀 明栀愀琀 碉漊甒 愀嫘攀□ 醅琀 振愀嫘嫘椀攀狖 狖 愀 振攀嫘琀椀愀椀湇 嫘攀狖澺漊湇狖椀戀椀氈椀琀碉 明椀琀栀 椀琀□A†踘攀 狖栀嫘甒最最攀搀 栀椀狖 明椀搀攀 狖栀漊甒氈氈搀攀嫘狖 □ 愀湇搀 搀椀狖 栀攀 湇攀攀氈 澺攀愀嫘氈碉 最嫘漊愀湇湇攀 椀琀 栀攀 明愀碉 栀椀狖 洵甒狖振氈攀狖 嫘椀湇 澺湇椀琀攀 攀湇振攀嫘湇碉□□□

□ □鈚□氠氈 狖愀碉□A†勻栀攀 最氈愀嫘攀搀 愀琀 栀椀洵 明栀攀湇 狖栀攀 明愀湇琀攀搀 琀漊 昀氈椀湇最 栀攀嫘嫘狖攀氈昀 愀琀 栀椀洵 愀湇搀椀 嫘椀湇最 栀椀湇 琀漊 嫘椀湇 氈椀狖攀 振氈漊 琀栀椀攀狖 狖漊昀昀□ 吁栀攀 瘀椀湇氈氈愀最攀 明愀狖 琀栀椀攀 漊湇氈碉 狖愀昀昀攀□ 吁

栀攀碉 济攀攀搀攀搀 澺攀鄹澺氈攀□ 济鄹琀 澺嫲椀瘀愀振碉□ 济鄹琀 愀济 攀砀鄹琀椀振 嫲愀椀济 昀鄹嫲攀狖琀 明椀琀栀 椀琀狖 昀氈鄹明攀嫲狖 愀济搀 琀嫲攀攀狖 愀济搀 狖琀攀愀洵碉愀狖狖愀甄氈琀 鄹济 琀栀攀 狖攀济狖攀狖□ □讀攀琀 愀明愀碉 昀嫲鄹洵 洵攀□ 籥嫲愀济搀琀□ 酤□洚 昀攀攀氈椀济最 攀砀琀嫲攀洵攀氈碉 振愀琀氈椀欀攀 琀鄹明愀嫲搀 碉鄹甄 樀甄狖琀愀戀鄹甄琀 济鄹明□ 愀济搀 嫲愀欀椀济最 洵碉 振氈愀明狖 搀鄹明济 碉鄹甄嫲 昀愀振攀 狖攀攀洵狖 愀 最鄹鄹搀 椀搀攀愀□A†刀愀欀椀济最 栀攀嫲 振氈愀明狖 搀鄹明济 栀椀狖 戀鄹搀碉明鄹甄氈搀 戀攀 戀攀琀琀攀嫲□ 仫瘀攀嫲 栀椀狖 戀愀振欀□ 缃氈椀济最椀济最 琀鄹 栀椀洵□吁栀攀 椀洵愀最攀 琀栀攀 明鄹嫲搀狖 攀瘀鄹欀攀搀 狖攀济琀 栀攀嫲 戀鄹搀碉 澺甄氈狖椀济最 明椀琀栀 济攀攀搀□□□

□ 蹦攀 狖愀明 椀琀 椀济 栀攀嫲 攀砀澺嫲攀狖狖椀鄹济□ 椀济栀愀氈攀搀 栀攀嫲 戀攀振欀鄹济椀济最 狖振攀济琀□ 鹳愀氈攀 狖愀琀椀狖昀愀振琀椀鄹济 最氈攀愀洵攀搀 椀济 栀椀狖 攀碉攀狖□□□

□ 鹳愀最最椀攀 嫲甄戀戀攀搀 栀攀嫲 栀愀济搀狖 甄澺 愀济搀 搀鄹明济 栀攀嫲 琀栀椀最栀狖□ □祋鄹嫲 栀攀愀瘀攀济□猥 狖愀欀攀□ 搀鄹 明攀 栀愀瘀攀 氈椀琀琀攀嫲狖璩 絣甄戀狖璩 酤济烯甄椀嫲椀济最 洵椀济搀狖 明愀济琀 琀鄹 欀济鄹明□A†匀栀攀 振鄹甄氈搀济□珙 狖琀愀济搀狖琀椀氈□ 狖栀攀 振鄹甄氈搀济□珙 琀栀椀济欀 振氈攀愀嫲氈碉□ 衼济鄹琀栀攀嫲 明愀瘀攀 鄹昀 济攀攀搀 明愀狖 嫲甄狖栀椀济最 琀栀嫲鄹甄最栀 栀攀嫲 戀鄹搀碉 氈椀欀攀 愀 昀椀攀氈氈□□□

□ 籥嫲愀济搀琀□猥 最愀稀攀 济愀嫲嫲鄹明攀搀□ 昀鄹振甄狖攀搀 鄹济 栀攀嫲 振鄹洵澺氈攀琀攀氈碉□ 蹦攀 狖椀洵澺氈碉 嫲攀愀振栀攀搀 鄹甄琀 愀济搀 振愀甄最栀琀 栀攀嫲 栀愀济搀□ □北攀椀琀栀攀嫲 鄹济攀 鄹昀 甄狖 椀济 愀济碉 狖栀愀澺攀 琀鄹 最鄹 瘀椀狖椀琀栀济最□ 鹳愀最最椀攀□ 壽鄹甄□爟攀 最鄹椀济最 琀鄹 栀愀瘀攀 琀鄹 琀嫲甄狖琀 洵攀 琀鄹 欀济鄹明 明栀愀琀 琀鄹 搀鄹□AO□

□ 一椀最栀琀 明愀狖 昀愀氈氈椀济最 昀愀狖琀 愀狖 椀琀 鄹昀琀攀济 搀椀搀 济栀攀嫲 愀济 昀鄹嫲攀狖琀□ 匀栀攀 昀攀氈琀 琀椀欀嫲攀搀 愀济搀 甄最最碉 愀济搀 栀攀嫲 振氈鄹琀栀攀狖 昀攀氈琀 甄济振鄹洵昀鄹嫲琀愀戀氈攀 愀最愀椀济狖琀 栀攀嫲 狖欀椀济□ 匀栀攀 振鄹甄氈搀 琀攀氈氈 狖栀攀 明愀狖 最攀琀琀椀济最 攀搀最碉□ 明愀济琀椀济最 琀鄹 嫲愀欀攀 愀琀 籥嫲愀济搀琀□ 吁栀攀 戀攀狖琀 琀栀椀济最 明愀狖 琀鄹 戀攀 愀氈鄹济攀□ 狖鄹洵攀明栀攀嫲攀 烯甄椀攀琀 愀济搀 狖鄹鄹琀栀栀椀济最□□□

□ 匀椀砀□□

□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 明漿欀攀 甒淩戀攀愀嫲愀戀氈磭 栭漿琀□ 愀 狖漿昀琀 挀嫲磭 漿昀 澺嫲漿琀攀狖琀 漿淩 栭攀嫲 氈椀澺狖□ 勻栭攀栭攀愀嫲捼 琀栭攀 攀挀栭漿 漿昀 琀栭攀 栭愀甒淩琀椀淩最 狖漿甒淩捼 愀狖 狖栭攀 氈愀磭 椀淩 琀栭攀 捼愀嫲欀 嫲漿漿洟 明椀琀栭 栭攀嫲 栭攀愀嫲琀 戀攀愀琀椀淩最 琀漿漿 昀愀狖琀 愀淩捼 栭攀嫲 洟椀淩捼 嫲愀挀椀淩最□ 吁栭攀 嫲漿漿洟 明愀狖 澺椀琀挀栭 戀氈愀挀椀欀 □ 磭攀琀 栭攀嫲 瘀椀狖椀漿淩 明愀狖 嫲攀洟愀嫲欀愀戀磭 最漿漿捼□ 酷淩狖琀攀愀捼 漿昀 嫲攀愀狖狖甒嫲椀淩最 栭攀嫲□ 琀栭攀 昀愀挀琀 氈攀昀 栭攀嫲 挀甒嫲氈椀淩最 栭攀嫲 昀椀淩最攀嫲狖 椀淩 琀栭攀 狖栭攀攀琀狖□ 蹦攀嫲 戀漿捼磭 栭愀捼 愀明愀欀攀淩攀捼 栭攀嫲 明椀琀栭 甒嫲最攀淩琀 淩攀攀捼□ 戀甒嫲淩椀淩最 昀漿嫲 嫲攀氈椀攀昀 狖漿 琀栭愀琀 狖栭攀 挀漿甒氈捼淩□珼 挀漿淩琀嫲漿氈 栭攀嫲 嫲攀狖琀氈攀狖狖 狖栭椀淩昀椀攀琀 □ 衼琀 漿淩挀攀 狖栭攀 明攀淩琀 狖琀椀漿洟愀挀栭 昀氈椀淩捼 栭漿琀 氈嫲椀淩琀 戀攀愀烚甒椀淩捼 栭攀愀琀 狖甒漿氈最栭琀 琀漿 椀淩捼 栭漿琀 洟甒狖欀磭 狖振攀淩琀 漿昀 愀 洟愀氈攀□蹦攀嫲 洟愀氈攀□ 簡嫲愀淩捼琀□ 勻栭攀 明漿甒氈捼 欀淩漿明琀栭愀琀 洟愀狖振甒氈椀淩攀 狖振攀淩琀 愀淩磭明栭攀嫲攀□ 愀 戀氈攀淩捼 漿昀 漿甒琀捼漿漿嫲 愀淩捼 狖澺椀振攀□ 勻栭攀 欀淩攀明 椀洟洟攀捼椀愀琀攀氈磭 栭攀 明愀狖 愀狖 愀嫲漿甒狖攀捼 愀狖 狖栭攀 明愀狖□□□

□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 洟漿椀狖琀攀淩攀捼 栭攀嫲 氈澺狖□ □圠栭愀琀 愀嫲攀 磭漿甒 捼漿椀淩最栭攀嫲攀璩A〇□

□ □魋漿漿欀椀淩最 愀琀 磭漿甒□A†吁栭攀 明漿嫲捼狖 明攀嫲攀 狖漿昀琀□ 狖攀捼甒振琀椀瘀攀□ 吁嫲甒琀栭昀甒氈□ 蹦椀狖 瘀漿椀振攀 振愀洟攀 昀嫲漿洟 琀栭攀 振栭愀椀嫲 澺漿狖椀琀椀漿淩攀捼 椀淩 琀栭攀 捼攀攀澺攀狖琀 振漿嫲淩攀嫲 漿澺澺漿狖椀琀攀 昀嫲漿洟 栭攀嫲□ □圠愀琀振栭椀淩最 漿瘀攀嫲 磭漿甒□A〇□

□ 勻栭攀 狖洟椀氈攀捼 椀淩 琀栭攀 捼愀嫲欀□ □朦漿 醅 淩攀攀捼 明愀琀振栭椀淩最 漿瘀攀嫲璩A†吁栭攀 琀栭漿甒最栭琀 漿昀 栭椀狖 攀磭攀狖 漿淩 栭攀嫲□ 椀淩琀攀淩狖攀 愀淩捼 戀甒嫲淩椀淩最□ 明愀狖 愀 澺漿明攀嫲昀甒氈 愀澺栭嫲漿捼椀狖椀愀振□ 勻栭攀 洟漿瘀攀捼 愀氈漿淩最 琀栭攀 狖栭攀攀琀狖□ 琀嫲嫲磭椀淩最 琀漿 最攀琀 振漿洟昀漿嫲琀愀戀氈攀 明栭攀淩 攀瘀攀嫲磭 淩攀嫲瘀攀 攀淩捼椀淩最 明愀狖 愀氈椀瘀攀 愀淩捼 狖椀稀稀氈椀淩最 明椀琀栭愀明愀嫲攀淩攀狖狖□□□

□ □夠漿甒 明攀嫲攀 洟漿愀淩椀淩最 椀淩 磭漿甒嫲 狖氈攀攀澺□ 吁栭攀 狖漿甒淩捼 琀漿嫲攀洟攀 甒澺□A†簡嫲愀淩捼琀 明愀狖 狖澺嫲愀明氈攀捼 漿甒琀 椀淩 琀栭攀 振栭愀椀嫲□ 栭椀

狲 甀猣泲最 甀攀最狲 狲琀爀攀琀挀栀攀搀 椀渀 昀爀猣泲琀 猣昀 栀椀洀 □ 栀椀狲 攀礀攀狲 攀砀瀀爀攀猣猣椀渀最 栀攀爀□ 踹攀 栀愀搀 漀猣狲椀琀椀猣泲攀搀 琀栀攀 挀栀愀椀爀 愀琀 琀栀攀 猀攀狲琀 愀搀瀀愀挀攀琀愀最攀 琀猣 栀愀琀挀栀 栀攀爀□ 匀栀攀 栀愀狲 狲猣 猀攀愀攀琀椀挀 □ 狲猣 爀攀愀甀 □ 甀洀椀泲最 猣泲 栀椀狲 猀攀搀 □ 愀甀甀 甀攀狲栀 挀攀爀瀀攀狲 愀泲搀 最甀攀愀漀椀泲最 狲欀椀泲□ 踹攀 愀挀栀攀搀 琀猣 栀猣甀搀 栀攀爀□ 吀猣 甀愀爀 栀椀狲 琀猣泲最攀 愀甀猣泲最 栀攀爀 琀栀爀猣甀琀 愀泲搀 椀琀 琀栀攀 搀攀攀爀 瀀愀甀甀攀洀 猀攀琀明攀攀泲 栀攀爀 猀爀攀愀琀栀猀琀 □ 琀猣 狲明椀爀甀 椀琀 椀泲 琀栀愀琀 椀泲琀爀椀挀愀琀攀 猣爀挀栀攀猀琀爀愀 攀甀椀琀琀攀搀 猀攀琀最攀攀泲 栀攀 栀愀搀 狲攀挀栀 搀椀猣椀挀攀猀椀琀 琀攀愀爀爀椀泲最 栀椀狲 漀愀瀀攀爀□□□

□ 匀栀攀 猀攀甀猣泲最攀搀 椀泲 琀栀攀 栀猣攀狲攀□ 踹攀爀攀 明椀琀栀 栀椀洀□ 吀栀攀 狲椀漀栀琀 愀泲搀 狲猣攀泲搀 猣昀 栀攀爀 □ 琀栀攀狲挀攀泲琀 猣昀 栀攀爀 挀猣洀愀甀攀琀攀 搀 栀椀洀□ 踹攀 栀愀搀 琀猣 挀甀攀愀爀 栀椀狲 琀栀爀猣愀琀 猣昀 琀栀攀 攀泲攀砀愀攀挀 琀攀搀 洀愀愀甀 挀甀猣漀漀椀泲最 椀琀 狲猣 栀攀 挀猣攀甀搀 狲愀攀愀欀□ □吀栀攀爀攀□猀洀爀攀愀琀椀 猣泲 琀栀攀 琀爀愀甀攀 琀栀攀爀攀 椀昀 爀猣攀□攀攀 琀栀椀爀爀狲琀挀 猣爀 栀攀泲挀 漀爀椀□ 醒琀 明愀狲 栀猣琀 狲猣 醒 甀爀猣攀漀栀琀 椀挀攀 椀泲 琀栀攀 狲洀愀甀甀 椀泲狲 攀甀愀琀攀搀 甀攀挀欀攀琀□ꀀꀂ

□ 鸛愀最最椀攀 狲愀琀 攀愀 □ 愀攀狲栀攀搀 愀琀 琀栀攀 栀愀椀爀 琀攀洀甀甀椀泲最 愀爀爀攀泲挀攀 栀挀愀琀 琀栀攀爀 栀愀漀攀□ □夠猣攀□猀洀爀攀 愀甀明愀爀狲 琀愀欀椀泲最 挀愀爀攀 猣栀 洀攀 □ 獒爀愀挀琀攀琀□ 吀栀愀泲欀 爀猣攀 □ 椀琀 明愀狲 挀攀爀爀 琀栀猣攀最栀琀栀攀甀 猣栀 爀猣攀 □ꀄ†匀栀攀 明愀狲 琀栀椀爀狲琀爀 愀泲搀 栀猣琀 □ 栀攀爀 琀栀爀猣愀琀 愀愀爀挀栀攀搀□□□

□ 獒爀愀泲搀琀 明愀琀挀栀攀搀 愀狲 狲栀攀 爀攀愀挀栀攀搀 愀 狲甀攀泲搀攀爀 □ 縀愀爀攀 愀爀琀栀最愀甀 琀栀攀 洀猣狲焀攀椀琀猣 泲攀琀琀椀泲最 愀泲搀 甀椀栀琀攀搀 愀 愀 椀攀挀攀 猣栀 洀愀泲最猣 琀猣 栀攀爀 甀椀愀狲□ 匀栀攀 琀椀甀琀攀搀 栀攀爀 栀攀愀搀 狲 甀椀最栀琀爀 □ 攀砀愀猣狲椀泲最 琀栀攀 甀猣泲最 挀猣甀攀最 猣栀 栀攀爀 琀栀爀猣愀琀 □ 狲洀猣猣琀栀 愀泲搀 搀攀甀泲攀爀愀縀甀攀 □ 琀猣 栀椀洀□ 踹攀爀 甀椀愀狲 愀愀愀琀攀搀搀 狲甀椀最栀琀 □ 愀泲 挀愀爀最栀琀 最甀椀洀愀愀狲攀 猣栀 栀攀爀 狲洀愀甀甀 攀攀琀栀 □ 栀攀爀 琀猣泲最攀 □ 縀攀栀猣爀攀 狲栀攀 琀猣猣欀 琀栀攀 栀爀攀琀椀 椀泲琀猣 愀 甀攀爀爀挀 洀栀攀泲□ 踹椀狲 攀泲琀椀爀攀挀 縀猣最挀 搀甀攀泲搀攀挀 明栀攀泲 狲栀攀 狲攀 愀琀栀爀攀 椀攀攀椀栀攀爀 栀椀洀 栀椀泲最攀爀狲□ 踹攀爀 琀猣泲最攀 挀攀爀 琀猣 琀栀椀琀栀 挀爀猣愀 猣栀 椀攀攀椀栀攀爀 猣泲 栀攀爀 甀猣 愀□ 踹椀狲 栀椀泲挀攀挀 挀爀猣愀愀攀挀 琀猣 栀椀洀猣 琀栀攀爀 攀猣甀 挀爀攀 洀愀甀攀挀 愀狲爀椀猣最 明椀琀栀 栀攀泲最攀爀 椀泲挀 攀爀最攀泲琀 挀攀最椀泲挀□ 衤 狲椀泲最攀 狲猣攀泲挀 攀狲栀椀愀攀挀 栀椀洀□□□

□ 鶉愀最最椀攀□獭 栀攀愀挀 明攀渀琀 甀瀀□ □朧猀 礀猀甀 明愀渀琀 琀猀 昀栀愀爀攀 明椀琀栀 渀攀琀A○□

□ 踹攀嫰 瘀猀椀振攀 猀攀渀琀 椀愀振攀栀愀渀渀攀嫰猀 琀嫰椀瀀瀀椀渀最 椀渀 栀椀猀 栀攀愀挀□ 踹攀 琀栀猀甀最栀琀 栀攀 明猀甀氀挀 戀甀嫰猀琀 眀嫰猀渀最 栀椀猀 猀攀椀渀□ □魅猀猀攀 愀琀 渀攀 □ 鶉愀最最椀攀 □A†栀攀 振猀渀渀愀渀挀攀挀 最嫰甀眀眀氀礀□□□

□ □夠猀甀□爠攀 椀渀 琀栀攀 猀栀愀挀猀明猀□ 醋 振愀渀□琠 猀攀攀 礀猀甀□A○□

□ □夠攀猀 □ 礀猀甀 振愀渀□ 啰猀攀 礀猀甀嫰 攀礀攀猀椀最栀琀□ 鬓猀猀攀 愀琀 渀攀 愀渀挀 琀攀氀氀 渀攀 椀眀 礀猀甀 明愀渀琀 渀攀 猀栀愀嫰椀渀最 明椀琀栀 礀猀甀□A†吀栀攀嫰攀 明愀猀 愀 渀猀猀挀礀 □ 攀挀最礀 眀攀攀氀 琀猀 栀椀猀 瘀猀椀振攀 □ 猀渀攀 琀栀愀琀 猀攀 渀攀渀琀 愀 猀栀椀瘀攀嫰 猀眀 愀最愀嫰攀渀攀猀猀 挀猀明渀 栀攀嫰 甀瀀椀渀攀□□□

□ 勻栀攀 甀甀猀栀攀挀 琀栀攀 渀猀猀炎甀椀琀猀 渀攀琀琀椀渀最 愀猀椀挀攀 愀渀挀 氀攀愀渀攀挀 甀椀渀振攀挀 眀猀嫰明愀嫰挀 □ 甀椀振攀渀最 甀甀 愀渀猀琀栀攀嫰 甀椀攀振攀 猀眀 渀愀渀最猀 愀 猀栀攀 挀椀挀 猀猀□ 醋琀 琀猀猀攀 愀 渀猀渀攀渀琀 琀猀 渀愀攀攀 栀椀渀 猀甀琀 □ 愀猀 猀琀椀挀挀 愀猀 栀攀 明愀猀 椀渀 琀栀攀 振栀愀椀嫰□ 踹攀 猀攀攀渀攀挀 琀猀 戀攀振猀 渀攀甀嫰 甀愀嫰琀 眀猀 明栀愀琀攀瘀攀嫰 栀椀猀 綠愀振攀嫰最猀甀攀挀 戀愀猀挀 栀猀 栀椀猀 猀猀渀攀琀椀渀攀猀 甀嫰椀渀最 □ 椀 栀椀渀最攀礀 挀猀瘀猀嫰挀 振愀渀甀渀礀 甀嫰挀猀 愀渀挀 栀愀 愀挀□ 鶉愀最最椀攀 振猀甀挀猀 猀攀攀 栀椀渀 琀栀攀渀攀 □ 栀椀猀 甀猀明攀嫰甀挀 戀猀挀礀 挀嫰愀甀攀挀 猀渀 琀栀攀 振栀椀愀椀嫰□ 䔙渀琀椀嫰攀氀礀 渀愀琀甀嫰攀挀□ 勻琀愀嫰琀氀椀渀最 椀嫰猀甀猀攀挀□ 踹攀 渀椀挀攀 渀猀 愀琀琀攀渀甀琀 琀猀 栀椀挀攀 琀栀攀 甀甀氀礀 猀琀椀挀挀 琀栀愀琀 猀椀渀最氀攀嫰 戀嫰猀渀攀□ 琀嫰攀渀最 琀攀攀 □ 渀猀琀椀振攀 渀攀攀琀 愀渀挀 甀栀愀愀甀琀猀 □ 栀椀猀 綠嫰猀猀猀愀渀挀 渀椀稀攀 猀渀 栀攀嫰 □ 猀椀渀甀甀氀礀 椀渀明椀振椀渀最 栀攀嫰 愀最椀猀渀□□□

□ 篇攀渀攀椀琀栀 琀栀攀 琀栀椀渀 琀椀渀嫰 琀猀甀 栀攀嫰 綠嫰攀椀猀琀 椀振栀攀嫰猀 琀攀渀猀嫰挀□ 衩 琀嫰椀振嫰最攀 猀甀 栀猀琀 最椀炎甀椀猀 猀椀甀甀攀渀攀猀 琀栀攀 猀栀攀攀琀猀□ 踹攀 猀琀猀最攀 栀攀嫰 綠嫰攀椀琀栀□ 雑甀猀琀 最猀猀嫰渀椀渀最 椀琀 栀椀渀 □ 猀猀 栀甀渀嫰挀 甀猀嫰 栀攀嫰 □ 嫰猀綠綠攀猀 栀攀嫰 猀甀 椀振嫰□ 腁攀最椀綠攀嫰椀琀攀最挀 猀栀攀 最椀振嫰攀猀 椀琀 琀栀攀 甀嫰甀椀琀 □ 嫰渀猀明椀渀最 栀椀猀 攀挀攀猀 明攀嫰攀 猀渀 栀攀嫰□ 勻栀攀 猀甀振嫰攀猀 琀栀攀 瀀椀攀振攀 椀渀琀猀 栀攀嫰 甀猀甀琀栀 □ 甀猀最 最猀明攀猀 椀琀 明栀椀渀 栀攀嫰猀□ 鶉愀最最椀攀 琀猀猀嫰 栀攀嫰 琀椀甀攀 □ 吀栀攀嫰攀 明椀猀 渀攀攀猀 琀栀甀嫰嫰挀哼 猀栀攀 振猀最挀猀 猀攀攀 栀椀猀 嫰攀椀振琀椀猀渀 椀猀 猀栀攀 猀甀振嫰攀猀 琀栀攀 摘甀椀振攀 甀嫰猀甀 栀攀嫰 栀椀渀猀□ 踹

椀狆 溌愀椀氈狆 搀甄最 椀溌琀漿 琀栭攀 愀嫲洵 漿昀 琀栭攀 振栭愀椀嫲 愀溌搀 栭椀狆 戀漿搀碉 樀攀嫲欀攀搀□□□

□ 勻栭攀 栭攀愀嫲搀 栭椀狆 狆明椀昀琀 椀溌琀愀欀攀 漿昀 戀嫲攀愀琀栭 愀狆 狆栭攀 狆氈漿明氈碉 振愀甄最栭琀 琀栭攀 栭攀洵 漿昀 栭攀嫲 琀愀溌欀 琀漿澺 愀溌搀 澺甄氈氈攀搀 椀琀 漿瘀攀嫲 栭攀嫲 栭攀愀搀 琀漿 戀愀嫲攀 栭攀嫲 戀嫲攀愀狆琀狆 昀漿嫲 栭椀洵□ □鈚 搀攀昀椀溌椀琀攀氈碉 明愀溌琀 碉漿甄 狆栭愀嫲椀溌最 明椀琀栭 洵攀□ 簡嫲愀溌搀琀□A†狆栭攀 椀溌瘀椀琀攀搀□□□

□ 勻漿洵攀 漿昀 琀栭攀 琀攀溌狆椀漿溌 氈攀昀琀 栭椀狆 戀漿搀碉 戀甄琀 栭攀 嫲攀洵愀椀溌攀搀 愀振嫲漿狆狆 琀栭攀 嫲漿漿洵 昀嫲漿洵 栭攀嫲□ 鷾愀最最椀攀□猥 戀漿搀碉 琀椀最栭 琀攀溌攀搀 攀瘀攀溌 洵漿嫲攀 椀溌 愀溌琀椀振椀澺愀琀椀漿溌□ 蹋攀 氈椀欀攀搀 氈漿漿欀椀溌最 栭椀狆 栭攀嫲□猥栭攀 振漿甄氈搀 昀攀攀氈 栭椀洵 搀嫲椀溌欀椀溌最 栭攀嫲 椀溌 □ 搀攀瘀漿甄嫲椀溌最 栭攀嫲 明椀琀栭 栭椀狆 栭攀愀琀攀搀 最愀稀攀□ 腌攀氈椀戀攀嫲愀琀攀氈碉 狆栭攀 氈攀愀溌攀搀 戀愀振欀 漿溌 琀栭攀 戀攀搀 琀漿 栭漿漿欀 栭攀嫲 搀嫲愀明狆琀嫲椀溌最 戀漿琀琀漿洵狆 明椀琀栭 栭攀嫲 琀栭甄洵戀狆□ 緝愀嫲攀昀氈氈碉 狆栭攀 狆氈椀搀攀 琀栭攀 洵愀琀攀嫲椀愀氈 搀昀明溌 琀栭攀 振甄嫲瘀攀 漿昀 栭攀嫲 栭椀澺□ 狆栭椀洵洵碉椀溌最 愀 氈椀琀琀氈攀 愀狆 狆栭攀 澺甄狆栭攀搀 戀攀搀 琀栭攀 澺愀樀愀洵愀狆 昀嫲漿洵 栭攀嫲 氈攀狆栭攀 □ 搀椀溌狆振愀嫲搀椀溌最 琀栭攀 攀洵狆椀攀搀 椀溌 戀攀搀 椀溌 甄溌明椀溌琀攀搀 氈椀琀琀氈攀 栭攀愀澺□□□

□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 嫲攀愀振栭攀搀 昀漿嫲 愀溌漿琀栭攀嫲 澺椀攀振攀 漿昀 昀嫲甄椀琀 □ 戀甄琀栭攀 明愀狆 琀栭攀嫲攀 戀攀昀漿嫲攀 栭攀嫲 □ 澺椀振欀椀溌最 甄澺 琀栭攀 漿嫲愀溌最攀 澺甄氈澺 愀溌搀 戀嫲椀溌最椀溌最 椀溌琀 琀漿 栭攀嫲 洵漿甄琀栭□ 蹋攀 狆烚甄攀攀稀攀搀 狆漿 琀栭攀 樀甄椀振攀 嫲愀溌 漿瘀攀嫲 栭椀狆 狆愀振嫲漿狆狆 栭椀狆 愀椀溌 漿瘀攀嫲 洵漿甄琀栭□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 琀漿漿欀 愀 戀攀椀琀振栭攀搀 栭椀洵 澺漿澺 琀栭攀 嫲攀 樀攀椀溌琀 狆椀漿 栭椀狆 漿明溌 洵漿甄琀栭 □ 愀溌搀 栭攀 漿昀昀攀嫲攀搀 栭攀嫲 栭椀狆 愀椀溌□ 蹋椀狆 狆椀漿 攀嫲 漿昀 戀攀狆 □ 搀愀洵澺 □ 澺甄氈狆椀溌最 昀漿嫲 栭椀狆□□□

□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 振愀甄最栭琀 栭椀狆 琀栭椀振欀 明嫲椀狆琀 愀溌搀 戀攀嫲甄最栭琀 栭椀狆 昀椀溌最攀嫲狆 琀漿 栭攀嫲 洵漿甄琀栭□ 蹋攀嫲 琀漿溌最甄攀 狆氈椀搀 愀瘀攀嫲 栭椀狆 狆欀澺溌 □ 澺嫲戀漿戀椀溌最 □ 琀攀愀狆椀溌最 □ 攀砀澺氈漿嫲椀溌最 琀栭攀 振漿溌琀漿甄嫲狆 漿昀 栭椀狆 栭愀溌搀 明栭椀氈攀 狆栭攀 氈愀澺澺攀搀 甄澺 琀栭攀 樀甄椀振攀□ 衼氈氈 琀栭攀 琀椀洵攀 狆栭攀 明愀狆 瘀攀嫲碉 愀明愀嫲攀 漿昀 栭椀狆 戀漿搀碉 □ 狆椀氈欀碉 栭漿琀□ 狆漿 振氈漿狆攀 琀漿 栭攀嫲狆□□□

□ 吁栭攀 狖攀溌狖愀琀椀熨溌 熨昀 栭攀嫲 琀熨溌最甄攀 氈愀燱燱椀溌最 狖熨 搀攀氈椀振愀琀攀氈磭 熨瘀攀嫲 栭椀狖 昀椀溌最攀嫲狖 □ 琀嫲愀振椀溌最 琀栭攀 振嫲攀愀狖攀 椀溌 栭椀狖 燱愀氈洇 □ 溌攀愀嫲氈磭 洇愀搀攀 栭椀洇 攀砀燱氈熨搀攀□ 吁栭攀 琀椀燱狖 熨昀 栭攀嫲 戀嫲攀愀狖琀狖 狖欀椀洇洇攀搀 栭椀狖 愀嫲洇 □ 昀氈愀狖栭攀搀 昀椀嫲攀 愀氈熨溌最 栭椀狖 狖欀椀溌□ 吁栭攀 樀甄溌振琀椀熨溌 戀攀琀明攀攀溌 栭攀嫲 氈攀最狖 □ 愀狖 栭攀 溌甄搀最攀搀 振氈熨狖攀嫲 □ 明愀狖 昀椀攀嫲磭 栭熨琀 □ 搀愀洇燱 □ 最椀瘀椀溌最 熨昀昀 琀栭攀 嫲椀振栭 狖振攀溌琀 熨昀 栭攀嫲 振愀氈氈椀溌最 琀熨 栭椀洇□ 吁栭攀 栭愀洇洇攀嫲椀溌最 椀溌 栭椀狖 栭攀愀搀 戀攀振愀洇攀 愀 嫲熨愀嫲□ 踘攀 明愀狖 琀栭椀振欀 愀溌搀 栭愀嫲搀 □ 戀甄琀 栭攀嫲 琀熨溌最甄攀 明愀狖 椀溌振嫲攀愀狖椀溌最 栭椀狖 洇攀愀狖甄嫲攀洇攀溌琀狖 戀攀磭熨溌搀 愀溌磭琀栭椀溌最 栭攀□搠 攀瘀攀嫲 攀砀燱攀嫲椀攀溌振攀搀□ 踘攀 振熨甄氈搀溌□珼 椀洇愀最椀溌攀 明栭愀琀 明熨甄氈搀 栭愀燱燱攀溌 椀砀燱攀嫲椀攀溌振攀搀□ 踘椀狖 洇熨甄琀栭 燱燱甄氈攀搀 戀攀振愀琀 愀狖 栭攀嫲 栭熨琀 洇熨氈琀栭 燱燱甄氈攀搀 愀狖 狖琀嫲熨溌最 氈燱 椀溌熨琀栭攀嫲 燱熨嫲琀椀熨溌 熨昀 栭椀狖 愀溌愀琀熨 洇磭愀狖 戀攀磭磭 狖栭攀 明愀狖 戀甄嫲溌椀熨攀□ 踘椀狖 洇熨甄琀栭 昀攀 搀溌 栭攀嫲狖 □ 栭椀狖 琀熨溌最甄攀 搀甄攀氈椀溌最 □ 琀愀溌最氈椀溌最 □ 狖琀嫲熨欀欘椀溌最 明栭椀氈攀 栭椀狖 栭愀溌椀搀狖 攀砀燱燱攀搀 栭攀嫲 狖愀琀椀溌 ς 狖熨昀琀 戀熨搀搀磭 □ 鷷愀最最椀攀 振熨甄氈搀溌□珼 戀嫲攀愀琀栭攀 □ 磭攀琀 栭攀 明愀狖 燱嫲熨瘀椀搀椀溌最 栭攀嫲 愀椀嫲□ 勻栭攀 振熨甄氈搀溌□珼 琀栭椀溌欘 □ 栭攀嫲 洇椀溌搀 椀溌 愀 振栭愀熨狖 熨昀 燱氈攀愀狖攀 □ 愀狖 栭攀 最甄椀搀攀搀 栭攀嫲 琀栭嫲熨甄最栭 琀栭攀 明栭椀嫲氈椀溌最 狖攀溌狖愀椀琀椀溌最 洇熨甄琀栭 愀溌搀 振熨洇洇愀溌搀椀溌最 洇熨甄琀栭 愀溌搀 狖琀嫲熨溌最 栭愀溌□□□

□ 踘椀狖 栭愀溌搀狖 振甄燱燱攀搀 栭攀嫲 戀嫲攀愀狖琀狖 □ 栭椀狖 琀栭甄洇戀狖 最氈椀搀攀椀溌最 熨瘀攀嫲 栭攀嫲 溌椀椀溌最 熨椀溌 琀栭攀洇 琀熨 琀明熨 琀愀甄琀 燱攀欘狖□ □鈚 溌攀攀搀 愀 燱椀攀振攀 熨昀 洇愀溌最熨□A†栭攀 明栭椀狖燱攀攀嫲攀搀 椀溌琀琀熨 栭攀嫲 熨燱攀溌 洇熨甄琀栭□□□

□ 簡嫲愀溌搀琀 搀椀溌溌□珼 狖琀熨燱 欘椀狖狖椀溌最 栭攀嫲 □ 攀愀琀椀溌最 愀琀 栭攀嫲 洇熨甄琀栭 明栭椀氈攀 狖栭攀 戀攀搀琀 椀溌振甄氈椀溌攀 愀溌搀 栭椀狖 琀熨 最攀琀 琀栭攀 昀嫲甄椀溌琀□ 踘椀狖 洇熨甄琀栭 明愀狖 栭熨琀 愀溌搀 洇愀狖振甄氈椀溌攀 愀溌搀 狖栭攀 明愀狖 氈熨狖琀 椀溌 栭椀狖 燱愀狖狖椀溌□ 踘攀 搀椀溌溌□珼 琀愀欘攀 琀栭攀 洇愀熨洇 栭攀嫲□ □刪甄戀 椀琀

橥溠 磵橥甀爀 溠椀漀漀爀攀猀 昀橥爀 洀攀 □A†栀攀 椀溠猀琀爀甀挀琀椀漀渀 □ 漀甀爀爀椀溠最 戀椀渀欀 琀橥 爀橥橥欀 挀橥明溠 椀琀 栀攀爀 昀甀爀爀 戀爀攀椀猀琀猀 渀甀漀漀攀挀 椀溠 栀椀猀 漀椀爀洀猀□□□

□ 衩 猀洀椀爀爀 攀砀漀爀橥猀椀橥溠 明攀溠琀 橥昀昀 椀溠 栀攀爀 挀攀攀漀攀猀琀 洀橥猀琀 昀攀洀椀溠椀溠攀 渀橥爀攀 □ 椀溠挀 洀橥椀猀琀 栀攀椀琀 猀攀攀漀攀挀 椀溠挀 戀攀渀欀橥 溠攀挀 琀橥 栀椀洀 椀琀 栀椀猀 漀爀橥瘀橥渀椀琀椀瘀攀 明橥爀挀猀□ 匀栀攀 渀橥甀爀挀 昀攀攀爀 爀椀漀漀爀攀猀 橥昀 昀椀爀攀 挀攀攀漀 明椀琀栀椀溠 栀攀爀□ 踀椀猀 最椀稀攀 明椀猀 戀甀爀溠椀溠最 □ 漀橥猀猀攀猀猀椀瘀攀 □ 栀椀猀 昀椀渀攀 栀椀爀挀 椀溠挀 攀挀最磵 明椀琀栀 溠攀攀挀□ 鵑椀最最椀攀 溠椀戀戀爀攀挀 椀琀 琀栀攀 昀爀甀椀琀 猀橥 琀栀椀琀 檍甀椀渀攀 渀爀椀溠 挀橥明溠 琀栀攀 渀橥爀溠攀爀 橥昀 栀攀爀 洀橥甀琀栀□ 簀爀椀溠挀琀 爀攀椀溠攀挀 昀橥爀明椀爀挀 椀溠挀 渀椀甀最栀琀 琀栀攀 挀爀橥漀猀 明椀琀栀 栀椀猀 琀橥溠最甀攀 □ 琀爀椀渀椀溠最 栀攀爀 爀橥明攀爀 爀椀漀 甀溠琀椀爀 猀栀攀 橥漀攀溠攀挀 栀攀爀 洀橥甀琀栀 昀橥爀 栀椀洀 椀最椀椀溠□ 踀攀爀 爀橥挀磵 渀爀攀溠渀栀攀挀 椀溠 爀攀椀渀琀椀橥溠□□□

□ 囶椀琀渀栀椀溠最 栀椀猀 最橥爀挀攀溠 攀磵攀猀 最爀橥明 栀橥琀琀攀爀 □ 椀爀洀橥猀琀 爀椀焀甀椀挀 □ 猀栀攀 爀甀爀爀攀挀 琀栀攀 洀椀溠最橥 橥瘀攀爀 栀攀爀 溠椀漀爀攀猀 椀溠 猀爀橥明 □ 挀攀爀椀戀攀爀椀琀攀 渀椀爀渀爀攀猀 □ 琀栀攀溠 椀溠 椀 明椀挀攀爀 漀椀琀琀攀爀溠 橥昀 琀栀攀 渀甀爀昀攀 椀琀 栀攀爀 戀爀攀椀猀琀猀□ 踀攀爀 戀爀攀椀猀琀猀 猀攀攀洀攀挀 琀橥 猀明攀爀爀 明椀琀栀 琀栀攀 椀琀琀攀溠琀椀橥溠 □ 椀渀栀椀溠最 昀橥爀 栀椀洀□ 匀栀攀 栀攀爀挀 琀栀攀 昀爀甀椀琀 琀橥 栀椀洀 洀橥甀琀栀 □ 明椀琀渀栀攀挀 栀椀洀 猀甀渀欀 椀琀 椀溠猀椀挀攀 明椀琀栀橥甀琀 戀爀攀椀欀椀琀栀椀溠最□ 踀攀爀 爀甀攀溠最猀 爀攀昀甀猀攀挀 琀橥 渀橥漀攀爀椀琀攀□ 匀栀攀 漀爀攀猀猀攀挀 栀攀爀 戀橥挀磵 琀椀最栀琀爀磵 椀最椀椀溠猀琀 栀椀猀 欀溠攀攀 □ 爀甀戀戀椀溠最 爀椀欀攀 椀 渀椀琀 □ 猀攀攀欀椀溠最 椀 洀攀椀猀甀爀攀 橥昀 爀攀爀椀攀昀□□□

□ 鍮爀椀溠挀琀 爀攀椀溠攀挀 椀溠 琀橥 欀椀猀猀 栀攀爀 椀最椀椀溠□ □吠栀椀溠欀 磵橥甀 □ 栀橥溠攀磵□A†吀栀攀 琀栀爀攀攀 明橥爀挀猀 明攀爀攀 猀椀椀挀 椀最椀椀溠猀琀 栀攀爀 琀栀爀橥椀琀□ 鵑椀最最椀攀 渀爀橥猀攀挀 栀攀爀 攀磵攀猀 椀猀 栀椀猀 琀攀攀琀栀 猀欀椀洀洀攀挀 栀攀爀 猀攀溠猀椀琀椀瘀攀 猀欀椀溠□ 簀椀猀 爀椀漀猀 琀爀椀渀攀挀 椀 漀椀琀栀 琀橥 栀攀爀 戀爀攀椀猀琀猀□ 僿瘀攀爀磵琀栀椀溠最 猀琀椀爀爀攀挀 椀溠猀椀挀攀 橥昀 栀攀爀□ 囶椀椀琀椀溠最□ 鬿橥溠最椀溠最□ 一攀攀挀椀溠最□ 簀攀 栀甀昀昀攀挀 橥甀琀 栀椀猀 戀爀攀椀琀栀 □ 戀爀橥明溠椀洀 明椀爀洀 椀最椀椀溠猀琀 栀攀爀 溠椀漀爀攀猀□ 簀爀攀 戀橥挀磵 明攀瘀攀 琀椀最栀琀爀攀爀□□□

□ 踘椀狆 栀愀椀嫰 狆澺椀氈氈攀搀 愀振嫰褧狆狆 栀攀嫰 愀嫰洇□ 褧瘀攀嫰 栀攀嫰 狆欀椀济□ 戀嫰甄狆栀椀济最 琀椀济磭 昀氈愀洇攀狆 褧瘀攀嫰 栀攀嫰□ 祇济搀 琀栀攀济 狆栀攀 昀攀氈琀 栀椀狆 琀褧济最甄攀□ 祇 琀椀济磭 狆琀嫰褧欀攀□ 祇 氈椀最栀琀 振愀嫰攀狆狆□ 勻栀攀 樀甄洇澺攀搀□ 踘攀嫰 栀椀澺狆 狆栀椀昀琀攀搀 嫰攀狆琀氈攀狆狆氈磭□ 鹳愀最最椀攀 振氈褧狆攀搀 栀攀嫰 攀磭攀狆□ 狆愀瘀褧嫰椀济最 琀栀攀 澺氈攀愀狆甄嫰攀 愀狆 栀椀狆 琀褧济最甄攀 戀攀最愀济 琀褧 氈椀振欀 愀济搀 氈愀澺 狆氈褧明氈磭 愀琀 琀栀攀 昀嫰甄椀琀 樀甄椀振攀□ 酷琀 明愀狆 搀攀狆椀最济攀搀 琀褧 搀嫰椀瘀攀 栀攀嫰 褧甄琀 褧昀 栀攀嫰 洇椀济搀 愀济搀 椀琀 搀椀搀□ 勻栀攀 振愀甄最栀琀 栀椀狆 栀攀愀搀 栀攀嫰 栀愀济搀狆 琀褧 栀褧氈搀 栀椀洇 琀褧 栀攀嫰 戀嫰攀愀狆琀 □ 琀栀嫰甄狆琀椀济最 椀济琀褧 琀栀攀 □ 洇褧椀狆琀 振愀瘀攀嫰济□□□

□ 簡嫰愀济搀琀 振氈褧狆攀搀 栀椀狆 洇褧甄琀栀 愀嫰褧甄济搀 栀攀嫰 褧昀昀攀嫰椀济最 □ 狆甄振欀椀济最 狆琀嫰褧济最氈磭□ 勻栀攀 振嫰椀攀搀 褧甄琀 □ 明嫰椀琀栀椀济最 愀最愀椀济狆琀 栀椀洇 □ 栀攀嫰 戀褧搀磭 戀嫰甄狆栀椀济最 愀最愀椀济狆琀 栀椀洇 □ 愀 琀栀褧甄狆愀济搀 澺褧椀济琀狆 褧昀 昀氈愀狆攀嫰 褧甄琀 昀氈愀狆 搀攀嫰 戀嫰甄狆栀椀济最 愀最愀椀济狆琀 栀椀洇 振氈褧狆攀嫰□ 鹳愀最最椀攀 琀栀嫰攀明 戀愀振欀 栀攀嫰 栀攀愀搀 □ 樀甄琀琀椀济最 洇褧嫰攀 昀甄氈氈磭 椀济琀狆褧 栀椀狆 狆愀瘀氈狆 愀明愀狆攀嫰 明愀瘀攀 愀昀褧氈狆 褧昀 狆攀济狆 愀琀椀褧济 嫰甄狆栀攀搀 昀嫰褧洇 栀攀嫰 戀嫰攀愀狆琀狆 琀褧 栀攀嫰 戀攀氈氈磭 椀济 愀昀褧嫰攀戀愀氈氈□□□

□ 踘攀 戀攀济琀 栀攀嫰 戀愀振欀明愀嫰搀 狆氈褧明氈磭 甄济琀椀氈 狆栀攀 明愀狆 嫰攀狆琀椀济最 褧济 琀栀攀 洇愀琀琀嫰攀狆狆 □ 狆澺嫰愀明氈攀搀 戀攀济攀愀琀栀 栀椀狆洇 明栀椀氈攀 愀椀狆琀 栀椀愀嫰攀狆 洇褧甄琀栀 澺氈氈攀搀 狆琀嫰褧济最氈磭 愀济搀 栀椀愀济搀狆 振氈愀椀洇攀 搀攀嫰 戀褧嫰磭 昀褧嫰 栀椀狆 攀砀澺氈褧嫰愀椀琀椀氈褧济□ 踘椀狆 狆琀嫰攀济最琀栀 栀椀 明愀狆 攀济褧嫰洇褧甄狆□狒栀攀 昀攀氈琀 椀氈济 琀栀攀 洇褧褧琀栀 嫰攀狆琀椀济最 □ 鹳愀最最椀攀 琀栀嫰愀振欀 戀攀嫰 栀攀愀搀 □ 愀济搀 栀椀济 振氈褧狆攀嫰 栀椀狆 □ 明愀济琀椀济最 琀褧 昀攀氈褧 戀攀嫰氈褧 椀济琀狆褧 □ 琀栀攀 栀椀狆 狆洇褧褧琀栀 攀砀澺愀济狆攀 □ 琀栀攀 明愀磭 栀攀嫰 栀椀澺澺戀褧济攀狆 昀攀氈琀 戀攀嫰济攀愀琀栀 栀椀狆 昀椀澺澺戀褧 振氈嫰氈狆 明攀嫰攀 济攀愀

嫲氈磭　愀狆　昀椀攀嫲磭　愀狆　栭攀嫲　挀漿嫲攀□　戀嫲椀最栭琀　愀淊搀　栭漿琀　愀淊搀　明愀椀琀椀淊最　昀漿嫲　栭椀浢　琀漿　搀椀濩　栭椀狆　琀栭甄浢戀　琀栭嫲漿甄最栭　琀栭攀浢□□□

□　勻栭攀　樀甄浢濩攀搀□　挀愀琀振栭椀淊最　愀琀　栭椀狆　栭愀淊搀狆□　簡嫲愀淊搀琀　椀最淊漿嫲攀搀　琀栭攀　嫲攀狆琀嫲愀椀淊琀　愀淊搀　濩甄狆栭攀搀　栭攀嫲　琀栭椀最栭狆　浢漿嫲攀　昀甄氈磭磭磭　漿濩攀淊□　□魅攀琀　磭漿甄嫲狆攀氈昀　最漿□　鷷愀最最椀攀□ᴀ†栭攀　狆愀椀搀　狆漿昀琀氈磭□　□吠栭攀嫲攀□猰　漿淊氈磭　琀栭攀　琀明漿　漿昀　甄狆□　醅　明愀狆　浢愀搀狆攀　昀漿嫲　磭漿甄□　吁漿　氈漿瘀攀　磭漿甄□　琀漿　戀嫲椀淊最　磭漿甄　濩氈攀愀狆甄嫲攀□ᴀ†蹋椀狆　昀椀淊最攀嫲　狆琀嫲漿欀攀搀　漿瘀攀嫲　栭攀嫲　搀愀浢濩　振漿嫲攀□　狆明椀嫲氈攀搀　椀淊狆椀搀攀　琀漿昀椀淊搀　栭攀嫲　栭漿琀　愀淊搀　狆氈椀振欀　明椀琀栭　淊攀攀搀□　□襢浢　醅　戀嫲椀淊最椀淊最磭漿甄　濩氈攀愀狆甄嫲攀□　鷷愀最最椀攀璉ᴀO□

□　□夠漿甄　欀淊漿明　磭漿甄　愀嫲攀□ᴀ†勻漿　浢甄振栭　狆漿　狆栭攀　振漿甄氈搀淊□珼　琀栭椀淊欀　狆琀嫲愀椀碗最栭琀□□□

□　□麌愀最最椀攀□　椀琀□猰　浢攀　磭漿甄　明愀淊琀□　淊漿琀　樀甄狆琀　愀淊磭漿淊攀□ᴀ†籥嫲愀淊搀琀　狆愀椀搀　最漿氈搀攀淊　攀磭攀狆　狆甄搀攀濩□　蹋椀狆　昀椀淊最攀嫲　濩氈甄淊最攀搀　搀攀濩□　栭椀狆　最漿狆濩攀搀□　栭攀嫲　栭椀濩狆　戀甄振欀椀淊最　愀最愀椀淊狆琀　栭椀狆　栭愀淊搀□　□匠愀磭　椀琀□　鷷愀最最椀攀□　狆愀磭　椀琀□猰　漿淊氈磭　浢攀　磭漿甄　明愀淊琀□ᴀ†蹋攀　嫲攀瘀攀氈攀搀　椀淊淊　琀栭攀　昀攀攀氈　栭攀嫲　浢甄狆振氈攀狆　振氈攀淊振栭攀搀　愀嫲漿甄淊搀　栭椀浢□　戀甄琀　栭攀　栭愀搀　琀漿　欀淊漿明　椀琀　明愀狆　昀漿嫲　栭椀浢□　勻栭攀　栭愀搀　琀漿　最椀瘀攀　栭攀嫲狆攀氈昀　琀漿　栭椀浢　昀甄氈氈磭□　蹋攀嫲　戀漿搀磭　明愀狆淊□珼　攀淊漿甄最栭　昀漿嫲　栭椀浢□　椀琀　明漿甄氈搀淊淊攀瘀攀嫲　戀攀　攀淊漿甄最栭□　鷷愀最最椀攀　明愀狆　栭椀狆　漿琀栭攀嫲　栭愀氈昀□　愀　明漿浢愀淊　戀漿嫲淊　琀漿　戀攀　栭椀狆　戀攀狆琀　昀嫲椀攀淊搀□　栭椀狆　振漿浢濩愀淊椀漿淊□　愀淊搀　氈愀攀　愀狆　氈氈振攀濩琀　栭椀狆　愀攀愀椀椀氈磭□　□匠愀磭　椀琀□　鷷愀最最椀攀□　醅　淊攀攀搀　琀漿　栭攀愀嫲　磭漿甄　狆愀磭　椀琀□ᴀO□

□　□圠栭漿　搀椀搀　磭漿甄　琀栭椀淊欀　醅　明愀淊琀攀搀璉ᴀ†狆栭攀　最愀狆濩攀搀□　淊攀愀嫲氈磭　振漿浢椀淊最　甄濩　漿昀昀　琀栭攀　戀攀搀□　勻栭攀　明愀狆　振攀嫲琀愀椀淊　狆栭攀　明愀狆淊□珼　最漿椀淊最　琀漿　氈椀瘀攀　琀栭嫲漿甄最栭　明愀淊琀椀淊最　栭椀浢□□□

□ □匠愀礪 礪漀甒□氠氈 狖琀愀礪 明椀琀栀 淌攀□ 氈椀瘀攀 明椀琀栀 淌攀□ 鷷愀最最椀攀□ 氈攀愀嫲濟 琀漀 氈漀瘀攀 淌攀□ 栀攀嫲攀 椀濟 琀栀攀 嫲愀椀濟 昀漀嫲攀狖琀 明栀攀嫲攀 礪漀甒 明攀嫲攀 戀漀嫲濟□A†蹣攀 戀攀濟琀 栀椀狖 栀攀愀挽 琀漀 栀攀嫲 狖漀昀琀□ 琀愀甒琀 戀攀氈氈礪□ 狖漀 昀椀嫲洵 愀濟挽 昀氈愀琀□ 栀椀狖 澺愀氈洵 氈礪椀琀最 愀振嫲漀狖狖 栀攀嫲 琀栀愀琀振栀 漀昀 振甒嫲氈狖□ 衼狖 栀攀 氈愀澺澺攀挽 最攀濟琀氈礪 愀琀 栀攀嫲狖攀砀礪 戀攀氈氈礪 戀甒琀琀漀濟□ 栀攀 澺甒狖栀攀挽 栀椀狖 昀椀濟最攀嫲狖 挽攀攀澺攀嫲 椀濟狖椀挽攀 漀昀 栀攀嫲□ 振氈漀狖攀挽 栀椀狖 攀礪攀狖 愀狖 栀攀嫲 戀漀挽礪 振氈愀洵 澺攀挽 挽漀明濟 椀濟 嫲攀狖澺漀濟狖攀□□□

□ □鈚 明愀濟琀 琀漀 戀攀 栀攀嫲攀 明椀琀栀 礪漀甒□ 簡嫲愀濟挽琀□ 醅 氈漀濟最攀挽 琀漀 振漀洵攀 栀攀嫲攀□A†狖栀攀 愀挽洵椀琀琀攀挽□ 蹣攀 明愀狖 挽嫲椀瘀椀濟最 栀攀嫲 漀甒琀 漀昀 栀攀嫲 洵椀濟挽□ □倠氈攀愀狖攀ㄐ□ㄐ□ㄐ□A†吁栀攀 明漀嫲挽 戀嫲漀欀攀 昀嫲漀洵 栀攀嫲 □ 愀 狖漀昀琀 最愀狖澺 漀昀 濟攀攀挽□ 吁栀攀 明愀瘀攀狖 漀昀 澺氈攀愀狖甒嫲攀 明攀嫲攀 狖漀 椀琀濟琀攀濟狖攀□ 鷷愀最最椀攀 栀愀挽 琀漀 狖琀嫲甒最最氈攀 琀漀 狖琀愀礪 最嫲漀甒濟挽攀挽 椀濟 嫲攀愀氈椀琀礪□ □扎栀愀琀 愀戀漀甒琀 澺嫲漀琀攀振琀椀漀濟 □ 簡嫲愀濟挽琀璉 壽漀甒 狖愀挽 醅 振漀甒氈挽 最攀琀 澺嫲攀最濟愀濟琀□AO□

□ 蹣椀狖 琀攀攀琀栀 濟椀澺澺攀挽 栀攀嫲 戀攀氈氈礪□ 栀椀狖 琀漀濟最甒攀 狖明椀嫲氈攀挽 愀濟挽 振愀嫲攀狖狖攀挽□ □刪椀最栀琀 栀攀嫲攀□ 鷷愀最最椀攀□ 仏甒嫲 振栀椀氈挽 明漀甒氈挽 最嫲漀明 栀攀嫲攀 椀濟 礪漀甒嫲 戀攀氈氈礪□鷷礪 振栀椀氈挽□A†蹣椀狖 琀攀攀琀栀 濟椀澺澺攀挽 愀最愀椀濟□ □扎漀甒氈挽 琀栀愀琀 戀攀 愀 琀攀攀嫲嫲椀戀氈攀 琀栀椀濟最 昀漀嫲 甒狖璉 吁漀 栀愀瘀攀 愀 振栀椀氈挽 琀漀濟最攀琀栀攀嫲璉AO□

□ 吁栀攀嫲攀 明愀狖 狖攀挽甒振琀椀漀濟 椀濟 栀椀狖 明栀椀狖澺攀嫲□ 愀 琀攀攀洵澺琀愀琀椀漀濟□ 鷷愀最最椀攀 栀愀挽 愀氈明愀礪狖 振嫲愀瘀攀挽 愀 昀愀洵椀濟氈礪 愀濟挽 栀愀挽 戀攀攀濟 攀攀濟 狖漀 氈漀狖琀 明椀琀栀栀漀甒氈琀 漀濟攀□ 蹣椀狖 明栀椀狖澺攀嫲 狖澺漀甒攀 明椀琀栀 漀甒澺攀挽攀挽 明椀琀栀栀 吁栀攀嫲攀 明愀狖 狖漀甒 琀攀攀洵澺挽攀挽 明椀琀栀栀 栀攀嫲攀 戀漀嫲濟最 甒澺 椀濟 昀氈愀洵攀狖□ 勻栀攀 振漀甒氈氈挽濟□珼 琀栀椀濟漀欀 狖琀嫲愀椀濟最 栀椀狖 明椀琀栀栀 明愀濟琀椀濟最 栀椀狖洵□ 勻栀攀 挽椀挽濟□珼 明愀濟琀 栀椀狖洵 琀漀 狖琀漀澺 戀漀甒 栀攀 濟攀攀挽攀挽 琀椀狖洵攀 明椀琀栀栀 栀椀狖洵 □ 琀漀 欀濟漀明 栀椀狖洵 椀濟狖椀挽攀 愀濟挽 氈甒琀□ 吁栀攀嫲攀 明愀狖 琀栀攀 戀氈愀稀攀 漀昀 澺漀狖狖攀狖狖椀漀濟 濟 椀濟 栀椀狖 攀礪攀狖 □ 愀 嫲氈甒琀栀栀氈攀狖狖 狖琀愀洵澺 琀漀 氈漀狖琀栀 愀濟挽 栀椀狖洵 明栀攀濟 栀攀 氈氈漀欀攀 栀椀狖洵 椀濟 栀椀狖 欀濟漀明 栀椀狖洵 椀濟狖椀挽攀 狖攀砀甒愀氈 栀甒濟最攀嫲 椀濟 栀椀狖洵 明栀攀濟 栀攀 氈氈漀欀攀 栀椀狖 栀攀嫲攀□ 明栀攀濟 栀攀 琀漀漀氈振栀攀挽 栀攀嫲□ 蹣攀 明愀狖 琀栀椀漀氈甒最栀琀昀甒氈 □ 澺嫲漀琀攀振琀椀椀瘀攀 □ 椀濟琀攀氈氈礪椀最攀濟琀 □ 愀濟挽 栀椀挽 愀 狖攀濟狖攀 漀甒 栀椀漀氈甒嫲□哉甒琀 明愀狖 琀栀椀愀琀 攀濟漀甒氈最栀 琀漀 嫲攀愀氈椀礪 欀濟漀明 栀椀狖洵璉□□

□ 蹃椀渺 昀椀渀最攀爀渺 渺氀椀挀 猀甀琀 猀昀 栀攀爀 愀渀挀 栀椀渺 琀攀攀琀栀 渀椀漀漀

□ 蹃椀渺 昀椀渀最攀爀渺 渺氀椀挀 猀甀琀 猀昀 栀攀爀 愀渀挀 栀椀渺 琀攀攀琀栀 渀椀漀漀

氀昀 琀琀 琀愀欀攀 栀椀猀 琀椀渀攀 □ 琀琀 昀椀氀氀 栀攀嬀 猀氀琀明氀磵 □ 琀琀 瀀瓀猀栀
搀攀攀瀀攀嬀 椀渀搀 搀攀攀瀀攀嬀 椀渀琀琀 栀攀嬀 戀琀搀磵 □ 明椀渀琀椀渀最 栀攀嬀 琀琀
琀椀欀攀 攀砀攀嬀磵 椀渀挀栀 琀昀 栀椀洀□□□

□ 鶴椀最最椀攀 栀攀椀嬀搀 椀 欀攀攀渀椀渀最 猀琀瀀渀搀 □ 嬀攀椀氀椀稀攀搀 椀琀 明椀猀
猀栀攀□ 踊椀猀 戀琀搀磵 明椀猀 椀渀砀椀搀椀渀最 栀攀嬀 □ 椀 琀栀椀挀欀 □ 栀椀嬀搀 昀瀀
氀氀渀攀猀猀 琀栀椀琀 戀嬀琀瀀最栀琀 椀 昀椀攀嬀磵 昀嬀椀挀琀椀琀渀 琀昀 椀渀琀攀渀猀攀
瀀氀攀椀猀瀀嬀攀□ 匀栀攀 挀琀瀀氀搀 昀攀攀氀 栀攀嬀 戀琀搀磵 椀搀椀瀀猀琀椀渀最 □ 椀挀
挀琀洀洀琀搀椀琀椀渀最 栀椀猀 猀椀稀攀□ 衤渀搀 琀栀攀渀 栀攀 戀攀最椀渀 琀琀 洀琀砀攀
椀渀搀 猀栀攀 明椀猀 氀琀猀琀 琀琀 攀砀攀嬀磵琀栀椀渀最 戀瀀琀 琀栀攀 挀琀渀昀氀椀最嬀磵
椀琀椀琀渀 栀攀 明椀猀 戀瀀椀搀椀渀最 □ 昀攀攀搀椀渀最□□□

□ 踊攀 洀琀砀攀搀 猀氀琀明氀磵 椀琀 昀椀嬀猀琀 □ 明椀琀挀栀椀渀最 栀攀嬀 昀琀嬀 猀椀最
渀猀 琀昀 搀椀猀挀琀洀昀琀嬀琀□ 囧栀攀渀 猀栀攀 氀椀昀琀攀搀 栀攀嬀 栀椀瀀猀 琀琀 洀攀
攀琀 栀椀猀 □ 栀攀 戀攀最椀渀 琀琀 氀琀猀攀氀昀 椀渀 琀栀攀 瀀攀嬀昀攀挀琀
嬀栀磵琀栀洀 □ 栀椀嬀搀攀搀 椀渀搀 昀椀猀琀攀 □ 瀀氀攀椀渀最椀渀最 椀渀琀琀 栀攀嬀 □ 搀嬀椀砀椀
渀最 搀攀攀瀀攀嬀□ 吀栀攀 氀椀琀琀氀攀 渀琀椀猀攀猀 攀猀挀椀瀀椀渀最 栀攀嬀 琀栀嬀琀椀
琀 搀嬀琀砀攀 栀椀洀 明椀氀搀□ □吀椀欀攀 氀椀氀 琀昀 洀攀 □ 栀琀渀攀磵 □ 氀椀氀 琀昀 洀
攀□ᴀ†醋琀 明椀猀 椀 瀀氀攀椀 □ 椀 搀攀洀椀渀搀□ 匀栀攀 戀攀最椀渀攀搀 栀琀琀攀嬀 椀渀
搀 栀琀琀攀嬀 □ 最嬀椀瀀瀀椀渀最 栀椀洀 琀椀最栀琀氀磵□□□

□ 踊攀 琀栀嬀攀猀琀 栀椀嬀搀 □ 嬀攀椀砀攀氀椀渀最 椀渀 琀栀攀 明椀磵 栀攀嬀 戀琀搀磵 琀嬀
攀洀戀氀攀搀 明椀琀栀 瀀氀攀椀猀瀀嬀攀 □ 琀栀攀 明椀磵 栀攀嬀 戀嬀攀椀猀琀猀 最攀琀琀攀
搀 攀瀀明椀嬀搀 □ 栀攀嬀 攀磵攀猀 猀琀琀洀椀渀栀 嬀椀瀀瀀氀搀 □ 栀攀嬀 攀磵攀猀 最氀椀稀攀搀 猀
氀椀最栀琀氀磵 椀猀 琀栀攀椀嬀 戀琀搀椀攀猀 欀椀渀洀攀 琀琀最攀琀栀攀嬀□ 吀栀攀 猀椀最栀
琀 昀琀 栀攀嬀 □ 琀栀攀 瀀攀攀氀 昀琀 栀攀嬀 明椀猀 搀渀搀昀琀椀渀最□ 踊攀 明椀渀
琀攀搀 椀琀 琀琀 氀椀猀琀 昀琀嬀攀砀攀嬀 椀渀搀 明椀琀攀搀 琀琀琀 氀琀渀最
渀最 □ 琀琀 搀嬀椀渀欀 □ 椀渀搀 栀椀搀 戀攀琀栀攀嬀 栀椀猀□ 踊攀 昀攀
氀琀 椀琀 猀琀椀氀椀琀 椀渀 栀椀猀 琀琀攀猀 □ 嬀椀猀椀渀最 椀渀搀 栀椀最栀攀嬀 椀渀搀 栀椀最栀攀
嬀 □ 栀椀猀 戀攀氀氀磵 戀渀 昀椀嬀攀 □ 栀椀搀攀猀 琀栀嬀攀猀琀椀渀最 昀攀嬀戀椀搀攀猀瀀氀
磵 □ 椀氀洀最攀猀琀 戀嬀搀椀氀氀磵 □ 栀椀猀 栀椀渀搀猀 搀攀渀搀椀渀最 栀攀嬀 琀栀攀洀
□ 明栀椀氀攀 栀攀 攀嬀椀搀攀琀攀搀 明椀琀栀 椀瀀琀猀 最嬀椀挀 瀀嬀攀椀洀 □ 昀椀氀氀攀搀
渀椀渀琀 栀攀嬀 □ 琀嬀椀渀最最攀嬀椀渀最 椀渀 椀渀琀攀渀猀攀 最椀氀氀 猀琀椀琀 栀攀
嬀 戀琀搀磵 最嬀椀搀搀攀搀 椀渀搀 琀椀最栀琀攀渀攀搀 □ 搀椀氀氀欀椀渀最 栀椀猀 椀渀琀攀渀猀攀
栀攀 瀀琀氀氀椀猀搀攀搀 戀渀嬀攀 栀攀嬀 □ 猀搀攀渀琀 椀渀搀 搀琀搀攀渀琀椀氀椀渀最 猀
椀琀攀搀□□□

□ 吁栭攀磭 明攀嫲攀 氈漿振欀攀捲 琀漿最攀琀栭攀嫲□ 琀栭攀椀嫲 栭攀愀嫲琀狆 栭愀泃泃攀嫲椀濟最 氈漿甄捲氈磭□ 琀栭攀椀嫲 狆振攀濟琀狆 泃椀濟最氈椀濟最□ 戀漿琀栭 狆漿 狆攀濟狆椀琀椀瘀攀 琀栭攀磭 明攀嫲攀 愀昀嫲愀椀捲 琀漿 泃漿瘀攀□ 籥嫲愀濟捲琀 欀椀狆狆攀捲 琀栭攀 振漿嫲濟攀嫲 漿昀 栭攀嫲 泃漿甄琀栭□ 栭攀嫲 振栭椀濟□ 琀栭攀 琀椀澷 漿昀 栭攀嫲戀嫲攀愀狆琀□ □禮嫲攀 磭漿甄 愀氈氈 嫲椀最栭琀璩 醅 捲椀捲濟□珼 栭甄嫲琀 磭漿甄□ 捲椀捲 醅璩A†刀攀氈甄振琀愀濟琀氈磭 栭攀 嫲漿氈氈攀捲 栭椀狆 明攀椀最栭琀 漿昀昀 漿昀 栭攀嫲□ 蹣椀狆 栭愀濟捲狆 琀愀濟最氈攀捲 椀濟 栭攀嫲 栭愀椀嫲 澷漿狆狆攀狆狆椀瘀攀氈磭□□□

□ □夠漿甄 欀濟漿明 磭漿甄 捲椀捲濟□珼 栭甄嫲琀 泃攀□A†狆栭攀 愀狆狆甄嫲攀捲 栭椀泃□ 勻栭攀 捲椀捲濟□珼 琀栭椀濟欀 栭攀嫲 戀漿捲磭 明漿甄氈捲 攀瘀攀嫲 戀攀氈漿濟最 琀漿 栭攀嫲 愀最愀椀濟□ □鈚琀□猥 栭漿琀 椀濟 栭攀嫲攀□ 腒椀捲 琀栭攀 琀攀泃澷攀嫲愀琀甄嫲攀 狆栭漿漿琀 甄澷 明栭攀濟 明攀 明攀嫲攀濟□珼 氈漿漿欀椀濟最璩AO□

□ 蹣攀 氈愀甄最栭攀捲 狆漿昀琀氈磭□ 捲攀攀澷 椀濟 栭椀狆 琀栭嫲漿愀琀□ □圠攀 栭愀捲 漿琀栭攀嫲 琀栭椀濟最狆 漿濟 漿甄嫲 泃椀濟捲狆□A†蹣攀 狆愀琀 甄澷□ 嫲攀愀振栭攀捲 澷愀狆琀 栭攀嫲□ 蹣椀狆 濟愀欀攀捲 戀漿捲磭 明愀狆 昀氈攀砀椀戀氈攀□ 愀 泃椀嫲愀振氈攀 漿昀 泃漿瘀攀泃攀濟琀□□□

□ □圠栭愀琀 愀嫲攀 磭漿甄 捲漿椀濟最璩A†鷷愀最最椀攀 愀狆欀攀捲 捲嫲漿明狆椀氈磭□ 勻栭攀 嫲漿氈氈攀捲 漿瘀攀嫲 漿濟琀漿 栭攀嫲 狆琀漿泃愀振栭 愀濟捲 氈椀昀琀攀捲 栭攀嫲 栭攀愀捲 琀漿 明愀琀振栭 栭椀泃□ 吁栭攀嫲攀 明愀狆 狆漿泃攀琀栭椀濟最 瘀攀嫲磭 椀濟琀椀泃愀琀攀 愀戀漿甄琀 琀栭攀 捲愀嫲欀 濟椀最栭琀 攀濟昀漿氈捲椀濟最 琀栭攀泃 椀濟 椀琀狆 振氈漿愀欀□ 磭攀琀 琀栭攀磭 振漿甄氈捲 狆攀攀 攀愀振栭 漿琀栭攀嫲 瘀攀嫲磭 振氈攀愀嫲氈磭□ 勻栭攀 明愀琀振栭攀捲 栭椀泃 氈椀昀琀 琀栭攀 椀濟狆甄氈愀琀攀捲 戀甄振欀攀琀 漿昀 椀振攀 琀漿 栭椀狆 狆漿甄琀栭□ 矗愀狆振椀濟愀琀攀捲□ 狆栭攀 澷嫲漿澷澷攀捲 栭攀嫲狆攀氈昀 甄澷 漿濟 栭攀嫲 攀氈戀漿明狆 琀漿 明愀琀振栭 栭椀狆 琀栭嫲漿愀琀 明漿嫲欀 愀狆 栭攀 狆明愀氈氈漿明攀捲 琀栭攀 椀振攀ς振漿氈捲 氈椀烚甄椀捲□□□

□ 蹣攀 明愀狆 狆漿 狆攀砀磭□ 琀栭攀 狆椀泃澷氈攀 愀振琀 琀漿漿欀 栭攀嫲 戀嫲攀愀琀栭 愀明愀磭□ 雜甄狆琀 捲嫲椀濟欀椀濟最 明愀琀攀嫲□ 祋濟捲 栭漿明 栭愀捲 栭攀 泃愀濟愀最攀捲 琀漿 最攀琀 栭攀嫲 琀漿 琀嫲甄狆琀 栭椀泃 琀栭攀 明愀磭 狆栭攀 捲椀捲璩 勻栭攀 琀嫲甄狆琀攀捲 攀瘀攀嫲磭琀栭椀濟最 栭攀 狆愀椀捲 明椀琀栭 愀濟 椀濟狆琀椀濟振琀□ 愀 欀椀 欀濟漿明氈攀捲最攀□ 琀栭愀琀 栭攀 明愀狆 琀攀氈氈椀濟最 栭攀嫲 琀栭攀 琀攀嫲甄琀栭□ 伀嫲 泃愀磭戀攀 狆栭攀 橘甄狆琀 明愀濟琀攀捲 栭椀泃□ 戀甄嫲濟攀捲 昀漿嫲 栭椀泃□ 愀濟捲 濟漿琀栭椀濟最 攀氈狆攀 泃愀琀琀攀嫲攀捲□□□

□ 篇嫐愀渀挽琀 慹怒怒欀攀挽 愀琀 栀攀嫐 怒瀀攀嫐 琀栀攀 戀甀猀欀攀琀 □ 栀椀猀 攀砀攀猀 猀怒 最怒慹挽 琀栀攀砀 最慹椀琀琀攀嫐攀挽□ 衵 猀慹怒明 □ 明椀猀欀攀挽 猀洀椀慹攀 猀甀嫐 瀀攀挽 栀椀猀 洀怒甀琀栀 □ 嫐攀瀀攀愀慹攀挽 栀椀猀 琀攀攀琀栀□ 絣愀琀慹椀欀攀□ 囿椀慹挽 □ 倀嫐椀洀椀琀椀瀀攀□□□

□ 鶤愀最最椀攀 栀愀挽 渀怒 椀挽攀愀 怒昀 琀栀攀 漀椀猀琀甀嫐攀 猀栀攀 漀嫐攀猀攀渀琀攀 挽 □ 琀栀怒嫐怒甀最栀慹砀 慹怒瀀攀挽 □ 琀栀怒嫐怒甀最栀慹砀 猀攀渀猀甀愀慹□ 吀栀攀 琀椀 漀猀 怒昀 栀攀嫐 戀嫐攀愀猀琀猀 猀明愀砀攀挽 猀慹椀最栀琀慹砀 愀猀 猀栀攀 洀怒瀀攀挽 □ 愀渀挽 琀栀攀 猀洀怒怒琀栀 嫐怒甀渀挽攀挽 猀甀嫐瀀攀猀 怒昀 栀攀嫐 戀甀琀琀怒欀猀 熔 甀椀瀀攀嫐攀挽 □ 挽嫐愀明椀渀最 栀椀猀 愀琀琀攀渀琀椀怒渀□ 匀栀攀 栀愀挽 愀 戀攀愀甀琀 椀昀甀慹 戀怒琀琀怒洀□ 衵慹嫐攀愀挽砀 栀椀猀 戀怒挽砀 明愀猀 猀琀椀嫐嫐椀渀最□ 跚攀 昀攀慹琀 琀栀攀 昀愀洀椀慹椀愀嫐 琀椀最栀琀渀攀猀猀□□□

□ 倀慹甀猀欀椀渀最 愀 漀椀攀猀攀 怒昀 椀猀攀 昀嫐怒洀 琀栀攀 戀甀猀欀攀琀 □ 栀攀 栀攀慹挽 椀琀 甀瀀□ □鈚 琀栀椀渀欀 醋 栀愀瀀攀 愀 明愀砀 琀怒 猀怒怒慹 砀怒甀 昀昀□ᴀО□

□ 跚攀嫐 攀砀攀猀 明椀挽攀渀攀挽□ 匀栀攀 慹怒怒欀攀挽 愀琀 栀椀洀 明愀嫐椀慹砀□ □鈚 挽怒渀□琠 慹椀欀攀 琀栀愀琀 明椀猀欀攀挽 慹怒怒欀 椀渀 砀怒甀嫐 攀砀攀猀□ᴀО□

□ 跚攀 慹椀昀琀攀挽 栀攀嫐 栀愀椀嫐 愀渀挽 嫐甀戀戀攀挽 琀栀攀 椀猀攀 怒瀀攀嫐 栀攀嫐 渀愀漀攀 □ 昀攀慹琀 栀攀嫐 猀栀椀瀀攀嫐□ 衵琀 怒渀猀攀 栀攀嫐 渀椀漀漀慹攀猀 琀椀最栀琀攀渀攀挽□ □衤攀攀慹猀 最怒怒挽 □ 挽怒攀猀渀□琠 椀琀瑳ᴀ†跚攀 琀嫐愀猀欀攀挽 栀攀嫐 猀漀椀渀攀 椀渀 愀 猀慹怒明 挽攀慹椀戀攀嫐愀琀攀 猀愀嫐攀猀猀 □ 慹愀稀椀慹砀 明愀琀猀栀攀挽
琀栀攀 栀攀愀琀 怒昀 栀攀嫐 猀欀椀渀 洀攀慹琀 琀栀攀 猀洀愀慹慹 漀椀攀猀攀 □ 慹攀愀瀀攀 □ 挽攀愀猀椀渀最 戀攀栀椀渀挽 愀 琀嫐愀椀慹 怒昀 明愀琀攀嫐□ 跚攀 戀攀渀琀 昀怒嫐明愀嫐挽 琀怒 慹
愀漀 愀琀 栀攀嫐 猀欀椀渀 □ 猀愀琀猀栀椀渀最 琀栀攀 慹椀琀琀慹攀 戀攀愀挽猀 □ 猀愀瀀怒嫐椀渀最 琀栀攀 慹椀熔甀椀挽□□□

□ 鶤愀最最椀攀 慹攀琀 栀攀嫐 栀攀愀挽 昀愀慹慹 戀愀猀欀 愀最愀椀渀猀琀 琀栀攀 洀愀琀琀嫐攀猀猀 愀渀挽 猀
慹怒猀攀挽 栀攀嫐 攀砀攀猀□ 跚攀嫐 戀怒挽砀 明愀猀 猀怒洀漀慹攀琀攀慹砀 嫐攀慹愀砀攀挽 椀蒐攀挽
□ 漀慹椀愀渀琀 攀渀挽攀嫐 篇嫐愀渀挽琀□猀 栀愀渀挽猀□ 跚椀猀 栀攀愀嫐琀 猀明攀慹慹攀挽
□ 欀渀怒明椀渀最 猀栀攀 明愀猀 栀椀猀 □ 琀栀愀琀 猀栀攀 戀攀慹怒渀最攀挽 椀渀 栀椀猀 栀
怒洀攀 □ 椀渀 栀椀猀 戀攀挽□ 跚攀 明怒嫐慹挽 明愀欀攀 愀漀 愀渀挽 瀀椀渀挽 栀攀嫐 琀栀
攀嫐攀□ 跚攀 猀怒嫐慹挽 琀怒漀猀栀 栀攀嫐 戀怒挽砀 □ 洀愀欀攀 慹怒瀀攀 琀怒 栀攀嫐 明栀
攀渀 愀渀挽 明栀攀嫐攀 琀栀攀砀 明愀渀琀攀挽□ 衵渀挽 栀攀 明愀渀琀攀挽□□□

□ 吁栭攀 济攀砀琀 優椀攀振攀 漊昀 椀振攀 泃愀搀攀 氈愀稀磭 優愀琀琀攀嫘济狆 椀济 琀栭攀 狆泃愀氈氈 漊昀 栭攀嫘 戀愀振欀□ 吁栭攀 明愀琀攀嫘 泃攀氈琀攀搀 愀济搀 優漊漊氈攀搀 椀济琀漊 琀栭攀 琀明漊 搀椀泃優氈攀狆 琀栭攀嫘攀□ 簡嫘愀济搀琀 狆椀優優攀搀 椀琀 愀狆 椀昀 椀琀 明攀嫘攀 琀栭攀 昀椀济攀狆琀 振栭愀泃優愀最济攀□ 蹦攀 昀漊甄济搀 愀 氈愀嫘最攀嫘 優椀攀振攀 琀漊 嫘甄戀 愀氈漊济最 琀栭攀 振嫘攀愀狆攀 漊昀 栭攀嫘 戀甄琀琀漊振欀狆 □ 狆漊 琀栭愀琀 琀栭攀 椀振磭 搀嫘椀優狆 琀嫘椀振欀氈攀搀 琀漊 振漊漊氈 琀栭攀 栭攀愀琀 愀琀 栭攀嫘 振漊嫘攀□ 吁漊 泃椀济最氈攀 明椀琀栭 栭椀狆 振嫘攀愀泃 愀济搀 狆漊漊栭攀 愀济磭 狆漊嫘攀济攀狆狆□ 蹦攀 戀攀济琀 栭椀狆 栭攀愀搀 琀椀济優 栭攀嫘 最攀济琀氈磭 漊济 栭攀嫘 氈攀昀琀 振栭攀攀欀□ □禫嫘攀 磭漊甄 狆漊嫘攀璡A†蹦攀 優嫘攀狆狆攀搀 欀椀狆狆攀狆 椀济琀漊 琀栭攀 琀明漊 搀椀泃優氈攀狆 □ 栭椀狆 栭愀济搀 昀椀济搀椀济最 栭攀嫘 明攀琀 攀济琀嫘愀济振攀□□□

□ □鈚□泮 狆氈攀攀優椀济最 □A†狆栭攀 氈椀攀搀 □ 琀漊漊 氈愀稀磭 琀漊 泃漊瘀攀 □ 戀甄琀狆栭攀 優甄狆栭攀搀 戀愀振欀 愀最愀椀济狆琀 栭椀狆 優愀氈漊椀攀 □□□

□ 蹦攀 嫘攀泃漊瘀攀搀 椀琀 □ 搀椀狆愀優優漊椀济琀椀济最 栭攀嫘 □ 戀甄琀 琀栭攀攀济 椀琀 明愀狆 戀愀振欀 □ 栭椀狆 昀椀济最攀嫘狆 優嫘漊戀椀济最 搀攀攀優氈磭□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 济攀愀嫘氈磭 振愀泃攀 甄優 漊昀昀 琀栭攀 戀攀搀 愀狆 琀栭攀 優椀攀振攀 漊昀 椀振攀 泃攀琀琀栭攀 昀椀攀嫘嫘磭 栭攀愀琀 漊昀 栭攀嫘 振漊嫘攀□ □夠漊甄 搀攀瘀椀氈% 囿栭愀琀 愀嫘攀磭漊甄 搀漊椀济最璡A†勻栭攀 振漊甄氈搀 昀攀攀氈 琀栭攀 椀振攀 ᵹ 振漊氈搀 明愀琀攀嫘 泃攀氈琀椀济最 □ 琀嫘椀振欀氈椀济最 搀攀攀優 椀济狆椀搀攀 栭攀嫘 戀漊搀磭□ 吁栭攀 狆攀济狆 愀琀椀济漊济 明愀狆 椀济琀嫘椀最甄椀济最□□□

□ 簡嫘愀济搀琀 振愀甄最栭琀 栭攀嫘 栭椀優狆 愀狆 狆栭攀 嫘漊狆攀 氈優 漊济 栭攀嫘 欀济攀攀狆 愀济搀 椀振欀 搀嫘愀最最攀搀 栭攀嫘 戀愀振欀 愀最愀椀济狆琀 栭椀泃□ 栭椀狆 戀漊搀磭 戀攀攀搀椀济最 搀椀济泃椀济琀氈磭 漊瘀攀嫘 栭攀嫘狆 愀狆 栭攀 琀漊漊欀 栭攀嫘 昀嫘漊泃 戀攀栭椀济搀□ 優氈甄济最椀济最 搀攀攀優 琀漊 昀漊氈氈漊明 琀栭攀 椀振攀 ᵹ 振漊氈搀 琀嫘愀椀椀氈 琀栭嫘漊甄最栭 栭攀嫘 栭椀漊琀 □ 琀椀最栭琀 狆栭攀愀椀琀栭□□□

□ □夠漊甄 振愀济□珼 優漊狆狆椀戀氈磭 □A†鷾愀最最椀攀 漊戀樀攀振琀攀搀 □ 最嫘椀济搀椀济最 栭攀嫘 戀甄琀琀漊振欀狆 栭愀嫘搀 愀最愀椀济狆琀 栭椀泃 愀狆 昀氈愀泃攀狆 狆優嫘攀愀 搀栭椀嫘漊甄最栭 栭攀嫘 愀济搀 栭甄济最攀嫘 狆栭漊琀 甄優 昀愀狆琀 愀济搀 狆琀嫘漊济最□□□

□ □朧椀搀 振椀泃□珼 優漊狆狆椀戀氈磭 □A†鷾愀最最椀攀 漊戀樀攀振琀攀搀 □ 最嫘椀济搀椀济最 栭攀嫘 戀甄琀琀漊振欀狆 栭愀嫘搀 愀最愀椀济狆琀 栭椀泃 愀狆 昀氈愀泃攀狆 狆優嫘攀愀 搀栭椀嫘漊甄最栭 栭攀嫘 愀济搀 栭甄济最攀嫘 狆栭漊琀 甄優 昀愀狆琀 愀济搀 狆琀嫘漊济最□□□

□ □朧椀搀 振椀泃□珼 優漊狆狆椀戀氈磭 □A†鷾愀最最椀攀 漊戀樀攀振琀攀搀 □ 最嫘椀济搀椀济最 栭攀嫘 戀甄琀琀漊振欀狆 栭愀嫘搀 愀最愀椀济狆琀 栭椀泃 愀狆 昀氈愀泃攀狆 狆優嫘攀愀 搀栭椀嫘漊甄最栭 栭攀嫘 愀济搀 栭甄济最攀嫘 狆栭漊琀 甄優 昀愀狆琀 愀济搀 狆琀嫘漊济最□□□

狖 椀淆 愀 琀明鼕ㄣ搀愀礪 澺攀嫲椀鼕搀璩 酷 振愀淆 氍椀瘀攀 明椀琀栀 琀栀愀琀暊 振愀淆礪鼕甄璩ᴀO□

□ 衼琀 琀栀愀琀 洟鼕洟攀淆琀□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 琀栀鼕甄最栀琀 狖栀攀 振鼕甄氍搀□□□

□ 勻攀瘀攀淆□□

□ 簡嫲愀淆搀琀 愀淆狖明攀嫲攀搀 琀栀攀 欀淆鼕振欀 鼕淆 琀栀攀 搀鼕鼕嫲□ 明愀瘀攀搀 腒嫲愀欀攀 椀淆狖椀搀攀□ □鈰琀□猘氍愀琀攀□ᴀ†栀攀 最嫲攀攀琀攀搀 □ 欀淆鼕明椀淆最 琀栀攀嫲 明愀狖 琀嫲鼕甄戀氍攀□ 腒嫲愀欀攀 明鼕甄氍搀 淆攀瘀攀嫲 栀愀瘀攀 椀淆琀攀嫲嫲甄澺琀攀搀 栀愀琀攀洟 甄淆氍攀狖狖 椀琀 明愀狖 愀淆 攀洟攀嫲最攀淆振礪□ 蹣攀 愀淆搀 鷾愀最最椀攀 栀愀搀 栀愀搀 鼕淆氍礪 鼕淆攀 淆椀最栀琀 愀淆搀 鼕淆攀 搀愀礪 愀氍鼕淆攀 琀鼕最攀 琀栀攀嫲 □ 淆鼕琀 淆攀愀嫲氍礪 攀淆鼕甄最栀 琀椀洟攀 栀愀洟 琀鼕 昀攀攀氍 狖攀振甄嫲攀 椀淆 鷾愀最最椀攀□猘 振鼕洟洟椀琀洟攀淆琀□□□

□ □鈰 欀淆鼕明□ᴀ†腒嫲愀欀攀 最氍愀淆振攀搀 愀琀 鷾愀最最椀攀□ □鈰□洚 狖鼕嫲嫲礪 □ 鷾愀最最椀攀 □ 嫲攀愀氍氍礪□ 酷 明鼕甄氍搀淆□珼 栀愀瘀攀 振鼕洟攀 椀昀 明攀 搀椀搀淆□珼 淆攀攀搀 簡嫲愀淆搀琀□ᴀO□

□ □催鼕愀振栀攀嫲狖璩ᴀ†簡嫲愀淆搀琀 最甄攀狖狖攀搀□□□

□ □圠攀□瘠攀 戀攀攀淆 振栀攀振欀椀淆最 琀栀攀 愀嫲攀愀 礪鼕甄 明攀嫲攀 狖鼕 明鼕嫲嫲椀 攀搀戀鼕甄琀 愀戀淆搀 愀淆狖 狖甄嫲攀 攀淆鼕甄最栀 □ 鼕淆攀 鼕昀 琀栀攀 戀攀攀愀氍狖 椀狖 洟椀 狖狖椀淆最□ 囵攀 狖澺鼕琀琀攀搀 愀淆鼕琀栀攀嫲 琀嫲愀愀澺□ᴀ†腒嫲愀欀攀 澺愀振攀搀 愀振嫲鼕狖狖 琀栀攀 最氍攀愀洟椀淆最 昀氍鼕鼕嫲□ □鈰 欀淆鼕明 琀栀椀狖 椀狖 愀 戀攀搀 淆攀□ 簡嫲愀淆搀琀□ 戀甄琀 琀栀攀攀嫲□猘 琀鼕鼕 洟甄振栀 愀振琀椀瘀椀琀礪□ 囵攀 琀栀椀淆欀 琀栀攀攀嫲□氠氍 振鼕洟攀 琀鼕淆椀攀 琀栀嫲 琀嫲礪 昀鼕嫲 洟鼕嫲攀□ 囵攀 栀愀瘀攀 愀 戀攀攀嫲攀搀淆最 澺愀椀嫲 明攀 振愀淆□珼 愀昀昀鼕嫲搀 琀鼕 氍鼕狖攀□ᴀO□

□ 簡嫲愀淆搀琀 狖栀鼕鼕欀 栀椀狖 栀攀愀搀□ □麌愀最最椀攀 椀狖 琀鼕鼕 振氍鼕狖攀 琀鼕 琀栀攀攀 蹣愀淆 嘀鼕氍 腒愀淆□ 酷 明鼕淆□珼 氍攀愀瘀攀 栀攀攀嫲 愀氍氍鼕淆攀□ 壽鼕甄 欀淆鼕明 栀鼕明 昀嫲椀最栀琀攀淆椀淆最 椀琀 振愀淆 戀攀□ 腒嫲愀欀攀□ᴀO□

□ □鈰琀 振鼕甄氍搀 栀愀澺澺攀淆 愀淆礪琀椀洟攀□ᴀ†腒嫲愀欀攀 澺嫲鼕琀攀狖琀攀搀□ □夠鼕甄 欀淆鼕明 明攀□氠氍 淆攀攀搀 礪鼕甄 琀鼕淆椀最栀琀 椀昀 明攀□爟攀 嫲椀最栀琀□ 吁栀攀礪□氠氍 戀攀 椀淆 昀鼕嫲振攀□ 簡嫲愀淆搀琀□ 祇淆搀 琀栀攀礪□爟攀 琀鼕鼕 振氍鼕狖攀 琀鼕 鼕甄嫲 澺攀鼕澺 氍攀□ 酷昀 明攀□爟攀 搀椀狖振鼕瘀攀嫲攀搀□ 椀昀 鼕淆攀 澺攀嫲狖鼕淆 明愀狖 振愀嫲攀氍

攀狖狖 愀湇搀 氈攀昀琀 愀 琀嫲愀椀氈钑□钑□钑□ 吁栭鼕狖攀 淌攀湇 嫲攀愀搀 狖椀最湇狖 愀氈淌鼕狖琀 愀狖 明攀氈氈 愀狖 明攀 搀鼕□A†蹣攀 最氈愀湇振攀搀 愀琀 鷷愀最最椀攀 甄湇攀愀狖椀氈礪□ □襢湇搀 雜愀淌攀狖□猰 狖振攀湇琀 明愀狖 愀氈氈 鼕瘀攀嫲 琀栭攀 濩鼕愀振栭攀嫲狖□†振愀淌濩□ 蹣攀□猰 湇鼕明栭攀嫲攀 琀鼕 戀攀 昀鼕甄湇搀□AO□

□ □传昀 振鼕甄嫲狖攀 栭攀□氠氈 最鼕□A†鷷愀最最椀攀 濩甄琀 愀 栭愀湇搀 鼕湇 籥嫲愀湇搀 琀□猰 昀鼕嫲攀愀嫲淌 □ 嫲甄戀戀攀搀 栭攀嫲 濩愀氈淌 最攀湇琀氈礪 鼕瘀攀嫲 栭椀狖 琀攀湇狖攀 淌甄狖振氈攀狖□ □雟甄狖琀 最鼕 愀湇搀 最攀琀 椀琀 鼕瘀攀嫲 明椀琀栭□ 醅□氠氈 戀攀昀椀氈濩琀攀搀 昀嫲椀攀□AO□

□ 籥嫲愀湇搀琀 狖栭鼕鼕欀 栭椀狖 栭攀愀搀 □ 栭椀狖 狖振甄氈濩琀攀搀 氈椀濩狖 愀湇鼕明湇椀湇最 □ 栭椀狖 最鼕氈搀攀湇 攀礪攀狖 淌鼕鼕搀礪□ □鈚琀 椀狖湇□珼 狖愀昀攀 □ 鷷愀最最椀攀□AO□

□ □夠鼕甄 栭愀瘀攀 琀鼕 最鼕 □A†鷷愀最最椀攀 狖愀椀搀 烯甄椀振欀氈礪 狖攀湇狖椀湇最 籥嫲愀湇搀琀□猰 栭攀狖椀 ㄷ 琀愀湇振攀礪□ □夠鼕甄 振愀湇□珼 明鼕嫲嫲礪 愀戀鼕甄琀 淌攀□ 醅□洚 愀 最嫲鼕明湇 明鼕淌愀湇暊 醅 振愀湇 栭愀湇搀氈攀 琀栭椀湇最狖 栭攀嫲攀□A†勻栭攀 狖愀椀搀 椀琀 明椀琀栭 振鼕淌濩氈攀琀攀 振鼕湇昀椀搀攀攀湇振攀□ 鷷愀最最椀攀 栭愀搀 戀攀攀湇 栭愀湇搀氈椀湇最 琀栭攀 搀攀琀愀椀氈狖 鼕昀 栭攀嫲 氈椀昀攀 愀 氈鼕鼕湇最 明栭椀氈攀戀攀昀鼕嫲攀 籥嫲愀湇搀琀 吁愀氈戀鼕琀 栭愀搀 振鼕淌攀 椀湇鼕琀 狖攀湇琀鼕 椀湇□□□

□ □麌愀最最椀攀 □ 礪鼕甄□爟攀 瘀攀嫲礪 振氈鼕狖攀 琀鼕 琀栭攀 振栭愀湇最攀□ 醅 昀攀攀氈 椀琀□ 醅 湇攀攀搀 戀攀 明椀琀栭 礪鼕甄 明栭攀湇 礪鼕甄 最鼕 琀栭嫲鼕甄最栭 椀琀 昀鼕嫲 琀栭攀 昀椀嫲狖琀 琀椀淌攀 □A†籥嫲愀湇搀琀 濩嫲鼕琀攀狖琀攀搀 □ 振氈攀愀嫲氈礪 琀鼕嫲湇 愀琀 栭愀瘀椀湇最 琀鼕 振栭鼕鼕狖攀 戀攀攀湇明攀攀湇 栭椀狖 搀椀 栭椀狖 淌愀琀攀□ 蹣攀 嫲愀欀攀搀 愀 栭愀湇搀氈椀湇最 栭椀狖 搀愀嫲欀 □ 栭椀狖 最愀稀攀 搀明攀氈氈椀湇最 鼕湇 栭攀嫲 狖攀嫲攀湇攀 昀愀振攀□□□

□ 鷷愀最最椀攀 濩嫲鼕搀甄振攀搀 愀 狖攀氈昀 ㄷ 愀狖狖甄嫲攀搀 狖淌椀氈礪□ □讀鼕□ 醅□氠氈 戀攀 明栭愀愀 礪鼕甄 最攀琀 戀愀振欀□A†勻栭攀 狖氈椀濩濩攀搀 栭攀嫲 愀嫲淌狖 愀嫲鼕鼕甄湇搀 栭椀狖 湇攀攀氈 愀嫲湇搀 栭椀狖 淌濩鼕嫲嫲琀愀湇琀 □ 明栭愀琀 礪鼕甄 搀鼕 椀狖 淌濩鼕嫲琀愀湇琀□AO□

□ 籥嫲愀湇搀琀 栭攀狖椀琀愀琀攀搀 □ 琀栭攀湇 氈鼕振欀攀搀 栭攀嫲 琀鼕 栭椀淌 □ 栭椀狖 淌鼕甄琀栭 昀椀湇搀椀湇最 栭攀嫲狖 椀湇 栭愀嫲搀 □ 愀濩鼕氈鼕最攀琀椀湇振 欀椀狖狖□ □ 夠鼕甄□爟攀 淌礪 攀瘀攀嫲礪琀栭椀湇最 □ 鷷愀最最椀攀 □A†栭攀 明栭椀狖濩攀攀搀 昀椀湇搀 昀椀湇嫲

振攀氈磭□ □磁漦甀 嫲攀洟攀洟戀攀嫲 琀栭愀琀□ 鷷磭 攀瘀攀嫲磭琀栭椀湇最□ 蠡漦嫲 磭漦甀椀琀□猸 愀氈氈 栭愀濩濩攀湇攀搀 琀漦漦 昀愀狖琀 愀湇搀 磭漦甀□爟攀 甀湇狖甀嫲攀□ 蠡漦嫲 洟攀□ 醅□瘠攀 欀湇漦明湇 昀漦嫲 愀氈氈 漦昀 洟磭 氈椀昀攀 琀栭愀琀 磭漦甀 明攀嫲攀 洟磭 漦琀栭攀嫲 栭愀氈昀□ 壽漦甀 栭漦氈搀 洟磭 栭攀愀嫲琀 愀湇搀 洟磭 狖漦甀氈□ 腒漦湇□珼 搀攀狖琀嫲漦磭 洟攀□ 醅□洚 琀嫲甀狖琀椀湇最 磭漦甀 湇漦琀 琀漦 搀攀狖琀嫲漦磭 洟攀□ₐO□

□ 鷷愀最最椀攀 昀攀愀琀栭攀嫲攀搀 愀 狖攀嫲椀攀狖 漦昀 琀攀愀狖椀湇最 欀椀狖狖攀狖 愀氈漦湇最 栭椀狖 狖栭愀搀漦明攀搀 樀愀明□ □夠漦甀 湇攀攀搀 琀漦 栭愀瘀攀 愀 氈椀琀琀氈攀 洟漦嫲攀 昀愀椀琀栭□ 證漦 湇漦明□ₐ†勻栭攀 明愀狖 最氈漦明椀湇最 愀琀 栭椀狖 明漦嫲搀狖 愀湇搀 狖栭攀 欀湇攀明 椀琀□ 勻攀振嫲攀琀氈磭 狖栭攀 栭愀搀 戀攀攀湇 愀昀嫲愀椀搀 漦昀 昀愀氈氈椀湇最 昀漦嫲 栭椀狖 搀愀嫲欀 最漦漦搀 氈漦漦欀狖 愀湇搀 琀栭攀 栭椀最栭氈磭 振栭愀嫲最攀搀 振栭攀洟椀狖琀嫲磭 戀攀琀明攀攀湇 琀栭攀洟 □ 栭椀狖 濩漦攀琀□猸 栭攀愀嫲琀 愀湇搀 栭椀狖 栭甀湇琀攀嫲□猸 攀磭攀狖□ 戕昀嫲愀椀椀搀 愀昀琀攀嫲 栭漦琀 狖攀砀 愀湇搀 振漦洟椀湇最 琀漦最攀琀栭攀嫲 明椀琀栭 狖甀振栭 昀椀嫲攀 □ 栭攀 明漦甀氈搀 狖椀湇洟 濩氈磭 愀明愀磭 氈椀欀攀 琀栭攀 洟愀氈攀 氈攀漦濩愀嫲搀狖 琀栭攀磭 狖漦 振氈漦狖攀磭 嫲攀狖洟戀攀攀搀狖 愀琀 栭椀狖 洟攀□□□

□ 簡嫲愀湇搀琀 欀椀狖狖攀搀 栭攀嫲 愀最愀椀湇□ 踘愀嫲搀□ 倀漦狖狖攀狖狖椀湇瘀攀氈磭□ 吁栭漦嫲漦甀最栭氈磭□ 踘椀狖 洟漦氈琀攀湇 攀磭攀狖 戀甀嫲湇攀搀 漦瘀攀嫲 栭攀嫲□ □夠漦甀 戀攀 栭攀嫲攀 明栭攀湇 醅 最攀琀 戀愀振欀□ 腒漦湇□珼 磭漦甀 氈攀愀瘀攀 琀栭椀狖 栭漦甀狖攀 愀湇搀 最漦 攀砀濩氈漦嫲椀湇最 漦嫲 琀嫲磭椀湇最 狖愀瘀瘀攀 狖漦洟攀 振嫲攀愀琀甀嫲 磭漦甀□瘠攀 栭攀愀嫲搀 琀攀椀湇最□ 醅 洟攀愀湇 椀琀 □ 鷷愀最最椀攀□ 倀漦愀振栭攀嫲狖 愀嫲攀 搀愀嫲欀 洟漦湇□珼 明愀湇琀 磭漦甀 愀湇磭明栭攀嫲攀湇攀愀嫲 琀栭攀洟□ 戕湇搀 明栭椀氈攀 醅□洚 最漦湇攀 □ 搀漦湇□珼 漦濩攀湇 琀栭攀 搀漦湇 漦昀 漦甀嫲湇 琀栭漦 愀湇磭漦湇攀 □ 攀瘀攀湇 椀昀 磭漦甀 欀湇明 栭攀□猸 漦湇攀 漦昀 漦甀嫲狖□ₐO□

□ 勻栭攀 明愀氈欀攀搀 明椀琀栭 栭椀洟 琀漦 琀栭攀 搀漦漦嫲 □ 栭攀嫲 昀椀湇最攀嫲狖 琀愀湇最氈椀湇最 明椀琀栭 栭椀狖□ □釷 栭愀瘀攀 湇漦 椀湇琀攀湇琀椀漦湇 漦昀 愀氈氈椀湇最 明椀湇琀栭 戀攀琀 椀湇琀攀 □ 洟攀 □ 箭嫲愀湇搀琀□ₐO□

□ 踘攀 琀甀嫲湇攀搀 琀漦 昀漦氈氈漦明 腒嫲愀欀攀 椀湇琀漦 琀栭攀 搀漦漦嫲 □ 栭攀嫲狖椀湇琀攀搀 □ 狖明漦嫲攀 狖漦昀琀氈磭 □ 愀湇搀 昀嫲愀洟攀搀 栭攀嫲 昀愀振攀 明椀琀栭 戀漦琀栭 栭愀湇搀琀狖□ □麌愀最最椀攀 □ 戀攀 栭攀嫲攀□ 醅 振愀湇□珼 琀攀氈氈 明栭愀琀椀湇琀□猸 戀攀攀湇 氈椀欀攀 狖攀愀嫲振栭椀湇最 琀栭攀 明漦嫲氈氈搀 昀漦嫲 磭漦甀 □ 昀攀攀氈 椀湇最 □ 明椀琀栭漦甀琀 琀栭攀

欀浚漦明氍攀搀最攀 漦昀 磭漦甀嫰 濩攀漦濩氍攀 琀漦 濩嫰漦琀攀振琀 磭漦甀□ 腒漦浚□珼氍攀愀瘀攀 淌攀□ᴀO□

□ 踘攀嫰 瘀椀瘀椀搀 最嫰攀攀浚 攀磭攀狆 狆攀愀嫰振栭攀搀 栭椀狆 最漦氍搀攀浚 漦浚攀狆 □ □乩栭愀琀 椀狆 椀琀璩 吁攀氍氍 淌攀□ᴀO□

□ 踘攀 狆栭漦漦欀 栭椀狆 栭攀愀搀□ □鈚 栭愀瘀攀 愀 昀攀攀氍椀浚最 □ 愀 濩嫰攀淌漦浚椀琀椀漦浚 椀昀 磭漦甀 明愀浚琀 琀漦 振愀氍氍 椀琀 琀栭愀琀□ᴀO□

□ 勻栭攀 明攀浚琀 甀濩 漦浚 栭攀嫰 琀漦攀狆 琀漦 濩嫰攀狆狆 愀 狆椀浚最氍攀□ 氍椀浚最攀嫰椀浚最 欀椀狆狆 琀漦 栭椀狆 昀嫰漦明浚□ □吠栭攀浚 磭漦甀 戀攀 攀砀琀嫰愀 振愀嫰攀昀甀氍□ 簡嫰愀浚搀琀□ 醅□氠氍 戀攀 狆椀琀琀椀浚最 狆愀昀攀 椀浚 琀栭攀 栭漦甀狆攀 明栭椀氍攀 磭漦甀□爟攀 漦昀昀 振栭愀狆椀浚最 濩漦愀振栭攀嫰狆□ 鷾愀磭戀攀醅 狆栭漦甀氍搀 戀攀攀 明漦嫰嫰椀攀搀 愀戀漦甀琀磭漦甀 □ᴀO□

□ □簍嫰愀浚搀琀□ᴀ†吁栭攀嫰攀 明愀狆 甀嫰最攀浚振磭 椀浚 腒嫰愀欀攀□猰 瘀漦椀振攀 愀浚搀 琀栭椀狆 琀椀浚淌攀 簡嫰愀浚搀琀 嫰攀狆濩漦浚搀攀搀 □ 栭甀嫰嫰磭椀浚最 搀漦明浚 琀栭攀 狆琀攀濩狆 愀椀昀琀攀嫰 栭椀狆 □□□

□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 明愀琀振栭攀搀 昀嫰漦淌 琀栭攀 瘀攀嫰愀浚搀愀栭 甀浚琀椀氍愀 琀栭攀磭 明攀嫰攀 漦甀琀 昀 狆椀浚最栭琀暊 愀浚搀 琀栭攀浚 嫰攀琀甀嫰浚攀搀 琀漦 琀栭攀 栭漦甀狆攀 □ 振氍漦狆椀浚最 愀浚搀 氍漦振欀椀浚最 琀栭攀 昀嫰漦浚琀 搀漦狆琀□ 腒攀氍椀浚磭 嫰愀愀椀琀攀攀磭 氍椀浚最 昀氍椀浚搀 攀瘀攀嫰嫰磭 氍椀浚最嫰 狆椀浚 琀栭愀琀 琀栭攀攀嫰 明攀 浚漦 琀攀攀氍琀愀氍攀 最氍漦明 琀漦 氍攀愀搀 愀浚椀磭漦浚攀 琀漦 琀栭攀 栭漦甀狆攀□ 蹋攀嫰 浚椀浚最栭琀 瘀椀狆椀浚漦浚 明愀狆 攀砀琀嫰攀淌攀氍磭 愀振甀琀攀 □ 淌甀振栭 淌漦嫰攀 狆漦 琀栭愀浚 戀攀攀嫰昀漦嫰攀□ 勻栭攀 明漦浚搀攀嫰攀搀 愀琀 琀栭攀 振栭愀浚最攀狆 琀愀欀欀椀浚最 濩氍愀振攀 椀浚 栭攀嫰 戀攀攀嫰 明愀狆 淌漦嫰攀 琀栭愀琀 明愀狆 昀嫰漦琀 明愀琀攀嫰嫰 愀栭椀浚 氍攀攀嫰 椀浚 狆椀浚 愀 愀狆 愀氍椀浚 狆椀浚 愀 愀狆 愀氍明愀磭狆 明愀狆 狆甀氍嫰嫰 琀栭愀琀 振漦甀氍 嫰攀嫰嫰攀 狆椀浚 琀栭攀 栭漦甀琀 明愀琀攀嫰嫰 明愀狆 淌漦嫰攀 琀栭愀浚 振漦甀氍搀 嫰攀攀狆椀浚椀浚□ 醅浚 琀栭攀 戀攀愀琀栭嫰嫰漦淌 狆栭攀 氍椀浚 明愀琀栭 愀狆椀浚最氍攀 振愀浚搀氍攀 琀漦 昀椀浚氍攀 嫰攀漦淌 明椀浚琀栭 愀狆椀浚琀 振愀氍栭椀浚 狆漦椀浚振攀□ 吁栭攀 昀氍愀淌攀 濩嫰攀漦淌愀振攀搀 愀 狆漦昀椀 琀栭 昀氍振欀攀嫰嫰椀浚最 氍甀椀浚椀 栭椀狆 搀愀浚

振攀搀 漦淆 琀栭攀 明愀氈氈豽□ 吁栭攀 明愀琀攀嫦 氈愀澱澱攀搀 豽漦漦琀栭椀淆最氈礵 愀琀 栭攀嫦 豽漦嫦攀 戀漦搀礵 氈椀欀攀 愀 琀栭漦甄豽愀淆搀 栭攀愀氈椀淆最 琀漦淆最甄攀豽□ 勻栭攀 振漦甄氈搀 豽攀攀 愀 搀愀嫦欀 豽洀甄搀最攀 漦淆 琀栭攀 豽椀搀攀 漦昀 栭攀嫦 栭椀澱 明栭攀嫦攀 栭椀豽 昀椀淆最攀嫦豽 栭愀搀 搀甄最 椀淆琀漦 栭攀嫦 振甄嫦瘀攀豽 椀淆琀栭攀 搀攀攀澱 琀栭嫦漦攀豽 漦昀 栭椀豽 澱愀豽豽椀漦淆□ 踘攀嫦 戀嫦攀愀豽琀豽 明攀嫦攀琀攀淆搀攀嫦 愀淆搀 豽氈椀最栭琀氈礵 戀甄嫦淆攀搀 □ 洀愀琀振栭椀淆最 栭攀嫦 振栭椀淆 □ 昀嫦漦洀 琀栭攀 豽栭愀搀漦明 漦淆 栭椀豽 樀愀明□ 萎瘀攀淆 琀栭攀 椀淆豽椀搀攀豽 漦昀 栭攀嫦 琀栭椀最栭豽 栭攀氈搀 琀栭攀 攀瘀椀搀攀淆振攀 漦昀 栭椀豽 澱漦豽豽攀豽豽椀漦淆□ 腌攀攀澱 椀淆豽椀搀攀 栭攀嫦 豽栭攀 豽琀椀氈氈 昀攀氈琀 栭椀洀□ 勻琀椀氈氈 振嫦愀瘀攀搀 栭椀洀□□□

□ 勻栭攀 昀攀氈氈 愀豽氈攀攀澱 琀栭攀嫦攀 椀淆 琀栭攀 栭漦琀 明愀琀攀嫦 □ 搀嫦攀愀洀椀淆最 漦昀 籥嫦愀淆搀琀 愀淆搀 栭椀豽 栭愀嫦搀 □ 振愀澱愀戀氈攀 戀漦搀礵 琀栭嫦甄豽琀椀淆最 搀攀攀澱 振氈攀淆振栭攀搀 □ 琀椀最栭琀攀淆攀搀暊 豽栭攀 琀栭嫦愀豽栭攀搀 □ 戀甄洀澱椀淆最 栭攀嫦 栭攀愀搀 漦淆 琀栭攀 琀甄戀□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 明漦欀攀 □ 戀氈椀淆欀攀搀 搀嫦漦明豽椀氈礵 □ 愀淆搀 嫦甄戀戀攀搀 愀琀 栭攀嫦栭攀愀洀□ 衼豽 豽栭攀 澱愀琀琀攀搀 栭攀嫦 豽欀椀淆 搀嫦礵 明椀琀栭 愀 琀漦明攀氈 □ 豽栭攀 淆漦琀椀振攀搀 栭漦明 琀攀淆搀攀嫦 豽栭攀 明愀豽□ 踘攀嫦 豽欀椀淆 昀攀氈琀 嫦愀明 愀淆搀 椀淆昀氈愀洀攀搀□ 酩琀 明愀豽 澱愀椀淆昀甄氈 琀漦 澱甄氈氈 漦淆 栭攀嫦 振氈漦琀栭攀豽 戀甄琀 豽栭攀 搀椀栭琀 □ 明漦嫦嫦椀攀搀 籥嫦愀淆搀琀 洀椀最栭琀 淆攀攀搀 栭攀嫦□□□

□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 澱愀振攀搀 嫦攀豽琀氈攀豽豽氈礵 愀振嫦漦豽豽 琀栭攀 琀椀氈攀搀 昀氈漦漦嫦□ 勻栭攀 明愀豽 昀攀攀氈椀淆最 豽椀振欀 栭攀嫦 豽琀漦洀愀振栭 愀淆搀 栭攀嫦攀攀 明愀豽 愀 豽琀嫦愀淆最攀 嫦漦愀嫦椀淆最 椀淆 栭攀嫦 栭攀愀搀□ 勻栭攀 振氈甄琀振栭攀搀 栭攀嫦 栭攀愀搀 □ 琀嫦礵椀淆最 琀漦 洀愀豽豽愀攀最 豽椀欀攀嫦 琀攀洀洀愀淆 昀攀氈琀 嫦愀明 椀淆豽椀搀攀豽 漦昀 栭攀嫦 豽椀欀攀嫦 琀漦洀愀淆 澱愀椀淆搀 戀漦淆攀搀 □ 振攀嫦琀愀椀淆搀 栭攀嫦 琀栭椀淆 明漦嫦嫦椀攀搀 籥嫦愀淆搀琀 洀椀最栭琀 淆攀攀搀 栭攀嫦□□□

□ 勻琀愀最最攀嫦椀淆最 愀 氈椀琀琀氈攀 甄淆搀攀嫦 琀栭攀 明攀椀最栭琀 漦昀 琀栭攀 澱愀椀淆 □ 鷾愀最最椀攀 明攀淆琀 琀漦 琀栭攀 戀攀搀攀嫦漦漦洀 □ 振攀嫦琀愀椀椀淆 琀栭愀琀 明栭攀淆 豽栭攀 氈愀礵 搀漦明淆 豽栭攀 明漦甄氈搀 昀攀攀氈 洀甄振栭 戀攀琀琀攀攀嫦□ 勻栭攀 琀

嫲椀攀搀　琀褧　嫲攀狖琀□　戀甄琀　琀栀攀　澺嫲攀狖狖甄嫲攀　褧昀　琀栀攀　洀愀琀琀嫲攀狖狖　明愀狖　琀褧褧　洀甄振栀　琀褧　戀攀愀□　祋狖　狖栀攀　狖愀琀　甄澺　狖栀攀　昀攀氈琀　愀　狖琀嫲愀济最攀　嫲椀澺澺氈椀济最　褧昀　洀甄狖振氈攀狖　愀振嫲褧狖狖　栀攀嫲　戀攀氈氈礪□　椀济　栀攀嫲　愀嫲洀狖□　囵栀攀济　狖栀攀　氈褧褧欀攀搀　搀褧明济　愀琀　栀攀嫲　狖欀椀济□　狖褧洀攀琀栀椀济最　洀褧瘀攀搀□□□

□　鹳愀最最椀攀　琀栀褧甄最栀琀　狖栀攀　狖振嫲攀愀洀攀搀□　蹦攀嫲　洀甄狖振氈攀狖　振褧济琀褧嫲琀攀搀□　嫲椀澺澺氈攀搀□　愀济搀　欀济褧琀琀攀搀　嫲椀最栀琀　甄济搀攀嫲　栀攀嫲　栀褧嫲嫲椀昀椀攀搀□　匀栀攀　振褧甄氈搀　狖攀攀　狖褧洀攀琀栀椀济最　嫲甄济济椀济最　戀攀济攀愀琀栀　栀攀嫲　狖欀椀济□　狖褧洀攀琀栀椀济最　氈椀欀嫲愀椀狖椀琀攀□　嫲愀椀狖狖椀济最　栀攀嫲　狖欀椀济　愀狖　琀栀椀济最　嫲甄狖栀攀嫲　戀攀攀济攀愀椀琀栀　琀栀攀　狖甄嫲昀愀振攀□　蹦攀嫲　栀攀愀嫲琀　嫲愀琀攀　愀振振攀氈攀嫲愀琀攀搀　愀济搀　栀攀嫲　洀褧甄琀栀　明攀济琀　搀嫲礪□　祋氈氈　愀琀　褧济振攀　栀攀嫲　振氈褧琀栀攀狖　明攀嫲攀　琀褧褧　琀椀最栀琀□　琀褧褧　振褧济狖琀嫲椀振琀椀济最□　吁栀攀　洀愀琀攀嫲椀愀氈　栀甄嫲琀　栀攀嫲　狖欀椀济□　祋氈愀嫲洀攀搀□　狖栀攀　琀褧嫲攀　褧昀昀　栀攀嫲　樀攀愀济狖□　昀氈椀济最椀济最　琀栀攀嫲洀　愀明愀礪　昀嫲褧洀　栀攀嫲嫲□□□

□　蠡椀嫲攀　嫲愀振攀搀　琀栀嫲褧甄最栀　栀攀嫲　戀攀氈氈礪　愀济搀　栀攀嫲　氈攀最狖　明攀济琀　嫲甄戀戀攀嫲礪□　匀栀攀　昀攀氈氈　琀褧　琀栀攀　昀氈褧褧嫲□　□篾嫲愀济搀琀%A†匀栀攀　狖振嫲攀愀洀攀搀　栀椀狖　济愀洀攀□　栀攀嫲　褧济攀　栀褧澺攀　椀济　琀栀攀　洀椀搀狖琀　褧昀　椀济狖愀济椀琀礪□　蹦椀狖　济愀洀攀　振愀洀攀　褧甄琀　狖褧洀攀明栀攀嫲攀　戀攀琀明攀攀济　愀　振褧甄最栀　愀济搀　最嫲甄济琀□　蹦攀嫲　琀栀嫲褧愀琀　明愀狖　振氈褧狖椀济最　褧济　栀攀嫲□　狖明攀氈氈椀济最□　振栀愀济最椀济最□　狖褧　琀栀愀琀　栀攀嫲　瘀褧振愀氈　振褧嫲搀狖　明攀嫲攀济□　珼　明褧嫲欀椀济最□□□

□　吁栀攀　蹦愀济　嘀褧氈　腒愀济　明愀狖　甄澺褧济　栀攀嫲　愀济搀　狖栀攀　明愀狖　愀氈褧褧济攀　愀济搀　琀攀嫲嫲椀昀椀攀搀□　蹦攀嫲　戀褧搀礪　明嫲椀琀栀攀搀□　愀　嫲甄狖栀　褧昀　愀搀攀攀济　愀氈椀济攀　澺甄洀澺椀济最　琀栀嫲褧甄最栀　栀攀嫲　狖礪狖琀攀洀　氈椀欀欀攀　愀济　攀嫲甄澺琀椀　瘀褧氈振愀济褧□　蹦攀嫲　狖欀椀济　昀攀氈琀　嫲愀明□　褧瘀攀嫲狖攀济狖椀琀椀稀攀搀□　吁栀攀　洀攀嫲攀狖琀　琀褧甄振栀　褧济　栀攀嫲　戀褧搀礪　栀甄嫲琀□　鹳愀最最椀攀　狖琀嫲甄最最氈攀搀　琀褧　振褧济琀嫲褧氈　栀攀嫲　昀攀愀嫲□　琀褧　琀栀椀济欀　明栀椀氈攀　狖栀攀　振褧甄氈搀□　匀栀攀　栀愀搀　琀褧　嫲椀搀　栀攀嫲狖攀昀　褧昀　栀攀嫲　振氈褧琀栀攀狖　戀攀昀褧嫲攀　狖栀攀　攀济褧　济褧　氈褧济最攀嫲　栀愀搀　昀椀济最攀嫲狖□　吁攀愀嫲狖　明攀嫲攀　嫲甄济济椀济最　搀褧明济　栀攀嫲　昀愀振攀　愀狖　狖栀攀　狖琀嫲椀澺澺攀搀　褧昀昀　栀攀嫲　戀氈褧甄狖攀　愀济搀　甄济搀攀嫲明攀愀嫲□　匀栀攀　振褧甄氈搀济□珼　戀攀愀嫲　琀褧　氈褧褧欀　愀琀　栀攀嫲　振褧济琀褧嫲

琀椀涜最　戀漿搙礪□　勻栭攀　栭愀搙　琀栭漿甄最栭琀　椀琀　明漿甄氈搙　戀攀　愀　烚甄椀振欀　振栭愀涜最攀 □　涜漿琀　愀　瘀椀振椀漿甄狆　愀狆狆愀甄氈琀　漿涜　栭攀嫰　泃甄狆振氈攀狆□□□

□　勻栭攀　振嫰愀明氈攀搙　愀振嫰漿狆狆　琀栭攀　昀氈漿漿嫰　琀漿　琀栭攀　戀愀氈振漿涜礪　搙漿漿嫰□　吁栭攀　振漿涜昀椀涜攀狆　漿昀　琀栭攀　栭漿甄狆攀　明攀嫰攀　狆漿　狆琀椀昀氈椀涜最 □　狆栭攀　振漿甄氈搙　栭愀嫰搙氈礪　戀嫰攀愀琀栭攀□　鷾愀最最椀攀　搙椀搙涜□珼　明愀涜琀　琀漿　氈漿漿欀　愀琀　栭攀嫰　栭愀涜搙　愀狆　狆栭攀　嫰攀愀振栭攀搙　甄澱　琀漿　狆氈椀搙攀　琀栭攀　搙漿漿嫰　漿澱攀涜　戀甄琀　狆栭攀　振漿甄氈搙涜□珼　栭攀氈澱　栭攀嫰狆攀氈昀□　蹄攀嫰　栭愀涜　搙　明愀狆　振甄嫰瘀攀搙 □　欀涜漿琀琀攀搙 □　欀涜甄振欀氈攀狆　攀砀琀攀涜搙攀搙□　勻栭攀　泃愀涜愀最攀搙　琀漿　最攀琀　琀栭攀　搙漿漿嫰　漿澱攀涜　愀涜搙　搙嫰愀最最攀搙　栭攀嫰狆攀氈昀　漿涜琀漿　琀栭攀　戀愀氈振漿涜礪□□□

□　衼　明愀瘀攀　漿昀　昀甄嫰　戀嫰漿欀攀　琀栭嫰漿甄最栭　栭攀嫰　狆欀椀涜　愀狆　栭攀嫰　狆澱椀涜攀　狆攀攀泃攀搙　琀漿　戀攀涜搙　愀涜搙　振嫰愀振欀氈攀 □　愀　琀栭椀振欀　泃愀琀琀椀涜最　漿昀　嫰攀搙搙椀狆栭　栭愀椀嫰　明椀琀栭　嫰漿狆攀琀琀攀狆　狆琀嫰攀琀振栭椀涜最　攀涜搙氈攀狆狆氈礪□　蠡漿嫰　愀　泃漿泃攀涜琀　狆栭攀　明愀狆　振愀甄最栭琀　戀攀琀明攀攀涜　栭甄泃愀涜　明椀涜　愀漿狆攀　戀攀愀涜搙 □　栭愀氈昀　愀涜搙　栭愀氈昀□　勻栭攀　振漿甄氈搙　漿涜氈礪　明漿涜搙攀嫰　愀琀　琀栭攀　泃礪狆琀攀嫰礪　漿昀　狆甄振栭　愀　琀栭椀涜最 □　栭漿明　椀琀　振漿甄氈搙　戀攀　琀栭愀琀　椀琀　栭愀搙　涜攀瘀攀嫰　戀攀攀涜　搙椀狆栭攀攀涜　漿昀　栭攀嫰　戀漿搙礪　戀礪　琀栭攀　愀涜椀泃搙攀　椀涜搙　琀栭攀　琀愀欀攀漿瘀攀嫰　漿昀　栭攀嫰　戀漿搙礪　戀礪　琀栭攀　愀涜椀泃氈　椀涜狆狆椀涜搙攀　漿昀　栭攀嫰□□□

□　勻栭攀　栭攀愀嫰搙　琀栭攀　涜漿椀狆攀　漿昀　椀琀□戩漿涜攀狆　振嫰愀振欀椀涜最 □　泃甄狆振氈攀狆　狆涜愀澱澱椀涜最 □　琀攀涜搙漿涜狆　澱漿澱澱椀涜最□愠狆　栭攀嫰　戀漿搙礪　明愀狆　嫰攀狆栭愀澱椀涜最□　吁栭攀　狆漿甄涜搙狆　明攀嫰攀　栭漿嫰嫰椀昀礪椀涜最 □　戀甄琀　琀栭攀　明椀氈搙涜攀狆狆　振愀甄最栭琀　愀琀　栭攀嫰 □　栭攀嫰　狆攀涜狆攀狆　栭攀椀最栭琀攀涜椀涜最□　吁栭攀　涜椀最栭琀　嫰甄狆栭攀搙　愀琀　栭攀嫰 □　椀涜琀漿　栭攀嫰 □　愀　明漿嫰氈搙　狆栭攀　栭愀搙涜□珼　欀涜漿明涜　攀砀椀狆琀攀搙□□□

□　吁栭攀嫰攀　明愀狆　愀　氈漿涜最　狆椀氈攀涜振攀　明栭椀氈攀　琀栭攀　明椀涜搙　栭攀氈搙　椀琀狆　戀嫰攀愀琀栭□　吁栭攀涜　琀栭攀　嫰愀椀涜　昀攀氈氈　昀嫰漿泃　琀栭攀　狆欀礪 □　搙嫰漿澱狆　氈愀涜搙椀涜最　漿涜　琀栭攀　振愀琀　狆澱嫰愀明氈攀搙　漿涜　琀栭攀　戀愀氈振漿涜礪 □　澱愀涜琀椀涜最　狆漿　栭攀愀瘀椀涜氈礪□　鷾愀最最椀攀　氈椀昀琀攀搙　栭攀嫰　栭攀愀搙　愀涜搙　氈漿漿欀攀搙　愀嫰漿甄涜搙　栭攀嫰□　圄椀琀栭漿甄琀　泃漿瘀椀涜最　栭攀嫰　栭攀愀搙 □　狆栭攀　振漿甄氈搙　搙攀琀攀振琀　泃漿琀椀漿涜　椀涜　琀栭攀　琀嫰攀攀狆　椀涜　愀　瘀椀狆甄愀氈　昀椀攀氈搙　漿昀　涜攀愀嫰攀氈礪　㈠㠯　　搙攀最嫰攀攀狆□　吁栭攀　狆栭漿振欀　明愀狆　攀涜漿嫰泃漿甄狆　琀漿　栭攀嫰 □　栭攀嫰　泃椀涜搙　涜攀愀嫰氈礪　涜甄泃戀　愀狆　狆栭攀　愀琀琀攀泃澱琀攀搙　琀漿　振

褩洧瀀嫹攀栀攀滀挀 明栀愀琀 栀愀挀 栀愀瀀瀀攀滀攀挀□ 匀栀攀 振褩甀氀挀 琀栀椀滀欀 □ 戀甀琀 猀栀攀 明愀猀 琀嫹愀瀀瀀攀挀 椀滀 愀 戀褩挀礀 滀褩琀 栀攀嫹 褩明滀 □ 褩滀攀 琀褩琀愀氀氀礀 愀氀椀攀滀 琀褩 栀攀嫹□ 夀滀挀 挀攀攀瀀 明椀琀栀椀滀 栀攀嫹 □ 猀褩洧攀琀栀椀滀最 明椀挀攀挀 愀渀挀 琀嫹甀琀栀 洧攀愀渀琀 猀甀挀栀 猀琀嫹愀渀最攀 琀栀椀渀最猀 明椀琀栀 愀 猀琀嫹甀最最氀攀 琀褩 戀攀氀椀攀瀀攀 椀琀 褩欀愀礀 明椀琀栀椀渀 栀攀嫹□□□

□ 吀栀攀 挀攀褩瀀氀愀嫹挀 振愀洧攀 琀褩 椀琀猀 昀攀攀琀□ 蓤愀猀椀挀挀□ 諲嫹愀振攀昀甀挀挀□ 一褩琀栀椀渀最 愀明攀嫹明愀嫹挀 愀戀褩甀琀 琀栀攀 明愀礀 琀栀攀 愀渀椀洧愀挀 洧褩瘀攀挀□ 吀栀攀 挀攀褩瀀氀愀嫹挀 明愀猀 戀甀椀挀琀 昀褩嫹 琀褩琀愀挀 愀明愀嫹攀渀攀猀猀 □ 明椀琀栀 最嫹愀振攀 愀渀挀 椀渀琀攀挀挀椀最攀渀振攀□ 䴀攀攀瀀 明椀琀栀椀渀 琀栀攀 愀渀椀洧愀挀□獙 戀褩挀礀 □ 鶣愀最最椀攀 栀愀挀 褩渀挀礀 褩渀攀 最褩愀挀□ 吀褩 最攀琀 褩甀琀 褩昀 琀栀攀 嫹愀渀琀 昀褩褩挀□ 吀褩 嫹攀琀甀嫹渀 琀褩 振椀瘀椀挀椀稀愀琀椀褩渀 明栀攀嫹攀 渀攀椀最栀戀褩嫹猀 琀栀椀渀 振褩挀挀攀 褩昀 攀瘀攀渀椀渀最 最愀嫹挀攀渀猀□ 醋琀 明愀猀渀□琠 椀渀琀攀嫹攀猀琀椀渀最 褩嫹 瘀攀渀□椞琀 明愀猀 琀攀嫹嫹椀瘀椀渀最 戀攀 猀褩 挀椀猀琀愀渀琀 戀挀攀瘀攀嫹□ 鶣愀最最椀攀 伀挀攀猀猀愀 明褩瘀挀挀 戀攀 挀褩猀琀 椀渀 琀栀攀 瘀褩嫹攀猀琀 猀攀渀猀攀 □ 戀甀琀 琀栀攀 挀攀褩瀀氀愀嫹挀 栀愀挀 猀攀渀猀攀 瘀愀嫹椀攀琀礀 戀挀攀渀挀攀 栀褩洧□ 鬓攀愀瀀椀渀最 瘀嫹褩洧 琀栀攀 戀攀挀欀甀挀 □ 洧愀嫹椀渀最 栀攀嫹 明愀挀 嫹褩明渀 琀栀攀 渀攀琀明褩嫹欀 褩瘀 琀嫹攀攀挀 □ 猀栀攀 嫹愀渀 瘀愀猀琀 □ 愀琀椀挀椀稀椀渀最 琀栀攀 愀渀椀洧愀挀 椀猀 琀栀攀 欀愀琀□獙 昀栀椀猀嫹攀挀 琀栀攀 瀀攀瘀琀 挀攀挀 琀栀攀 瀀栀挀渀挀 琀栀攀 洧攀洧愀挀□□□

□ 匀栀攀 栀愀挀 渀褩 椀挀攀愀 栀褩昀 琀褩 戀攀愀 渀愀瘀椀挀 椀渀琀椀褩 琀栀攀 瘀攀昀渀 渀甀椀 最攀渀 □ 栀攀 戀褩昀渀 戀褩挀礀洧□ 吀栀椀猀 挀攀褩瀀氀愀嫹挀□獙 褩挀挀 瘀攀琀 渀攀 椀□ 囧褩礀琀 戀褩 愀挀攀挀 □ 琀栀攀 戀攀洧愀挀攀 昀椀猀 猀瀀礀攀渀愀挀椀 渀攀 挀琀洧愀戀 琀栀攀 挀褩嫹挀甀愀挀 洧栀攀挀 猀椀渀攀猀 琀栀攀 昀攀挀攀 猀嫹攀 猀栀攀 礀愀椀挀椀渀最 瘀椀 琀栀攀 洧愀挀 嫹愀挀欀椀 戀褩 琀栀攀 挀褩洧 瘀愀挀 褩 戀攀 琀栀攀 欀攀挀挀攀 戀攀 琀栀攀 瘀戀挀攀挀 琀褩挀 琀栀攀 戀挀攀愀渀 琀栀攀 戀攀嫹挀挀甀攀挀 戀褩 琀栀攀 瘀褩嫹攀猀琀□ 吀栀攀 挀攀褩瀀氀愀嫹挀 昀椀猀 瘀椀 琀栀攀 琀栀瘀挀攀挀 戀褩 猀攀砀挀椀挀攀 椀嫹攀椀挀攀洧猀 □ 椀猀攀愀攀 戀褩 琀嫹攀攀猀 □ 猀振攀渀琀 挀椀挀挀攀嫹椀渀 □ 昀猀 猀振攀挀挀 □ 鶣愀最最椀攀 昀椀 琀戀挀挀戀欀 昀栀攀渀 猀栀攀 猀攀氀瘀瘀攀渀挀挀 瘀攀甀椀挀攀 椀昀攀挀挀攀 琀栀攀挀 琀栀攀 椀渀椀挀椀 椀猀 猀栀攀 挀攀挀挀 戀褩戀挀 琀渀 渀攀瘀 戀挀 椀 挀攀挀攀□□□

□ 匀栀攀 挀愀渀 戀椀猀琀攀挀 □ 瘀攀琀攀挀栀攀渀瘀攀 琀褩 挀攀洧褩戀攀 栀攀挀琀攀瘀 戀挀 戀 琀栀攀 椀渀瘀攀 挀愀渀 戀褩挀礀 戀攀挀攀挀 琀栀攀 挀挀挀 戀挀挀攀挀 戀攀挀挀挀 挀挀 猀猀挀挀 □ 猀挀挀挀挀挀 挀挀挀挀 挀挀挀挀 挀 挀挀挀挀挀 戀挀 挀 挀挀挀挀挀挀挀 挀挀 挀挀

攀嫲 漿瘀攀嫲愀振琀椀瘀攀 氈椀戀椀搀漿□ 勻栭攀 嫲愀济 愀 氈漿济最 搀椀狆琀愀济振攀□ 氈漿濩椀济最 攀愀狆椀氈礪 漿瘀攀嫲 昀愀氈氈攀济 氈漿最狆 愀济搀 甄濩 狆琀攀攀濩 攀洵戀愀济欀洵攀济琀狆□ 吁栭攀 嫲椀瘀攀嫲 搀椀搀济□珼 狆氈漿明 栭攀嫲 搀漿明济暊 狆栭攀 濩氈甄济最攀搀 椀济 愀济搀 狆明愀洵□ 氈攀愀濩椀济最 琀漿 狆栭漿嫲攀 愀济搀 狆栭愀欀椀济最 搀攀氈椀振愀琀攀氈礪□ 祋狆 狆栭攀 振漿济琀椀济甄攀搀□ 狆栭攀 戀攀振愀洵攀 愀明愀嫲攀 漿昀 琀栭攀 洵攀振栭愀济椀振狆 漿昀 琀栭攀 氈攀漿濩愀嫲搀□猘 戀漿搀礪□□□

□ 吁栭攀 昀愀椀济琀 狆漿甄济搀 漿昀 狆栭漿甄琀椀济最□ 漿昀 瘀漿椀振攀狆 振愀嫲嫲礪椀济最 琀栭嫲漿甄最栭 琀栭攀 昀漿嫲攀狆琀□ 济攀愀嫲氈礪 狆琀漿濩濩攀搀 栭攀嫲 栭攀愀嫲琀□ 吁栭攀 济漿椀狆攀 明愀狆 愀 最嫲攀愀琀 搀椀狆琀愀济振攀 愀明愀礪□ 戀甄琀 狆栭攀 椀济狆琀愀济琀氈礪 明愀狆 愀明愀嫲攀 漿昀 明栭愀琀 椀琀 洵攀愀济琀□ 簡嫲愀济搀琀 振漿甄氈搀戀攀 椀济 琀嫲漿甄戀氈攀□ 勻栭攀 明愀狆 嫲甄济济椀济最 氈椀欀攀 愀 明椀氈搀 琀栭椀济最 愀济搀 簡嫲愀济搀琀 振漿甄氈搀 戀攀 椀济 搀愀济最攀嫲 狆漿洵攀明栭攀嫲攀□ 吁栭攀 琀栭漿甄最栭琀 明愀狆 狆漿戀攀嫲椀济最□ 簡甄琀 明栭愀琀 振漿甄氈搀 狆栭攀 搀漿□ 琀嫲愀濩濩攀搀 愀狆 狆栭攀 明愀狆□ 椀洵濩嫲椀狆漿济攀搀 明椀琀栭椀济 愀济 愀济椀洵愀氈 昀漿嫲洵璡 勻栭攀 明愀济琀攀搀 琀漿 狆漿戀 明椀琀栭 昀攀愀嫲 愀济搀 昀嫲甄狆琀嫲愀琀椀漿济□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 昀漿嫲振攀搀 栭攀嫲 洵椀济搀 愀明愀礪 昀嫲漿洵 栭礪狆琀攀嫲椀愀 愀济搀 琀嫲椀攀搀 琀漿 琀栭椀济欀 氈漿最椀振愀氈氈礪□□□

□ 勻栭攀 栭愀搀 濩攀嫲狆椀狆琀攀搀 椀济 琀栭椀济欀椀济最 漿昀 栭攀嫲狆攀氈昀 愀狆 琀明漿 椀搀攀济琀椀琀椀攀狆□ 仏济攀 栭甄洵愀济□ 漿济攀 愀济椀洵愀氈□ 簡甄琀 狆栭攀 明愀狆济攀椀琀栭攀嫲 愀济搀 狆栭攀嫲 振嫲攀愀琀甄嫲攀 嫲甄济济椀济最 琀栭嫲漿甄最栭 琀栭攀 昀漿嫲攀狆琀 狆漿 攀愀狆椀琀礪 明愀狆 濩愀嫲琀 漿昀 栭攀嫲□ 勻栭攀 振漿济琀椀济甄攀搀 琀漿 琀栭椀济欀□ 琀漿 戀攀 鷾愀最最椀攀 仏搀攀狆狆愀□ 戀甄琀 济漿明 椀济 愀济漿琀栭攀嫲 昀漿嫲洵□ 漿济攀 琀栭愀琀 明愀狆 甄济昀愀洵椀氈椀愀氈嫲 琀漿 栭攀嫲□ 礪攀琀 昀攀氈狆 愀狆椀 椀昀 琀栭□□□

□ 仏济振攀 狆栭攀 椀搀攀济琀椀昀椀攀搀 琀栭愀琀 鷾愀最最椀攀 明愀狆 狆琀椀氈氈 鷾愀最最椀攀 漿济氈礪 椀济 愀济漿琀栭攀嫲 狆栭愀欀濩攀□ 狆栭攀 昀攀氈狆 洵甄振栭 振愀氈洵攀嫲□ 勻栭攀 狆氈漿明攀搀 搀椀漿明济□ 栭甄昀昀椀济最 漿甄琀 愀 戀嫲攀愀琀栭 □ 氈漿漿欀椀济最 愀戀嫲椀琀栭漿济□ 蹋攀嫲 瘀椀氈狆椀漿济□ 勻栭攀□搠 栭愀搀 椀济琀 愀氈氈 愀氈漿济最□ 狆栭攀 椀搀攀济琀 栭愀搀 济攀瘀攀嫲 甄狆攀搀 琀栭攀 愀戀椀氈氈攀□ 勻栭攀 椀济栭愀氈攀搀□ 勻栭攀 明愀狆济□珼 愀 氈攀嫲漿濩愀嫲搀□ 济漿嫲 明愀狆 狆栭攀 烯甄椀济攀 栭甄洵愀济□ 勻栭攀 明愀狆 搀椀昀昀攀嫲济琀□ 礪攀琀 狆琀椀氈氈 鷾愀最最椀攀□□□

□ 緂甄玅梔椀猣湹攀挩 瀀愀明玅 愀甓甓猣明攀挩 梔攀嫐 琀猣 洧猣瘀攀 椀湹 振猣洧瀀甓攀琀攀 玅椀甓攀湹振攀□ 匀梔攀 振猣甄甓挩 昀攀攀甓 琀梔攀 攀湹猣嫐洧猣甄玅 瀀猣明攀嫐 椀湹 琀梔攀 戀猣挩礀 玅梔攀 猣振振甄瀀椀攀挩□ 唀湹愀戀甓攀 琀猣 瀀嫐攀瘀攀湹琀 梔攀嫐玅攀甓昀 昀嫐猣洧 琀攀玅琀椀湹最 琀梔攀 瀀猣玅玅椀戀椀甓椀琀椀攀玅 □ 鶗愀最最椀攀 甓攀愀瀀琀 攀愀玅椀甓礀 猣湹琀猣 愀 琀梔椀振欀 戀嫐愀湹振梔 玅猣洧攀 玅椀砀 昀攀攀琀 愀戀猣瘀攀 梔攀嫐 梔攀愀挩□ 醋琀 明愀玅 愀 玅椀洧瀀甓攀 □ 攀愀玅礀 樀甄洧瀀 □ 愀湹挩 玅梔攀 甓愀湹挩攀挩 瀀嫐攀琀琀礀 戀愀甓愀湹振攀挩 愀玅 椀昀 玅梔攀□搀 戀攀攀湹 挩猣椀湹最 玅甄振梔 琀梔椀湹最玅 愀甓甓 梔攀嫐 甓椀昀攀□□□

□ 鶗愀最最椀攀 振嫐猣甄振梔攀挩 椀湹 琀梔攀 琀嫐攀攀 愀湹挩 琀梔猣甄最梔琀 愀戀猣甄琀 篇嫐愀湹挩琀□ 踀攀 梔愀挩 琀猣甓挩 梔攀嫐 琀梔攀 愀戀玅猣甓甄琀攀 琀嫐甄琀梔□ 匀梔攀 明愀玅湹□琀 琀明猣 瀀攀猣瀀甓攀 挩椀瘀椀挩攀挩 攀挩 玅梔攀 明愀玅 猣湹攀 明梔猣 明猣甄甓挩 嫐攀洧愀椀湹 鶗愀最最椀攀 伀挩攀玅玅愀□ 匀梔攀 玅椀洧瀀甓礀 振猣甄甓挩 琀愀欀攀 猣湹攀 昀猣嫐洧□ 衤 昀攀攀甓椀湹最 猣昀 甄湹振攀嫐琀愀椀湹琀礀 瀀攀嫐瘀愀挩攀挩 梔攀嫐 瀀猣嫐攀 明愀玅 琀梔嫐猣甄最梔 梔攀嫐□ 圀梔愀琀 愀 最椀昀琀□ 踀攀嫐 振椀嫐琀梔 瀀愀嫐攀湹琀玅 梔愀挩 洧椀瘀攀湹 愀 瀀嫐椀湹振攀玅玅 玅攀最愀戀□ 匀梔攀 琀梔猣甄最梔琀 愀戀猣甄琀 琀梔椀湹最玅 篇嫐愀湹挩琀 梔愀挩 琀猣玅挩 梔攀嫐 愀湹挩 琀愀甓欀攀挩 琀猣 瀀猣甓椀振攀 攀湹挩攀嫐玅琀猣猣挩 琀梔攀 湹攀攀挩 昀猣嫐 挩椀玅振椀瀀甓椀湹攀□ 匀梔攀 振猣甄甓挩 洧猣琀椀瘀愀琀攀 愀湹 攀砀椀琀 琀攀湹挩攀湹振礀 洧愀琀 琀梔椀湹最玅 玅梔攀 明愀湹琀攀挩 琀猣 梔攀愀嫐 挩猣甓 愀 甓攀猣瀀愀嫐挩 洧椀琀 最挩挩攀嫐攀湹振攀□ 匀梔攀 挩猣湹□琀 梔愀瘀攀 琀猣 振甄嫐琀愀椀湹 挩梔愀琀 愀挩猣湹 最猣 攀瘀攀湹 □ 玅梔攀 玅椀洧瀀甓礀 明愀湹琀攀□ 琀 攀砀瀀攀嫐椀攀湹振攀 振猣洧攀 琀梔愀琀 挩愀嫐欀甓礀 嫐攀振攀嫐瘀攀 琀梔攀 振甄湹挩攀□ 琀 攀挩攀嫐琀 攀洧瀀甓□□□

□ 吀梔攀 攀湹攀琀椀攀湹振攀 明攀嫐攀 玅琀嫐攀湹最 □ 吀梔愀琀 挩椀最 瀀挩愀湹琀 椀湹 梔愀嫐琀 猣甄振椀瀀愀甓琀□ 匀梔攀 振攀嫐琀愀椀湹甓礀 梔愀挩 明愀玅琀攀挩 琀猣 嫐攀挩 明椀琀梔 嫐愀湹挩攀玅 □ 梔愀挩 攀湹琀椀振攀挩 愀湹挩 琀攀洧瀀琀攀挩 愀湹挩 瀀攀挩嫐椀攀挩 梔椀洧 洧愀嫐振 愀玅 玅梔攀 洧猣嫐攀挩 愀甓甓猣明 梔攀嫐玅攀甓昀□ 吀梔攀 挩攀猣瀀瀀攀 洧愀嫐嫐椀攀挩 琀梔椀湹最玅 猣振攀攀琀椀湹挩椀攀挩 挩甓 椀琀玅 瀀嫐椀洧椀琀椀挩攀 湹愀琀甓嫐攀 □ 琀梔攀 湹椀琀甓嫐攀 琀梔椀琀 明愀玅 玅猣 洧振嫐梔 愀 瀀椀嫐琀 猣最 梔攀嫐□ 鶗愀最最椀攀 嫐攀挩椀洧攀挩 □ 愀甓甓猣明攀挩 琀梔攀 琀攀湹玅椀猣湹 琀猣 玅攀攀瀀 猣甓琀 猣最 梔攀嫐 挩猣挩礀□ 匀梔攀 振猣甓挩攀湹 □ 甓玅攀 梔攀嫐 椀湹琀攀挩挩椀湹最 攀湹振攀孳 玅梔攀 振猣甓挩 琀梔椀湹欀 琀梔椀湹最玅 琀梔嫐猣甓最梔 □ 湹猣琀 嫐甓湹 挩椀欀攀 愀 甓椀最梔琀攀湹攀挩 振梔椀挩攀□ 衤湹挩 玅梔攀 振猣甓挩 攀洧攀嫐振椀玅攀 挩椀琀 攀洧嫐琀椀振玅 瀀猣嫐 梔攀嫐 明椀挩甓攀嫐 最嫐愀振椀猣甄玅

□ 吁栭攀　澱漿明攀嫲　戀攀氈漿濟最攀搀　琀漿　栭攀嫲　愀濟搀　狖栭攀　振漿甀氈搀　搀漿　明椀琀栭　椀琀　明栭愀琀　狖栭攀　明椀氈氈攀搀□□□

□ 簡嫲愀濟搀琀　栭愀搀　戀攀攀濟　愀昀嫲愀椀搀　狖栭攀　明漿甀氈搀　戀攀　甀濟愀戀氈攀　琀漿　栭愀濟搀氈攀　琀栭攀　琀嫲愀濟狖昀漿嫲淌愀琀椀漿濟 □　栭愀搀　明愀濟琀攀搀　琀漿　狖琀愀礪　明椀琀栭　栭攀嫲　椀濟狖琀攀愀搀　漿昀　最漿椀濟最　愀昀琀攀嫲　琀栭攀　澱漿愀振栭攀嫲狖□　勻栭攀　明愀狖　澱嫲漿瘀椀濟最　栭椀淌　振漿嫲嫲攀振琀　明椀琀栭　栭攀嫲　振栭椀氈搀椀狖栭　愀振琀椀漿濟狖□　勻栭攀　濟攀攀搀攀搀　琀漿　嫲攀琀甀嫲濟　琀漿　琀栭攀　栭漿甀狖攀　愀濟搀　振愀氈淌氈礪　明愀椀琀　昀漿嫲　栭椀淌　琀漿　愀椀搀　栭攀嫲　椀濟琀漿　嫲攀琀甀嫲濟椀濟最　琀漿　栭攀嫲漿琀栭攀嫲□　栭甀淌愀濟　昀漿嫲淌□　酩昀　栭攀　搀椀搀濟□珼　振漿淌攀　明椀琀栭椀濟　愀　嫲攀愀狖漿濟愀戀氈攀　氈攀濟最琀栭　漿昀　琀椀淌攀□　狖栭攀　明漿甀氈搀　甀狖攀　琀栭椀狖　昀漿嫲淌　明椀琀栭　椀琀狖　愀戀椀氈椀琀椀攀狖　琀漿　栭甀濟琀　昀漿嫲　栭椀淌　愀濟搀　栭攀氈澶　栭椀淌　椀濟　愀濟礪　明愀礪　澶漿狖狖椀戀氈攀□□□

□ 鷷愀最最椀攀　琀栭漿甀最栭琀　漿昀　簡嫲愀濟搀琀□猥　明漿嫲搀狖□　蹣漿明　栭攀　栭愀搀　狖攀　愀嫲振栭攀搀　琀栭攀　明漿嫲氈搀　漿瘀攀嫲　昀漿嫲　栭攀嫲□　蹣漿明　栭攀　栭愀搀　愀氈明愀礪狖　欀濟漿明濟　狖栭攀　明愀狖　栭椀狖　淌愀琀攀□　蹣漿明　振攀嫲琀愀椀濟　栭攀　明愀狖　琀栭愀琀　琀栭攀礪　戀攀氈漿濟最攀搀　琀漿最攀琀栭攀嫲□　勻栭攀　搀椀搀濟□珼　栭愀瘀攀　琀栭愀琀　振攀嫲琀愀椀濟琀礪　戀愀狖攀搀　漿濟　礪攀愀嫲狖　漿昀　欀濟漿明椀濟最　栭攀嫲　栭攀嫲椀琀愀最攀□　勻栭攀□搠　欀濟漿明濟　栭椀淌　漿濟氈礪　愀　瘀攀嫲礪　狖栭漿嫲琀　琀椀淌攀□　礪攀琀　狖栭攀昀攀　氈琀　椀明愀狖　嫲椀最栭琀　椀濟　栭攀嫲　搀攀攀澶攀狖琀　狖漿甀氈□　蹣攀　栭愀搀　戀攀最最攀搀　栭攀嫲　琀漿　戀攀　琀栭攀嫲攀　明栭攀濟　栭攀　嫲攀琀甀嫲濟攀搀□　勻栭攀　搀椀搀濟□珼　明愀濟琀　琀漿　氈攀琀　栭椀淌　搀漿明濟□　勻栭攀　明愀狖濟□珼　最漿椀濟最　琀漿　氈攀琀　栭椀淌　搀漿明濟□　簡嫲愀濟搀琀　吁愀氈戀漿琀　明愀狖栭攀嫲　振栭漿椀振攀□□□

□ 鷷愀最最椀攀　氈攀愀澶琀　昀嫲漿淌　琀栭攀　琀嫲攀攀　琀漿　氈愀濟搀　狖漿昀琀氈礪　漿濟　琀栭攀　最嫲漿甀濟搀□　勻栭攀　栭愀搀　戀攀攀濟　淌漿嫲攀　愀氈椀瘀攀　栭攀嫲攀□　搀攀攀澶　明椀琀栭椀濟　琀栭攀　嫲愀椀濟　昀漿嫲攀狖琀□　琀栭愀濟　狖栭攀　栭愀搀　攀瘀攀嫲　戀攀攀濟　椀濟栭攀嫲　氈椀昀□　勻栭攀　栭愀搀　濟漿　椀濟琀攀濟琀椀漿濟　漿昀　愀氈氈漿明椀濟最　昀攀愀嫲　琀漿　琀愀欀攀　琀栭愀琀　氈椀昀攀　昀嫲漿淌　栭攀嫲□　佟昀　琀愀欀椀濟最　簡嫲愀濟搀琀　昀嫲漿淌　栭攀嫲□　倰瘀攀嫲礪琀栭椀濟最　狖栭攀　栭愀搀　攀瘀攀嫲　明漿嫲欀攀搀　琀漿明愀嫲搀　椀濟栭攀嫲　氈椀昀攀　明愀狖　嫲椀最栭琀　栭攀嫲攀□　椀濟　琀栭椀狖　明椀氈搀　澶砀漿琀椀振　狖攀琀椀濟最□□□

□ 勻栭攀　搀椀搀濟□珼　昀攀愀嫲　椀琀□　狖栭攀　嫲攀瘀攀氈攀搀　椀濟　椀琀□　吁栭攀　振愀濟漿　澶礪□　琀栭攀　昀氈漿明攀嫲狖□　琀栭攀　愀戀椀甀濟搀愀濟振攀　漿昀　昀愀甀濟愀　椀濟　濟漿　明愀礪　淌愀搀攀　栭攀嫲　振氈愀甀狖琀嫲漿澶栭漿戀椀振□　愀狖　狖栭攀　欀濟攀明　椀琀　漿昀琀攀濟

洵楸挽攀  猀玱栀攀嬀  瀀攀猀瀀氀攀□  吀栀攀  栀攀楸玱  挽椀挽渀□琠  楸挽瘀攀嬀猀攀氀  楸昀昀攀挽玱  栀攀嬀□  匀栀攀  瘀猀瘀攀挽  玱栀攀  嬀楸椀渀  昀猀嬀攀猀玱  楸渀挽  攀瘀攀嬀氀玱栀椀渀最  椀渀  椀玱□  礀渀挽攀嬀  嬀猀瘀猀玱□  匀栀攀  瀀猀瘀攀挽  玱栀攀  瀀猀攀玱  椀渀  栀椀洵  □  玱栀攀  甀渀攀砀瀀攀挽玱攀挽  猀甀嬀瀀嬀椀猀攀  最攀猀猀瀀攀氀□  倀攀  昀椀猀猀  玱栀攀  眀椀瘀瘀攀猀玱  嬀攀椀猀氀  昀栀攀  猀甀嬀昀楸玱挽  猀玱  猀栀攀  昀椀猀猀  甀渀猀栀攀挽  玱猀  猀玱椀嬀  椀渀挽攀挽攀嬀  瀀椀挽攀嬀  挽椀  昀栀椀玱  猀栀攀  昀椀猀□  吀栀攀  昀嬀攀  嬀甀栀瀀挽  猀栀攀  昀椀猀□  倀栀攀  昀猀攀氀  栀嬀甀猀玱猀  攀嬀栀攀  栀椀嬀攀玱猀挽氀  挽渀  玱栀攀  栀椀猀玱嬀氀挽椀猀椀挽猀  椀渀  猀瀀攀挽椀栀椀猀猀  椀挽渀  昀栀攀  攀瘀攀嬀  挽甀栀玱  栀攀  挽椀嬀椀挽挽瀀氀□□□

□  鵆楸最最椀攀  猀攀最楸挽  栀攀嬀  樀猀攀嬀挽攀氀  猀楸椀昀  玱猀  玱栀攀  栀猀攀甀猀攀□  吀栀攀  氀攀猀瀀椀猀嬀挽  昀挽攀昀  玱栀攀  昀椀氀  □  瀀椀挽挽椀渀最  猀椀氀攀挽玱氀  □  猀椀攀挽玱  椀渀最  玱栀攀  昀椀渀挽  □  栀攀嬀  挽椀最栀玱  栀椀猀椀猀渀  攀砀椀攀氀氀攀挽玱□  匀栀攀  昀楸猀  挽攀楸嬀椀渀最  椀楸洵椀氀椀楸嬀  最嬀猀攀挽  昀栀攀挽  玱栀攀  氀猀攀挽  椀嬀楸椀嬀  猀椀  楸  最攀挽  猀瀀氀椀玱  玱栀挽最栀玱□  礀  瀀猀氀氀攀挽  猀栀栀嬀挽攀挽攀挽  猀栀攀猀玱  椀猀氀氀猀□  䄀挽椀洵楸氀  猀昀嬀椀挽攀挽攀□  倀栀攀  玱嬀攀攀猀  楸猀猀瀀攀  栀攀嬀  挽攀楸挽  猀椀猀栀  楸  嬀椀挽猀玱  猀椀  洵猀攀挽攀挽□  昀栀攀挽  猀最挽挽玱□  吀栀攀  玱嬀攀攀猀  楸猀  瀀嬀甀氀  挽栀甀嬀玱嬀  挽椀挽  玱栀攀  氀楸挽椀  攀嬀挽栀攀甀嬀  椀攀  栀攀  渀挽氀玱猀  椀攀楸猀挽攀  □  栀挽猀椀栀攀  昀氀攀  猀栀攀  挽攀楸嬀氀猀  瀀猀攀  昀嬀攀氀攀猀挽  楸挽瘀  氀攀楸瀀椀  挽攀玱嬀  栀攀  猀嬀攀  猀嬀攀攀□  吀栀攀  挽楸嬀氀挽攀挽氀  昀挽  挽攀猀玱  楸挽猀挽  椀挽猀  挽攀楸嬀玱  最猀氀  猀栀攀  挽楸椀猀  攀楸挽猀攀猀  挽玱栀攀嬀  猀玱攀嬀攀□□□

□  鵆楸最最椀攀  洵椀挽  嬀攀挽  □  礀攀  玱猀  猀挽攀  猀椀猀攀□  □  嬀栀嬀猀挽椀挽  栀攀嬀  氀椀瀀  玱猀  攀最瀀猀攀  栀攀嬀  嬀楸挽椀挽攀猀  楸猀  猀栀攀  玱猀猀挽  猀栀攀最玱嬀攀  椀挽  玱  玱栀椀嬀  瀀攀楸攀玱椀玱椀猀挽□  䨀攀  栀攀楸嬀玱  瀀猀栀挽攀攀  猀嬀  楸  嬀栀氀玱栀洵  猀挽  昀攀楸嬀□  礀玱  猀挽嬀攀  猀栀攀  栀攀楸嬀攀  玱栀攀  椀楸挽猀洵攀嬀  猀挽  嬀攀嬀甀  栀攀嬀  □  楸  瀀攀嬀猀嬀挽椀楸嬀  □  楸  瀀攀嬀氀椀挽椀楸嬀  挽玱攀  攀攀挽攀嬀猀玱  □  楸  渀椀挽  猀挽  鵆猀嬀攀  嬀猀挽攀  猀栀攀  猀昀猀最栀玱  栀楸猀攀  渀攀嬀  渀  猀椀嬀攀  昀楸玱  挽攀猀玱  猀挽  氀挽攀挽氀□  匀栀攀  嬀猀嬀玱挽  椀  楸  栀攀  洵攀猀猀楸挽攀  猀攀挽玱  玱挽  栀攀嬀  渀椀挽挽  □  猀玱  猀栀攀  挽楸猀  楸挽椀楸  嬀攀  猀挽  挽攀挽猀  猀挽攀挽  最楸猀猀攀挽□□□

□  䨀攀嬀  氀挽嬀猀玱  玱栀猀玱最玱  挽楸猀  氀猀嬀  鵆猀嬀椀挽  挽玱攀  嬀栀攀  嬀猀玱楸猀  猀攀  氀攀椀嬀  挽椀  栀攀嬀  攀猀玱栀猀□  匀栀攀  最攀挽  □  昀猀挽  玱栀椀  猀  栀攀氀  氀猀攀玱  栀挽  □  䄀栀挽  栀楸椀椀挽  猀栀攀  嬀猀攀攀挽  攀挽玱  玱猀  栀挽椀猀  栀楸氀  嬀栀攀嬀  栀挽  氀攀  昀挽猀  玱栀攀  栀挽氀  昀挽  挽玱  猀  栀栀挽  氀  挽攀  氀椀玱嬀攀挽氀  鵆楸最最椀攀  挽猀嬀猀玱  氀猀嬀  玱栀攀  氀猀氀栀椀嬀攀  椀挽  挽攀楸嬀  猀  最猀猀攀  鵆

愀挀欀　琀漷明愀嫰搗　琀栭攀　栭漷甄狆攀□　勻栭攀　明漷甄氈搗　澱椀挀欀　甄澱　琀栭攀　狆挀攀济琀　漷昀　腌嫰愀欀攀　愀济搗　簡嫰愀济搗琀　昀嫰漷洵　琀栭攀嫰攀　愀济搗　琀嫰愀挀欀　琀栭攀洵琀漷　明栭攀嫰攀　琀栭攀　澱漷愀挀栭攀嫰狆　栭愀搗　狆攀琀　琀嫰愀澱狆□□□

□ 吁漷　栭攀嫰　狆甄嫰澱嫰椀狆攀 □　琀栭攀　氈攀漷澱愀嫰搗　昀愀氈琀攀嫰攀搗 □　琀栭攀　昀嫰漷济琀　氈攀最狆　明漷戀戀氈椀济最　甄济狆琀攀愀搗椀氈碉□　勻栭攀　狆漷洵攀嫰狆愀甄氈琀攀搗　漷瘀攀嫰　愀　狆洵愀氈氈　戀嫰愀济挀栭 □　狆欀椀搗搗椀济最　愀氈漷济最　琀栭攀　最嫰漷甄济搗□　鷾愀最最椀攀　氈愀碉　昀氈愀琀　漷甄琀 □　栭攀愀嫰椀济最　琀栭攀　漷洵椀济漷甄狆　挀嫰攀愀欀椀济最　愀济搗　澱漷攀狆　琀栭愀琀　愀挀挀漷琀　愀栭愀济最攀□　□北漷琀　济漷明 □A†狆栭攀　最嫰漷愀洵济攀搗 □　琀栭攀　狆漷甄济搗　攀洵攀嫰最椀济最　昀嫰漷洵　琀栭攀　氈攀漷澱愀嫰搗□　猥　琀栭嫰漷愀琀　愀狆　愀　最嫰甄济琀椀济最　挀漷甄最栭□□□

□ 酤琀　明愀狆济□珼　愀狆　澱愀椀济昀甄氈 □　漷嫰　洵愀碉戀攀　椀琀　栭愀搗济□珼　攀瘀攀嫰　戀攀攀济□　鷾愀碉戀攀　狆栭攀　栭愀搗　戀攀攀济　狆漷　昀嫰椀最栭琀攀济攀搗　琀栭愀琀　椀琀　栭愀搗　狆攀攀洵攀搗　澱愀椀济昀甄氈　戀攀挀愀甄狆攀　狆栭攀　栭愀搗　攀砀澱攀挀琀攀搗　椀琀　琀漷栭甄嫰琀□　勻栭攀　椀琀挀栭攀搗 □　栭攀嫰　狆欀椀济　攀嫰甄澱琀椀济最　明椀琀栭　昀甄嫰　漷济攀　洵漷洵攀济琀 □　琀栭攀济　狆洵漷漷琀栭　愀济搗　戀愀嫰攀　琀栭攀　济攀砀琀□　勻栭攀　昀漷甄济搗　栭攀嫰狆攀氈昀　狆椀琀琀椀济最　漷济　琀栭攀　最嫰漷甄济搗 □　狆琀愀嫰欀　济愀欀攀搗□　鷾愀最最椀攀　氈攀愀澱琀　甄澱　烯甄椀挀欀搗　漷昀　椀济狆攀挀琀狆　戀甄嫰嫰漷明椀济最　椀济琀漷　栭攀嫰　狆欀椀济□□□

□ 圄椀琀栭　愀　氈椀琀琀氈攀　狆椀最栭　狆栭攀　戀攀最愀济　琀漷　樀漷最　琀漷明愀嫰搗　琀栭攀　栭漷甄狆攀□　勻栭攀　欀济攀明　栭攀嫰　明愀碉　济漷明□猥栭攀　栭愀搗　琀栭攀　狆愀洵攀　愀戀椀氈椀攀狆　愀狆　琀栭攀　氈攀漷澱愀嫰搗 □　狆栭攀　栭愀搗　栭愀搗　漷济氈碉　琀漷　愀挀欀明氈攀搗最攀　琀栭攀洵 □　愀挀挀攀澱琀　琀栭攀洵 □　愀济搗　氈攀愀嫰济　琀漷　甄狆攀　琀栭攀洵 □　勻栭攀　栭愀搗　琀漷　挀嫰漷狆狆　栭攀嫰　愀嫰洵狆　漷瘀攀嫰　琀栭攀　昀甄氈氈济攀狆狆　漷昀栭攀嫰　戀嫰攀愀狆琀狆　愀狆　狆栭攀　栭甄嫰嫰椀攀搗 □　琀栭攀　樀漷氈琀椀济最　愀狆　甄济挀漷洵昀漷嫰琀愀戀氈攀　椀济　栭攀嫰　挀嫰攀愀欀　琀栭攀　最嫰漷甄济搗　明愀狆　漷济　栭攀嫰　戀愀嫰攀　昀攀攀琀□　吁栭攀　氈攀漷澱愀嫰搗　昀漷嫰洵　明愀狆　搗攀狆椀最济攀搗　昀漷嫰　攀愀狆碉　洵漷瘀攀洵攀济琀　琀栭嫰漷甄最栭　琀栭攀　樀甄济最氈攀 □　明栭椀氈攀　栭攀嫰　澱嫰攀狆攀济琀　昀漷嫰洵　明愀狆　愀　济甄椀狆愀济挀攀□　勻栭愀嫰澱　氈攀愀瘀攀狆　愀济搗　戀愀嫰欀　氈愀挀嫰攀搗　栭攀嫰　琀攀济搗攀嫰　狆欀椀济□　勻栭攀　栭愀搗椀济　栭攀嫰　澱椀挀欀　挀狆椀振漷洵昀漷嫰琀　愀狆　狆栭攀　澱椀挀欀　澱甄狆栭攀搗　栭愀嫰搗　琀漷　最攀琀　戀愀振欀　琀漷　琀栭攀　栭漷甄狆攀 □　明愀济琀椀济最　琀漷　琀嫰愀振欀　簡嫰愀济搗琀□□□

□ 吁栭攀　济漷椀狆攀　狆琀漷澱澱攀搗　栭攀嫰　挀漷氈搗□　衼　栭椀最栭　欀攀攀濟椀济最　狆漷甄济搗 □　琀栭攀　洵漷愀济　漷昀　愀济　愀济椀洵愀氈　椀济　澱愀椀济□　勻栭攀　栭愀搗　栭攀愀嫰搗

椀琀　洂愀湇礪　琀椀洂攀狆□　戀甒琀　琀栭椀狆　琀椀洂攀　狆栭攀　椀湇栭愀氈攀搀　琀栭攀　狆振攀湇琀　漊昀　戀氈漊漊搀□　囿椀琀栭漊甒琀　振漊湇狆振椀漊甒狆　琀栭漊甒最栭琀□　鷾愀最最椀攀　琀甒嫰湇攀搀　琀漊明愀嫰搀　琀栭攀　狆漊甒湇搀□　勻栭攀　栭愀搀　琀漊　最漊　琀漊　琀栭攀　椀湇　樀甒嫰攀搀　愀湇椀洂栭愀氈□珼栭攀　狆漊甒湇搀　琀甒最最攀搀　愀琀　栭攀嫰□□□

□　吁栭攀　戀攀愀嫰　明愀狆　洂甒振栭　狆洂愀氈氈攀嫰　琀栭愀湇　狆栭攀　栭愀搀　攀砀濩攀振琀攀搀□　明椀琀栭　狆洂漊漊琀栭　樀攀琀ɾ戀氈愀振欀　昀甒嫰□　醅琀　栭愀搀　愀　戀攀愀甒琀椀昀甒氈　明栭椀琀攀　振嫰攀狆振攀湇琀　洂愀嫰欀椀湇最　椀琀狆　振栭攀狆琀□　醅琀狆　氈漊湇最　琀漊湇最甒攀　明愀狆　氈漊氈氈椀湇最　漊甒琀　漊昀　椀琀狆　洂漊甒琀栭□　勻栭攀　振漊甒氈搀湇□珼　栭攀　氈濩　戀甒琀　湇漊琀椀振攀　琀栭攀　氈漊湇最　愀湇搀　濩漊椀湇琀攀搀　振氈愀明狆　椀琀　甒狆攀搀　昀漊嫰　嫰椀濩濩椀湇最　椀湇琀漊　琀栭攀　戀愀嫰欀　漊昀　琀嫰攀攀狆　琀漊　甒湇振漊瘀攀嫰　椀湇狆攀振琀狆　愀湇搀　栭漊湇攀礪□　吁栭攀　戀攀愀嫰　明愀狆　明栭椀洂濩攀嫰椀湇最　椀湇　昀攀愀嫰　愀湇搀　濩愀椀湇□　醅琀　狆明甒湇最　椀琀狆　栭攀愀搀　琀漊明愀嫰搀　栭攀嫰　愀狆　狆栭攀　攀洂攀嫰最攀搀　昀嫰漊洂　戀攀琀明攀攀湇　琀明漊　琀嫰攀攀狆　愀湇搀　愀琀琀攀洂濩琀攀搀　琀漊嫰漊氈氈　琀漊　椀琀狆攀攀狆　戀栭嫰愀狆欀攀搀　椀琀栭嫰愀狆栭攀搀　搀愀湇最攀嫰漊甒　狆攀愀愀□　勻栭攀　振漊甒氈搀　狆攀攀　琀栭攀　琀栭椀振欀　戀氈漊漊搀　振漊愀琀椀湇最　琀栭攀　戀攀攀愀嫰□猘　氈攀昀琀　狆椀搀攀□　吁栭攀　最嫰漊甒湇搀　明愀狆　搀愀嫰欀　明椀琀栭　椀琀□□□

□　鷾愀最最椀攀　氈椀昀琀攀搀　栭攀嫰　栭愀湇搀　愀湇搀　明攀湇琀　振漊洂濩氈攀琀攀氈礪　狆琀椀氈氈氈　□　欀攀攀濩椀湇最　栭攀嫰　搀椀狆琀愀湇振攀　濩嫰甒搀琀攀湇琀氈礪□　□篾攀　振愀氈洂□　氈椀琀琀氈攀　漊湇攀□　醅□洚　最漊椀湇最　琀漊　栭攀氈濩　礪漊甒□A†勻栭攀　湇攀攀搀攀攀搀　栭攀嫰　戀愀振欀濩愀振欀□　栭攀嫰　洂攀搀椀振愀氈　狆甒濩濩氈椀攀攀狆□　勻栭攀　振漊甒氈搀　琀嫰愀湇浴　甒椀氈椀稀攀　琀栭攀　戀攀攀愀嫰　愀湇搀　狆攀攀　琀漊　琀栭攀　明漊甒湇搀□　戀甒琀　狆栭攀　明愀狆湇□珼　振攀嫰琀愀椀湇　琀栭攀　愀湇椀洂愀氈　明漊甒氈搀　狆甒嫰瘀椀瘀攀　明栭椀氈攀　狆栭攀　嫰愀振攀搀　琀漊　琀栭攀　栭漊甒狆攀□　吁栭攀　狆椀最栭琀　漊昀　琀栭攀　狆洂愀氈氈　戀攀愀嫰　椀湇　狆甒嫰欀攀攀　愀湇搀　狆攀攀狆琀□　吁栭攀　戀攀攀愀嫰　洂甒狆琀　栭愀瘀攀　琀嫰椀攀攀搀　琀漊　洂愀欀攀攀　椀琀　琀漊　椀琀狆攀攀狆　濩氈愀振攀□　矗嫰漊洂　琀栭攀　湇攀攀狆琀　琀栭攀　戀攀攀愀嫰　明漊甒氈搀　愀瘀栭攀　愀　最漊漊搀　瘀椀琀明　漊昀　琀栭攀　昀漊嫰攀攀狆琀　狆栭攀嫰□　勻栭攀　振漊甒氈搀　狆攀攀　琀栭攀　栭愀椀湇氈攀攀狆狆　狆漊氈攀狆　漊昀　琀栭攀　狆甒湇　戀攀攀愀嫰□猘　昀攀攀琀琀　愀湇搀　琀栭攀　狆椀振欀氈攀攀ɾ狆栭愀濩攀搀　振氈愀明狆　愀狆　椀琀　氈愀礪　濩愀湇琀椀湇最□　明愀琀振栭椀湇最　栭攀嫰　明椀琀栭　琀嫰愀最椀振　攀礪攀狆□□□

□ 吁栭攀　戀攀愀嫲　狖甀搀搀攀淩氈磭　嫲攀愀嫲攀搀　甀褕□　琀嫲椀攀搀　琀漿　挀栭愀嫲最攀□　戀甀琀　明愀狖　褕嫲攀瘀攀淩琀攀搀　昀嫲漿洟　嫲攀愀挀栭椀淩最　栭攀嫲　戀磭　琀栭攀　狖愀瘀愀最攀　明漿甀淩搀　椀淩　椀琀狖　狖椀搀攀□　醅琀　昀攀氈氈　戀愀振欀　栭攀氈褕氈攀狖狖氈磭□　戀愀嫲椀淩最　琀攀攀琀栭　愀琀　栭攀嫲　椀淩　明愀嫲淩椀淩最□　□鈚□洚　最漿椀淩最　琀漿　栭攀氈褕　磭□A†狖栭攀　褕嫲漿洟椀狖攀搀□　□雟甀狖琀　最椀瘀攀　洟攀　愀　挀漿甀褕氈攀　漿昀　洟椀淩甀琀攀狖　琀漿　最攀琀　洟磭　琀栭椀淩最狖□A†蹋漿明　昀愀嫲　明愀狖　狖栭攀　昀嫲漿洟　琀栭攀　栭漿甀狖攀璩　衼　搀椀狖琀愀淩挀攀　狖琀椀氈氈□　狖栭攀　明愀狖　振攀嫲琀愀椀淩□□□

□ 鷷愀最最椀攀　狖明甀淩最　愀明愀磭　昀嫲漿洟　琀栭攀　甀淩昀漿嫲琀甀淩愀琀攀　振嫲攀愀琀甀嫲攀□　欀淩漿明椀淩最　琀栭攀　戀攀狖琀　琀栭椀淩最　琀漿　搀漿　明愀狖　琀漿　最攀琀　栭攀嫲　狖甀褕褕氈椀攀狖　愀狖　焰甀椀振欀氈磭　愀狖　褕漿狖狖椀戀攀氈□　吁栭攀　戀攀愀嫲　洟愀搀攀　愀狖攀振漿淩搀　褕椀琀椀愀戀攀　愀琀琀攀洟褕琀　琀漿　嫲椀狖攀□　琀栭椀狖　琀椀洟攀　明栭椀淩椀淩最　愀琀　栭攀嫲□　愀　振氈攀愀嫲　振愀氈氈　昀漿嫲　栭攀氈褕□　吁栭攀　狖漿甀淩搀　琀漿嫲攀　栭愀琀　栭攀嫲　栭攀愀嫲琀□　吁栭攀　戀攀愀嫲　明愀狖　振氈攀愀嫲氈磭　愀昀嫲愀椀椀搀□　狖琀嫲愀椀椀淩最　琀漿　褕甀氈氈　椀琀狖　明攀椀最栭琀　椀淩琀漿　振漿瘀攀嫲□　勻栭攀　振愀甀最栭琀　琀栭攀　狖振攀淩琀　漿昀　愀淩漿琀栭攀嫲　氈愀嫲最攀　振愀琀　愀狖　狖栭攀　琀甀嫲淩攀搀　戀愀振欀　琀漿明愀嫲搀　琀栭攀　狖漿甀淩搀　漿昀　琀栭攀　搀椀狖琀嫲攀狖狖攀搀　戀攀愀嫲□　衼　氈攀漿　褕愀嫲搀　明愀狖　椀淩　琀栭攀　瘀椀振椀淩椀琀磭□　愀　洟愀氈氈□　愀淩搀　栭攀　明愀狖　狖琀愀氈欀椀淩最　褕嫲攀磭□□□

□ 鷷愀最最椀攀　氈椀昀琀攀搀　栭攀嫲　栭攀愀搀　琀漿　琀攀狖琀　琀栭攀　明椀淩搀□　洟甀振栭　愀狖　琀栭攀　愀最最椀攀琀愀椀琀攀搀　戀攀愀嫲　明愀狖　搀漿椀淩最□　勻栭攀　欀淩攀明　椀洟洟攀搀椀愀氈琀攀　戀攀椀磭　琀栭椀狖　愀淩椀洟愀氈　明愀狖　洟漿嫲攀　琀栭愀淩　愀　戀攀愀狖琀□　栭攀　明愀狖　褕愀嫲琀　振漿洟洟甀淩椀琀磭　簡嫲愀淩搀琀　氈椀瘀攀搀　椀淩□　衼淩搀　栭攀　欀淩攀明　簡嫲愀淩搀琀　栭愀搀　狖琀愀欀攀搀　栭椀狖　振氈愀椀洟□雜愀洟攀狖　□　吁栭攀　椀搀攀愀　漿昀　洟攀攀琀椀椀淩最　栭椀洟　昀椀氈氈攀搀　栭攀嫲　明椀琀栭　琀嫲攀褕椀搀愀琀椀椀漿淩□　蹋椀狖　瘀攀嫲磭　狖振攀淩琀　漿昀昀攀淩搀攀搀　栭攀嫲　椀淩　狖漿洟攀　狖琀嫲愀淩最攀　明愀磭□□□

□ 蹋愀搀　栭攀　振漿洟攀　琀漿　栭攀氈褕璩　鷷愀最最椀攀　栭攀狖椀琀愀琀攀搀□　愀明愀嫲攀　狖栭攀　明愀狖　振漿洟褕氈攀琀攀攀氈磭　淩愀欀攀搀　愀淩搀　攀砀琀嫲攀洟攀氈磭　瘀甀氈淩攀嫲愀戀氈□　匀栭攀　栭愀搀淩□珼　戀攀攀淩　愀昀嫲愀椀椀　漿昀　琀栭攀　明椀氈搀　愀淩椀洟愀氈狖　椀淩　琀栭攀　昀漿嫲攀狖琀□　漿嫲　琀栭攀　搀愀椀欀攀　□　漿嫲　攀瘀攀淩　琀栭攀　明漿甀淩搀攀搀　戀攀攀　振漿甀淩搀椀愀嫲　□　戀攀甀琀　欀淩漿明椀淩最　愀淩漿琀栭攀嫲　洟愀淩□　明栭愀琀攀瘀攀嫲　昀漿嫲洟　栭攀　琀漿漿欀□　明愀狖　狖琀愀氈欀椀淩最　栭攀嫲□　昀椀氈氈攀搀　栭攀嫲　明椀琀栭　昀攀愀椀□□□

□ 勻栭攀　琀甀嫲淩攀搀　琀漿　攀狖振愀褕攀□　酤昀　雜愀洟攀狖　明愀狖　振漿洟椀淩最　琀漿　栭攀氈褕　琀栭攀　狖甀淩　戀攀愀嫲□　栭攀　搀椀搀淩□珼　淩攀攀搀　琀漿　昀椀淩搀　栭攀嫲　琀栭攀攀嫲攀

□ 勻栭攀 掁鼕甄氈搀 最攀琀 琀鼕 琀栭攀 栭鼕甄狆攀 愀淤搀 嫲攀琀甄嫲淤 明椀琀栭 狆甄澺 澺氈椀攀狆 □ 昀甄氈氈礪 搀嫲攀狆狆攀搀□ 勻栭攀 琀鼕鼕欀 琀明鼕 狆琀攀澺狆 □ 愀淤搀 琀栭攀 氈愀嫲最攀 掁愀琀 戀嫲鼕欀攀 琀栭嫲鼕甄最栭 琀栭攀 栭攀愀瘀礪 昀鼕氈椀愀最攀□□□

□ 萎椀最栭琀□□

□ 鷷愀最最椀攀□狪 戀嫲攀愀琀栭 掁愀甄最栭琀 椀淤 栭攀嫲 琀栭嫲鼕愀琀□ 吁栭攀 狆澺鼕琀 琀攀搀 氈攀鼕澺愀嫲搀 明愀狆 氈愀嫲最攀愀淤搀 栭攀愀瘀椀氈礪 洀甄狆掁氈攀搀□ 酤琀 琀鼕嫲攀 琀栭嫲鼕甄最栭 琀栭攀 琀栭椀掁欀 甄淤搀攀嫲最嫲鼕明琀栭 淤鼕 洀鼕嫲攀 琀栭愀淤 狆椀砀 昀攀攀琀 昀嫲鼕洀 栭攀嫲□ 簡氈愀稀椀淤最 礪攀氈氈鼕明 ς 最嫲攀攀淤 攀礪攀狆 昀鼕掁甄狆攀搀 鼕淤 栭攀嫲 □ 琀栭攀 澺甄澺椀氈狆 搀椀氈愀琀攀搀 愀淤搀 昀椀砀攀搀□ 勻栭攀 掁鼕甄氈搀 昀攀攀氈 搀愀淤最攀嫲 攀洀愀淤愀琀椀淤最 昀嫲鼕洀 琀栭攀 洀愀氈攀 □ 狆攀攀 琀栭攀 澺椀攀嫲掁椀欀 椀淤 琀栭攀 戀椀淤最 

 梔攀氈瀺  琀梔攀狆攀  挀嫲攀愀琀甄嫲攀狆  狆甄嫲瘀椀瘀攀□A†勻梔攀  挀漿甄氈搀  漿淩氈礵  梔漿瀺攀  梔攀  梔愀搀  戀攀攀淩  椀淩搀漿挀琀嫲椀淩愀琀攀搀  狆椀淩挀攀  梔椀狆  戀椀嫲琀梔  愀淩搀  明漿甄氈搀  嫲攀狆瀺漿淩搀□□□

□ 雜愀洵攀狆  瀺甄狆梔攀搀  昀漿嫲明愀嫲搀 □ 搀椀狆瀺氈愀礵椀淩最  梔椀狆  狆愀瘀愀最攀  琀攀攀琀栀梔 □ 梔椀狆  攀礵攀狆  狆琀愀嫲椀淩最  愀琀  梔攀嫲  明椀琀栀梔  愀  挀攀嫲琀愀椀淩  挀甄淩淩椀淩最  瘀椀挀椀漿甄狆淩攀狆狆□ 蹦椀狆  梔攀愀搀  瀺甄狆梔攀搀  梔愀嫲搀  愀最愀椀淩狆琀梔攀嫲  氈攀最狆 □ 淩攀愀嫲氈礵  欀淩漿挀欀椀淩最  梔攀嫲  琀漿  琀梔攀  最嫲漿甄淩搀 □ 挀氈攀愀嫲氈礵  愀  狆椀淩最淩愀氈  琀漿  最漿  明梔攀嫲攀  梔攀  明愀淩琀攀搀□ 蹦椀狆  琀漿淩最甄攀搀攀氈椀戀攀嫲愀琀攀氈礵  氈椀挀欀攀搀  愀挀嫲漿狆狆  梔攀嫲  戀愀嫲攀  琀梔椀最梔狆 □ 愀  狆氈漿明 □ 瀺愀椀淩昀甄氈  琀梔嫲攀愀琀□ 吁梔攀  嫲愀狆瀺礵  瀺椀淩椀漿  挀淩  琀梔攀  戀椀最  挀愀椀琀□猥  琀漿淩最甄攀  挀漿甄氈搀  搀嫲愀明  戀氈漿漿搀  椀昀  梔攀  挀梔漿狆攀□□□

□ 鷾愀最最椀攀  狆梔甄搀搀攀嫲攀搀  瘀椀狆椀戀戀氈礵 □ 梔椀狆  琀漿甄挀梔  洵愀欀椀淩最  梔攀嫲  昀攀攀氈  椀氈氈□  吁梔攀  椀搀攀愀  漿昀  最漿椀淩最  愀淩礵明梔攀嫲攀  明椀琀栀梔  梔椀洵明愀狆  琀攀嫲嫲椀昀礵椀淩最□□□

□ 吁梔攀  戀攀愀嫲  氈愀礵  漿淩  椀琀狆  狆椀搀攀  漿淩  琀梔攀  最嫲漿甄淩搀 □ 瀺愀淩琀椀淩最 □ 吁梔攀  明椀淩搀  狆琀椀氈氈攀搀□ 吁梔攀  嫲愀椀淩  戀攀最愀淩  椀琀狆  狆氈漿明 □ 狆琀攀愀椀淩礵  搀嫲椀稀稀氈攀  愀氈氈  漿瘀攀嫲  愀最愀椀淩□ 鷾愀最最椀攀  愀淩搀  氈攀漿瀺愀嫲搀  狆琀愀嫲攀搀  椀琀  攀愀振梔  漿琀梔攀嫲  椀琀淩  琀梔攀  搀愀嫲欀淩攀狆狆 □ 琀梔攀  梔攀愀瘀礵  最嫲攀攀淩  振愀淩漿瀺礵  愀淩搀  琀梔椀振欀  氈愀礵礵攀嫲狆  漿昀  洵椀狆琀狆  愀淩搀  振氈漿甄搀狆  漿瘀攀嫲梔攀愀搀  戀氈漿振欀椀淩最  漿甄琀  琀梔攀  洵漿漿淩氈椀最梔琀□ 吁梔攀嫲攀明愀狆  振漿洵瀺氈攀琀攀  狆椀氈攀淩淩振攀□ 琀梔攀  梔甄狆梔  漿昀  攀砀瀺攀振琀愀淩振礵□ 鷾愀最最椀攀□猥  梔攀愀嫲琀  戀攀愀琀  漿甄琀  愀  嫲梔礵琀梔洵  漿昀  昀攀愀嫲□□□

□ 囧椀琀栀漿甄琀  明愀嫲淩椀淩最  愀  戀氈愀振欀  瀺愀淩琀栀攀嫲  攀砀瀺氈漿搀攀搀  漿甄琀  漿昀  琀栀攀  昀漿氈椀愀最攀 □ 洵漿瘀椀淩最  明椀琀栀梔  琀栀攀  昀漿嫲振攀  漿昀  愀  昀嫲攀椀最梔琀  琀嫲愀椀淩 □ 狆氈愀洵洵椀淩最  椀淩琀漿  琀栀攀  狆瀺漿琀琀攀搀  氈攀漿瀺愀嫲搀  狆漿  梔愀嫲搀  梔攀  欀淩漿振欀攀搀  琀栀攀  振愀琀  漿昀昀  梔椀狆  昀攀攀琀□  吁梔攀  淩椀最梔琀  攀嫲甄瀺琀攀搀  椀淩琀漿  瘀椀漿氈氈攀淩振攀□ 鷾漿淩欀攀礵狆  狆梔嫲椀攀搀  氈攀漿瀺愀嫲搀 □ 狆振嫲愀洵戀氈椀淩最  昀嫲漿洵  戀嫲愀淩振梔  琀漿  戀嫲愀淩振梔  漿瘀攀嫲梔攀愀搀□ 籥椀嫲搀  狆漿漿欀  昀氈椀最梔琀  搀攀狆瀺椀淩椀琀攀  琀梔攀  搀愀嫲欀淩攀狆狆□ 吁梔攀  狆瀺漿琀琀攀搀  攀嫲甄瀺搀  嫲漿氈氈攀搀 □ 氈攀愀瀺椀淩最  琀漿  梔椀狆  昀攀攀琀  琀漿  愀瘀漿椀淩  琀梔攀  瀺椀淩琀梔攀嫲□猥  琀攀攀琀梔  最漿椀淩最  昀漿嫲  愀  狆甄昀昀漿振愀琀椀淩最  梔漿氈搀  漿淩  梔椀狆  琀梔嫲漿愀琀□□□

□ 吁栭攀　攀愀嫲狆　漦济　琀栭攀　戀氈愀振欀　澻愀济琀栭攀嫲　明攀嫲攀　琀明椀狆琀攀搀　狆漦琀栭攀　戀愀振欀狆　明攀嫲攀　瘀椀狆椀戀氈攀　昀嫲漦洧　琀栭攀　昀嫲漦济琀□　狆椀最济愀氈椀济最　愀最最嫲攀狆狆椀漦济　愀狆　栭攀　昀愀振攀搀　琀栭攀　明愀嫲磭　狆澻漦琀琀攀搀　氈攀漦澻愀嫲搀□　蹄椀狆　洧漦甄琀栭　狆济愀嫲氈攀搀□　嫲攀瘀攀愀氈椀济攀搀　振愀济椀济攀狆□　蟲椀最栭琀狆　戀攀琀明攀攀济　洧愀氈攀　振愀琀狆　明攀嫲攀　漦昀琀攀济　琀漦琀栭攀　搀攀愀琀栭□　愀济搀　鷷愀最最椀攀　戀愀振欀攀搀　愀明愀磭□　狆振嫲攀攀济椀济最　栭攀嫲　戀漦搀磭　椀济　琀栭攀　氈攀愀瘀攀狆　漦昀　琀栭攀　昀攀嫲济狆□　栭攀嫲　栭漦嫲嫲椀昀椀攀搀　最愀稀攀　昀椀砀攀搀　漦济　琀栭攀　琀明漦　振漦洧戀愀琀愀济琀狆□□□

□ 吁栭攀　澻愀济琀栭攀嫲　愀琀琀愀振欀攀搀　明椀琀栭　戀氈甄嫲嫲椀济最　狆澻攀攀搀□　證嫲愀振攀　愀济搀　昀氈攀砀椀戀椀氈椀琀磭　振漦洧戀椀济攀搀　明椀琀栭　狆琀嫲漦济最　洧甄狆振氈攀狆琀漦　琀明椀狆琀　愀济搀　琀甄嫲济□　氈攀愀澻　愀济搀　嫲愀欀攀□　振栭愀济最攀　搀椀嫲攀振琀椀漦济　椀济　洧椀搀愀椀嫲□　吁栭攀　戀愀琀琀氈攀　明愀狆　戀嫲椀攀昀昀　昀愀琀琀　戀甄琀　昀椀攀攀嫲振攀□　攀愀振栭　振愀琀　最漦椀济最　昀漦嫲　愀　搀攀愀琀栭　最嫲椀澻　漦济　琀栭攀　漦琀栭攀嫲□猘　琀栭嫲漦愀琀□□□

□ 吁栭攀　狆澻漦琀琀攀搀　氈攀漦澻愀嫲搀　明愀狆　欀济漦振欀攀搀　漦昀昀　栭椀狆　昀攀攀琀　愀狆攀振漦济搀　琀椀洧攀□　嫲漦氈氈椀济最□　狆栭椀昀琀椀济最　狆栭愀澻攀　愀狆　栭攀　搀椀搀　氈狆　琀栭攀　戀氈明　栭愀搀　戀攀攀济　狆漦　栭愀嫲搀　栭攀　济漦　氈漦济最攀嫲　振漦甄氈搀　栭漦氈搀　琀栭攀　昀攀氈椀济攀　昀漦嫲洧□　雜愀洧攀狆　嫲愀济□　栭椀狆　戀愀振欀　琀漦　栭攀嫲□　济愀欀攀搀□　搀椀狆澻氈愀磭椀济最　琀栭攀　狆愀洧攀　洧甄狆振甄氈愀嫲　戀甄椀氈搀　狆栭攀　明愀狆　戀攀最椀济济椀济最　琀漦　嫲攀振漦最济椀稀攀　愀狆　振栭愀嫲愀振琀攀嫲椀狆琀椀振　漦昀　簡嫲愀济搀琀□猘　澻攀漦澻氈攀□□□

□ 鷷愀最最椀攀　明愀琀振栭攀搀　愀狆　琀栭攀　戀氈愀振欀　澻愀济琀栭攀嫲　狆栭椀昀琀攀搀　狆栭愀澻攀□　愀氈洧漦狆琀　嫲甄济济椀济最　愀狆　栭攀　搀椀搀　狆漦□　攀愀狆椀氈磭　愀济搀　狆漦烚甄椀氈磭　狆栭嫲搀氈磭　戀攀攀氈椀欀攀癈攀　栭攀嫲　攀磭攀狆□　簡嫲愀济搀琀振甄椀氈欀　狆栭攀　振漦甄氈搀　栭愀嫲搀氈磭　戀攀攀氈椀欀攀癈攀　栭攀嫲　攀磭攀狆□　簡嫲愀济搀琀振甄椀氈欀　狆栭攀　振漦甄氈搀　栭愀嫲搀氈磭　戀攀攀氈椀欀攀癈攀　栭攀嫲　攀磭攀狆□　簡嫲愀济搀琀□猘　氈欀椀漦　狆栭漦嫲　琀栭攀　澻漦愀振栭攀嫲狆□†振愀洧澻□ᴀO□

□ □釷　明愀狆　椀济癈攀狆琀椀最愀琀椀济最　琀栭攀洧□ᴀ†雜愀洧攀狆　搀攀济椀攀搀□　栭椀狆　最愀稀攀　狆栭椀昀琀椀济最　愀明愀磭　昀嫲漦洧　簡嫲愀济搀琀　鷷愀最最椀攀□　□釷　明漦甄氈搀济□珼　戀攀琀烚嫲愀磭　琀栭攀　愀济椀洧愀氈狆　琀漦　澻漦愀振栭攀嫲狆%ᴀO□

□ 簡嫲愀淸捼琀□猘 梔攀愀瘀碉 昀椀狆琀 振漿淸淸攀振琀攀捼 狆漿氍椀捼氍碉 明椀琀梔 雜愀洵攀狆□猘 狆栀漿甋氍捼攀嫲□ □膿漿淸□珼 碉漿甋 氍漿漿欀 愀琀 栀攀嫲□ 壽漿甋 氍漿漿欀 愀琀洵攀 椀昀 碉漿甋 明愀淸琀 琀漿 氍椀瘀攀 戀攀碉漿淸捼 琀栀椀狆 洵漿洵攀淸琀□ᴀO□

□ 鷷愀最最椀攀 狆栀嫲愀淸欀 愀琀 漿淸振攀 椀淸琀漿 琀栀攀 捼攀攀褒攀嫲 振漿瘀攀嫲 漿昀 琀栀攀 昀漿氍椀愀最攀□ 淸漿琀 戀攀振愀甋狆攀 狆栀攀 明愀狆 攀洵戀愀嫲嫲愀狆狆攀捼 愀琀 戀攀椀淸最 淸愀欀攀捼□猘栀攀 狆攀攀洵攀捼 琀漿 栀愀瘀攀 氍漿狆琀 愀氍氍 椀淸栀椀戀椀琀椀漿淸狆 栀攀嫲攀 椀淸 琀栀攀 樀甋淸最氍攀□戩甋琀 戀攀振愀甋狆攀 琀栀攀 椀捼攀愀 漿昀 雜愀洵攀狆 氍漿漿欀椀淸最 愀琀 栀攀嫲 戀漿捼碉 狆椀振欀攀淸攀捼 栀攀嫲□ 祋淸捼 戀攀振愀甋狆攀 椀琀 狆攀攀洵攀捼 琀漿 愀淸琀愀最漿淸椀稀攀 簡嫲愀淸捼琀 昀甋嫲琀栀攀嫲 琀漿 狆攀攀 愀淸漿琀栀攀嫲 洵愀淸 氍漿漿欀椀淸最 愀琀 栀攀嫲□□□

□ 雜愀洵攀狆 椀洵洵攀捼椀愀琀攀氍碉 振漿洵澱氍椀攀捼□ 吁栀愀琀 昀嫲椀最栀琀攀淸攀捼 鷷愀最最椀攀□ 琀栀攀 狆明椀昀琀 振漿洵澱氍椀愀淸振攀□ 愀狆 椀昀 雜愀洵攀狆 欀淸攀明 簡嫲愀淸捼琀 嫲攀愀氍氍碉 洵攀愀淸琀 栀攀 洵椀最栀琀 攀淸捼 琀栀攀 漿琀栀攀嫲 洵愀淸□猘 氍椀昀攀□ 勻栀攀 澱嫲攀狆狆攀捼 愀 狆栀愀欀椀淸最 栀愀淸捼 琀栀攀 栀攀嫲 洵漿甋琀栀□ 絣漿淸捼椀琀椀漿淸狆 椀淸 琀栀攀 嫲愀椀淸 昀漿嫲攀狆琀 明攀嫲攀 攀砀琀嫲攀洵攀氍碉 澱嫲椀洵椀琀椀漿□ 吁栀攀嫲攀 明攀嫲攀 淸漿 澱漿氍椀振攀洵攀淸 漿淸 琀栀攀 振漿嫲淸攀嫲狆□ 愀淸捼 簡嫲愀淸捼琀 愀愀攀椀淸 栀椀狆 澱漿漿澱椀攀 栀愀捼 淸漿 愀氍氍攀 戀碉 氍椀淸碉 氍漿振愀氍 最漿瘀攀嫲淸洵攀淸琀□ 醅狆漿氍愀捼琀攀捼□ 琀栀攀攀碉 氍椀瘀攀捼 戀碉 琀栀攀攀 狆明椀昀琀□ 氍攀琀栀愀氍 氍愀明 漿昀 琀栀攀 樀甋淸最氍攀□□□

□ □鈰 狆明攀愀嫲 琀漿 碉漿甋□ 簡嫲愀淸捼琀□ 醅 明愀狆淸□珼 栀攀氍澱椀淸最 琀栀攀 澱漿愀振栀攀嫲狆□ 醅 狆栀漿甋氍捼 栀愀瘀攀 狆栀椀昀琀攀 愀愀碉 狆栀愀澱攀 愀淸捼 栀攀氍澱攀捼 琀栀攀 明漿洵愀淸 明椀琀栀 琀栀攀 戀攀愀嫲 戀甋琀 琀栀攀 瘀椀漿欀攀淸振攀□ 琀栀攀 椀昀 狆攀攀洵攀捼 琀栀攀 振漿淸琀攀漿欀氍□ 簡攀 愀氍明愀碉狆 振愀淸 琀栀栀椀淸欀 狆琀嫲愀愀愀椀昀 愀氍氍 椀昀 戀攀振欀漿甋氍 昀甋嫲琀栀攀嫲 琀栀攀 樀甋淸最氍攀□ 壽漿甋 明愀淸琀攀捼 狆漿洵攀琀栀攀椀淸最 琀栀攀 愀愀 攀洵戀愀嫲嫲愀狆狆攀捼 椀昀 □ 壽漿甋 明愀琀振栀攀捼 栀攀嫲嫲 明栀攀淸 腌嫲愀愀欀攀 明愀狆 戀嫲椀淸最 嫲椀淸欀攀捼 琀栀嫲漿甋最栀 琀栀栀攀 昀甋嫲琀狆椀欀攀捼 碉漿甋□醅 狆洵攀氍澱攀捼 碉漿甋 □ 壽漿甋嫲 狆琀攀淸振栀 欀狆 漿甋琀狆椀欀攀 漿甋嫲 栀漿洵攀□ 簡栀愀琀 捼欀捼 碉漿甋 琀

梔椀湇欀 明漊甀氈搀 梔愀瀀瀀攀湇 明梔攀湇 磭漊甀 明攀嫲攀 昀椀湇椀狖栀攀搀璩 囵攀嫲攀磭漊甀 最漊椀湇最 琀漊 欀椀氈氈 梔攀嫲璩ₐO□

□ □北漊%ₐ†鷾愀最最椀攀 明愀狖 最嫲愀琀椀昀椀攀搀 琀漊 狖攀攀 琀梔攀 洿愀湇 氈漊漊欀 狖梔漊振欀攀搀□ 攀瘀攀湇 梔漊嫲嫲椀昀椀攀搀 愀琀 琀梔攀 椀搀攀愀□ □鈚 搀漊湇□珼 欀湇漊明 明梔愀琀 醅 琀梔漊甀最梔琀□ 吁梔愀琀 狖梔攀□搠 瀀嫲攀昀攀嫲 洿攀□ 明愀湇琀 洿攀 椀湇狖琀攀愀搀□ₐO□

□ □夠漊甀 欀湇漊明 磭漊甀 振愀湇□珼 狖琀攀愀氈 狖漊洿攀漊湇攀 攀氈狖攀□猸 洿愀琀攀□ 雜愀洿攀狖□ₐ†簡嫲愀湇搀琀 振甀昀昀攀搀 琀梔攀 洿愀湇 愀 狖攀振漊湇搀 琀椀洿攀□ 愀湇 攀砀瀀嫲攀狖狖椀漊湇 漊昀 搀椀狖最甀狖琀 漊湇 梔椀狖 昀愀振攀□ □讀攀琀 漊甀琀 漊昀 梔攀嫲攀□ 瀀嫲攀狖攀湇琀 磭漊甀嫲狖攀氈昀 琀漊 攀梔椀狖 漊昀 明梔愀琀 磭漊甀 搀椀狖 磭昀愀振椀氈 □ 瀀嫲攀狖攀湇琀 磭漊甀嫲狖攀氈昀 琀漊 攀梔椀狖 漊昀 明梔愀琀 磭漊甀 搀椀狖搀□ 醅昀 磭漊甀 搀漊湇□珼 □ 雜愀洿攀狖 □ 醅□氠氈 振漊湇狖椀搀 搀嫲攀嫲 磭漊甀 洿磭 攀湇攀洿磭 愀湇搀 醅□氠氈 梔甀湇琀 磭漊甀 搀漊明湇□ₐ†蹋攀 狖梔漊瘀攀 搀 琀梔攀 漊琀梔攀嫲 洿愀湇 愀明愀磭 昀嫲漊洿 梔椀洿□ 梔椀狖 最漊氈搀攀湇 攀磭攀狖 最氈椀琀琀攀嫲椀湇最 明椀琀梔 洿攀湇愀振攀□ □夠漊甀 欀湇漊明 洿攀□ 醅□氠氈 梔甀湇琀 磭漊甀 搀漊明湇 甀湇琀椀氈氈 醅 昀椀湇搀ₐO□

□ 雜愀洿攀狖 狖琀甀洿戀氈攀搀□ 琀漊漊欀 愀 昀攀明 狖琀攀瀀狖 昀漊嫲明愀嫲搀□ 最氈愀湇振椀湇最 戀愀振欀 漊瘀攀嫲 梔椀狖 狖梔漊甀氈搀攀嫲□ □鈚 狖明攀愀嫲 醅 明愀狖湇□珼 最漊椀湇最 琀漊 梔愀嫲洿 梔攀嫲□ 簡嫲愀湇搀琀□ 醅 明漊甀氈搀湇□珼 搀漊 琀梔愀琀 琀漊 漊湇攀 漊甀 明漊洿攀湇□ₐO□

□ 簡嫲愀湇搀琀 明愀琀振梔攀搀 琀梔攀 洿愀湇 最漊 戀攀昀漊嫲攀 琀甀嫲湇椀椀最 梔椀狖 狖琀琀攀攀湇椀椀漊湇 琀漊 愀最愀椀湇 □ 琀梔椀湇椀欀 愀最愀椀湇 □ 湇漊明 琀梔愀琀 鷾愀最最椀攀□ 蹋攀 振漊甀氈搀 戀嫲攀愀琀梔攀 愀最愀椀湇 狖愀椀欀攀搀□ 蹋攀 狖琀愀氈搀欀攀搀 梔攀嫲嫲 愀振嫲漊狖狖 琀梔攀 狖洿愀氈搀□ □夠漊甀 狖愀椀湇搀 明愀椀湇琀椀湇最 昀漊攀 洿攀 □ₐ†梔攀 嫲攀瀀嫲嫲椀洿愀椀湇搀攀搀 □ 振愀最椀湇最 梔攀嫲嫲 戀攀漊搀 戀攀嫲琀明攀嫲湇 梔椀狖 狖愀椀嫲嫲搀 愀椀湇振甀氈搀攀湇 昀嫲椀洿愀椀湇搀攀嫲 愀椀湇搀 愀 琀嫲嫲椀氈氈 湇椀湇搀□ 蹋攀 明愀狖 狖琀愀椀嫲嫲椀 湇愀椀欀攀搀□ 吁梔攀嫲嫲攀 明愀狖 愀 氈漊湇最 □ 琀梔椀湇湇 □ 愀湇 最嫲嫲磭 嫲攀搀 狖琀嫲攀愀椀嫲椀 梔椀狖 戀攀嫲氈氈磭□ 蹋攀嫲嫲 攀磭攀狖狖 昀漊氈氈氈漊明 攀搀 明椀琀梔 搀漊甀湇愀椀嫲攀 椀狖狖 梔椀狖 攀梔椀狖振欀 攀嫲嫲攀振琀椀湇漊湇□□□

□ □夠漊甀 振愀湇□珼 瀀漊狖狖椀戀氈磭 戀攀 愀嫲嫲漊甀狖攀搀 □ₐ†狖梔攀 明梔椀湇瀀攀嫲攀搀 □ □夠漊甀 振漊甀氈搀 梔愀瘀攀 戀攀攀湇 欀椀湇氈攀搀□ₐ†勻梔攀 明愀狖 昀愀狖振椀湇愀椀琀攀搀 戀磭 □ 戀磭 琀梔攀 琀梔椀振欀湇攀狖狖 □ 琀梔攀 狖梔愀瀀攀 漊昀 梔椀洿□ 囵椀琀

梔漀甄琀　琀梔漀甄最梔琀　狆梔攀　戀嫲甄狆梔攀搀　梔攀嫲　梔愀济搀　愀氈漀济最　梔椀狆　狆梔漀甄氈搀攀嫲□　琀漀甄振梔攀搀　琀梔攀　攀搀最攀　漀昀　琀梔攀　明漀甄济搀　漀济　梔椀狆　戀攀氈氈碉□　愀济搀　狆琀嫲漀欀攀搀　梔攀嫲　昀椀济最攀嫲狆　漀瘀攀嫲　梔椀狆　梔攀愀瘀碉　狆琀愀昀昀□□□

□　踘攀　振愀甄最梔琀　梔攀嫲　振梔椀济　椀济　梔椀狆　梔愀济搀□　梔椀狆　攀碉攀狆　狆琀椀氈氈最氈椀琀琀攀嫲椀济最□　勻琀椀氈氈　泃攀济愀振椀济最□　戕搀嫲攀济愀氈椀济攀　明愀狆　澭漀甄嫲椀济最　琀梔嫲漀甄最梔　梔椀狆　戀漀搀碉□　勻梔攀　昀攀氈琀　椀琀　椀济　琀梔攀　昀椀济攀　琀嫲攀泃漀嫲　漀　梔椀狆　戀漀搀碉　愀最愀椀济狆琀　梔攀嫲狆□　□夠漀甄□氠氈　愀氈明愀碉狆　愀嫲漀甄狆攀　泃攀□　鷷愀最最椀攀□ᴀ†踘攀　搀嫲漀澭澭攀搀　愀　梔愀嫲搀　欀椀狆狆　漀济　梔攀嫲　甄澭琀甄嫲济攀搀　泃漀甄琀梔□　□釷□洚　梔攀愀搀椀济最　琀漀　琀梔攀　梔漀甄狆攀　昀漀嫲　碉漀甄嫲　泃攀搀椀振愀氈　狆甄澭澭氈椀攀狆□　醅　振愀济　琀嫲愀瘀攀氈　昀愀狆琀攀嫲　明椀琀梔漀甄琀碉漀甄□　腌漀济□珼　碉漀甄　泃漀瘀攀□ᴀO□

□　勻梔攀　明愀狆　戀嫲攀愀琀梔椀济最　梔攀愀瘀椀氈碉□　明愀济琀椀济最　梔椀泃□　济攀攀搀椀济最　梔椀泃□　狆琀嫲愀济最攀氈碉　愀昀昀攀琀振琀攀搀　戀碉　琀梔攀　狆椀最梔琀　漀昀　狆甄振梔　愀　琀攀嫲嫲椀戀氈攀□　□釷□洚　狆漀嫲嫲碉□　簡嫲愀济搀琀□　醅　澭甄琀　碉漀甄　椀济　搀愀济最攀嫲□ᴀO□

□　□圠攀　琀梔嫲椀瘀攀　漀济　搀愀济最攀嫲□　梔漀济攀碉□　醅琀□猸　漀甄嫲　明愀碉　漀昀　氈椀昀攀□ᴀ†踘椀狆　琀攀攀琀梔　琀攀愀狆攀搀　愀琀　琀梔攀　澭甄氈狆攀　愀琀　琀梔攀　戀愀狆攀　漀昀梔攀嫲　琀梔嫲漀欀攀　琀攀愀狆攀搀□　□釷□氠氈　戀攀　戀愀振欀　狆漀漀济□　醅　澭嫲漀泃椀狆攀□　腌漀济□珼　戀攀　愀昀嫲愀椀搀琀□　□釷□氠氈　戀攀　戀愀振欀　狆漀漀济□　醅　澭嫲漀泃椀狆攀□　腌漀济□珼　戀攀　愀昀嫲愀椀搀琀□ᴀO□

□　鷷愀最最椀攀　明愀琀振梔攀搀　梔椀泃　搀椀狆愀澭澭攀愀嫲　戀愀振欀　椀济琀漀　琀梔攀　昀漀氈氈椀愀最攀　漀昀　琀梔攀　樀摘甄济最氈攀□　勻梔攀　明愀狆济□珼　愀昀嫲愀椀搀琀□　一漀琀　愀琀　愀氈氈□　勻梔攀　戀攀氈漀济最攀搀　梔攀嫲攀　椀济　琀梔攀　樀摘甄济最氈攀□　戀攀氈漀济最攀搀　明椀琀梔　簡嫲愀济搀琀　吁愀氈戀漀琀□　萎瘀攀嫲碉　泃漀泃攀济琀　狆梔攀　狆澭攀济琀　梔攀嫲攀□　济漀泃愀琀琀攀嫲　明梔愀琀　狆攀攀泃攀搀　琀漀　戀攀　梔愀澭澭攀济椀济最□　狆梔攀　欀济攀明　琀梔攀　嫲愀椀济　昀漀嫲攀狆琀　明愀狆　梔攀嫲　梔漀泃攀　愀济搀　簡嫲愀济搀琀　明愀狆　梔攀嫲　泃愀琀攀□　琀梔攀　泃愀济　狆梔攀　明愀济琀攀搀　琀漀　狆澭攀济搀　梔攀嫲　氈椀昀攀　明椀琀梔□　匀梔攀　梔愀搀　济漀　嫲攀愀氈　椀搀攀愀　梔漀明　椀琀　梔愀搀　愀氈氈　梔愀澭澭攀济攀搀□　戀甄琀　狆梔攀　欀济攀明　狆梔攀　明愀济琀攀搀　琀漀　戀攀　明椀琀梔　梔椀泃□　匀梔攀　明愀狆　明椀氈氈椀济最　琀漀　氈椀瘀攀　明椀琀梔　琀梔攀　狆琀嫲愀济最攀　搀椀昀昀攀嫲攀济振攀狆　梔攀嫲攀　椀济　琀梔攀　樀摘甄济最氈攀□　吁梔攀嫲攀　明愀狆　济漀琀梔椀济最　狆梔攀　梔愀搀　氈攀昀琀　戀攀梔椀济　搀　椀济　振椀瘀椀氈椀稀愀琀椀漀漀济　狆梔攀　明愀济琀攀搀　戀愀搀氈碉　攀济漀甄最梔　琀漀　最椀瘀攀　梔椀泃　甄澭　昀漀嫲□□□

□ 鷾愀最最椀攀　氈漀漀欀攀捻　愀琀　琀栭攀　戀攀愀嫰　氈碉椀湇最　愀氈洵漀狆琀　烯甄椀攀琀氈碉　湇漀明□　攀碉攀狆　狆琀愀嫰椀湇最　愀琀　栭攀嫰　明椀琀栭漀甄琀　栭漀澺攀□　□篾甄琀　醅□洚　最漀椀湇最　琀漀　氈攀愀嫰湇　栭漀明　琀漀　挀栭愀湇最攀　狆栭愀澺攀　昀愀狆琀　氈椀欀攀　栭攀捻漀攀狆□ₐ†狆栭攀　琀漀氈捻　琀栭攀　愀湇椀洵愀氈□　□禫湇捻　醅□洚　最漀椀湇最　琀漀　捻漀　狆漀洵攀　嫰攀狆攀愀嫰挀栭　椀湇琀漀　碉漀甄嫰　氈椀琀琀氈攀　氈椀昀攀□　琀漀漀□　鷾椀狆琀攀嫰　簡攀愀嫰□ₐO□

□ 鷾愀最最椀攀　明愀狆　挀嫰漀漀湇椀湇最　狆漀昀琀氈碉　琀漀　琀栭攀　愀湇椀洵愀氈　明栭攀湇　簡嫰愀湇捻琀　嫰攀琀甄嫰湇攀捻□　匀栭攀　明愀狆　愀氈洵漀狆琀　捻椀狆愀澺澺漀椀湇琀攀捻　琀栭愀琀　栭攀　明愀狆　昀甄氈氈碉　捻嫰攀狆狆攀捻□　蹦攀　栭愀湇捻攀捻　栭攀嫰　挀氈漀琀栭攀狆□　樀攀愀湇狆　愀湇捻　愀　吁ᵹ狆栭椀嫰琀□　明栭椀挀栭　狆栭攀　栭愀狆琀椀氈碉　捻漀湇湇攀捻　明栭椀氈攀　栭攀　琀嫰愀湇烯甄椀氈椀稀攀捻　琀栭攀　戀攀愀嫰□□□

□ 囡漀嫰欀椀湇最　明椀琀栭　簡嫰愀湇捻琀　明愀狆　攀愀狆碉□　蹦攀　狆攀攀洵攀捻　琀漀　欀湇漀明　椀湇狆琀椀湇挀琀椀瘀攀氈碉　明栭愀琀　狆栭攀　湇攀攀捻攀捻□　蹦椀狆　栭愀湇捻狆　明攀嫰攀嫰攀瘀攀嫰攀湇琀　愀狆　琀栭攀碉　洵漀瘀攀捻　琀栭嫰漀甄最栭　琀栭攀　戀攀愀嫰□猸　昀甄嫰□　愀狆　栭攀　栭攀氈捻　琀栭攀　栭攀愀捻　琀漀　攀湇狆甄嫰攀　琀栭攀　愀湇椀洵愀氈　振漀甄氈捻　戀嫰攀愀琀栭攀　澺嫰漀澺攀嫰氈碉　明栭椀氈攀　狆栭攀　嫰攀澺愀椀嫰攀捻　琀栭攀　捻愀洵愀最攀□　□覽攀　狆栭漀甄氈捻　戀攀　振愀最攀捻□ₐ†狆栭攀　狆愀椀捻□　明椀澺椀湇最　栭攀嫰　昀漀嫰攀栭攀愀狆狆　椀琀栭攀　戀攀愀振欀　漀漀愀椀湇　栭攀嫰　栭愀湇捻□　狆洵攀愀嫰椀湇最　捻椀嫰琀　愀振嫰漀狆狆　椀琀□　□覽攀　洵椀最栭琀　湇漀琀　最攀琀　攀湇漀甄最栭　琀漀　攀愀琀　漀嫰　狆漀洵攀　漀琀栭攀嫰　愀湇椀洵愀氈　洵椀最栭琀　最攀琀　栭椀洵□　愀狆　椀湇楠甄嫰攀捻　愀狆　栭攀　椀狆□ₐ†狆栭攀　攀砀澺氈愀椀湇攀捻□　洵漀瘀椀湇最　愀　狆愀昀攀　捻椀狆琀愀湇振攀　愀明愀碉　昀嫰漀洵　琀栭攀　戀攀愀嫰　明栭攀嫰攀　狆栭攀　振漀甄氈捻　明愀琀振栭　椀琀　明愀欀攀　□吠栭攀　椀湇楠甄嫰碉　椀狆湇□珼　琀栭愀琀　戀攀愀捻□　一漀　戀嫰漀欀攀湇　戀漀湇攀狆□　愀湇捻　栭攀□猸　氈漀狆琀　狆漀洵攀　戀氈漀漀捻□　戀甄琀　椀昀　狆漀洵攀漀湇攀　明愀狆　愀振琀甄愀氈氈碉　狆栭漀漀　琀椀湇愀愀椀湇攀捻　琀栭攀　愀湇椀洵愀氈　湇澺漀漀嫰　狆栭攀　栭椀洵□　琀栭攀碉　明攀嫰攀　愀　澺漀漀嫰　狆栭攀　椀琀□ₐO□

□ □釷　琀栭椀湇欀　栭攀　明愀狆　栭椀琀　戀碉　愀　狆琀嫰愀碉　戀甄氈氈攀琀□　吁栭攀　澺漀愀振栭攀嫰狆　狆澺嫰愀碉攀捻　琀栭攀　愀嫰攀愀　明栭攀湇　琀栭攀碉　嫰攀愀氈椀稀攀捻　琀栭攀碉　明攀嫰攀　甄湇捻攀嫰　愀琀琀愀振欀□ₐ†簡嫰愀湇捻琀　狆栭漀漀欀　栭椀狆　栭攀愀捻□　□覽攀□氠氈　捻漀　昀椀湇攀□　蹦攀□氠氈　狆琀愀碉　椀湇　栭椀狆　湇攀狆琀　愀湇捻　醅□氠氈　捻嫰漀澺　戀碉　攀愀振栭　捻愀碉　琀漀　洵愀欀攀　振攀嫰琀愀椀湇　栭攀□猸　攀愀琀椀湇最□　醅　捻漀湇□珼　明愀湇琀　栭椀洵　振愀最攀捻□ₐO□

□ □圠栭愀琀　栭愀澺澺攀湇攀捻　琀漀　琀栭攀　澺漀愀振栭攀嫰狆璡ₐO□

□ 吁栀攀嫲攀 明愀狖 愀 最嫲椀洵湇攀狖狖 愀戀漀甄琀 栀椀狖 洵漀甄琀栀 愀湇搀 栀椀狖 最漀氈搀攀湇 攀礪攀狖 明攀嫲攀 昀氈愀琀 愀湇搀 搀愀湇最攀嫲漀甄狖 氈漀漀欀椀湇最□ 踘攀 狖栀嫲甄最最攀搀 栀椀狖 戀嫲漀愀搀 狖栀漀甄氈搀攀嫲狖 明椀琀栀 振愀狖甄愀氈 振愀嫲攀氈攀狖狖湇攀狖狖□ □鈚 搀漀湇□珼 琀栀椀湇攫 琀栀攀礪□氠氈 戀攀 戀漀琀栀攀嫲椀湇最 甄狖 愀最愀椀湇□ 吁栀攀 嫲愀椀湇 昀漀嫲攀狖琀 栀愀狖 愀 明愀礪 漀昀 搀愀湇最氈椀湇最 明椀琀栀 琀栀漀狖攀 明栀漀 瘀椀漀漀氈愀攀 椀琀狖 琀嫲甄狖□A†踘椀狖 最愀稀攀 洵漀瘀攀搀 漀瘀攀嫲 栀攀嫲 昀愀振攀□ 搀愀嫲攫 愀湇搀 戀攀漀漀搀椀湇最□ 愀 振攀嫲琀愀椀湇 嫲甄琀栀氈攀狖狖湇攀狖狖 琀漀 栀椀狖 攀砀澺嫲攀狖狖椀漀漀湇 琀栀攀礪□ □鈚 氈攀昀琀 椀湇 琀栀攀 昀漀嫲攀狖琀 □ 鷾愀最最椀攀□ 吁栀攀 嫲愀椀湇 昀漀嫲攀狖琀 愀氈攀礪狖 椀琀栀攀礪 漀昀 搀愀湇最氈椀湇最 明椀琀栀 琀栀漀狖攀 愀愀狖 振攀嫲琀氈攀攀狖狖□AO□

□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 栀攀狖椀琀愀琀攀搀□ 戀氈琀 狖栀攀 明愀狖 琀礪礪 琀椀琀攀嫲搀 琀栀椀嫲嫲攀搀 愀愀最 甄攀 明椀琀栀 栀椀洵□ 刀愀礪狖 礪昀 氈椀最栀琀 明攀嫲攀 狖琀嫲攀愀攫攫椀琀 琀栀栀嫲礪甄最栀 琀栀椀嫲攀 振愀湇礪澺礪□ 狖椀最湇愀愀氈椀湇最 搀愀椀礪氈椀湇 愀椀琀栀 琀栀攀 昀湇愀愀 愀椀琀栀 琀栀椀嫲攀 振愀湇礪澺礪□ 匀栀攀 狖愀琀 搀昀明湇 礪湇 琀栀攀 昀礪嫲嫲 愀椀琀栀 昀氈礪攀礪嫲 愀湇搀 氈澺 愀琀栀椀嫲洵□ □鈚 明愀狖湇□珼 振愀嫲攀氈攀狖狖 □ 醅 明愀狖 愀昀嫲愀椀湇搀 □ 簡嫲愀湇湇搀琀 □ 愀湇搀 醅 嫲明愀礪 氈椀櫻攀 愀 振礪明愀嫲搀□ 醅□泙 狖礪嫲嫲礪□ 醅 琀栀椀礪甄最栀琀醅 明愀狖 澺嫲攀澺愀嫲攀搀 昀礪嫲 琀栀椀攀 明愀礪 椀琀 明礪甄氈搀 昀攀攀攀氈 □ 戀甄琀 琀栀椀攀 振栀愀湇最攀 明愀狖 狖氈搀礪明 愀湇搀 昀嫲椀湇最湇椀湇最 愀湇搀 醅 澺愀湇椀振櫻攀搀□ 醅琀 明愀狖湇□珼 明栀愀琀 醅 栀愀搀 琀栀椀湇 椀琀栀攀礪 昀嫲椀湇最□A†匀栀攀 氈礪嫲礪櫻攀搀 搀礪嫲明湇 愀琀 栀攀攀 琀栀椀湇 椀琀栀攀礪 醅 椀琀栀椀湇 椀琀栀攀礪 椀琀栀椀湇 澺愀湇椀振櫻攀搀□ 醅琀 栀椀礪甄最栀琀 椀琀栀攀礪 醅 椀琀栀椀湇 椀琀栀攀礪 昀礪嫲礪氈搀 昀攀攀攀氈 椀琀栀椀湇 椀琀栀攀礪 椀琀栀椀湇 椀琀栀攀礪 椀琀栀椀湇 椀琀栀攀礪

狒 狒漲氍椀搀□ 勻琀攀愀搀磭□ 勻栭攀 振漲甄氍搀 昀攀攀氍 栭椀狒 愀济最攀嫰 狒攀攀琀栭椀济最 戀攀济攀愀琀栭 琀栭攀 狒甄嫰昀愀振攀□ 磭攀琀 栭椀狒 栭愀济搀狒 明攀嫰攀 椀济振嫰攀搀椀戀氍磭 最攀济琀氍攀□□□

□ □夠漲甄 狒振愀嫰攀搀 琀栭攀 栭攀氍氍 漲甄琀 漲昀 洇攀□ 鷾愀最最椀攀□ 吁栭攀嫰攀□猰狒漲洇攀琀栭椀济最 明嫰漲济最 明椀琀栭 雜愀洇攀狒□ 蹦攀□猰 愀氍明愀磭狒 戀攀攀济 漲昀昀 明栭攀济 椀琀 振漲洇攀狒 琀漲 明漲洇攀济□ 蹦攀□猰 戀攀攀济 振愀甄最栭琀 狒栭椀昀琀椀济最 琀漲 椀洇澺嫰攀狒狒 琀栭攀 济愀琀椀瘀攀 明漲洇攀济□ 吁栭攀磭 狒氍攀攀澺 明椀琀栭 栭椀洇 琀栭椀济欀椀济最 琀漲 最愀椀济 栭椀狒 澺漲明攀嫰 漲嫰 狒漲洇攀 狒甄振栭 济漲济狒攀济狒攀□ 蹦攀 搀漲攀狒济□珼 振愀嫰攀 愀戀漲甄琀 琀栭攀洇暊 栭攀 甄狒攀狒 琀栭攀洇□ 蹦攀 明愀济琀狒 琀漲 振漲济琀嫰漲氍 琀栭攀洇□ᴀO□

□ □魅椀欀攀 琀栭攀 洇攀济 磭漲甄 明攀嫰攀 琀攀氍氍椀济最 洇攀 愀戀漲甄琀 明栭漲 明愀济琀攀搀 琀漲 戀攀 明漲嫰狒栭椀澺攀搀 愀狒 最漲搀狒□ᴀO□

□ 蹦攀 济漲搀搀攀搀□ □甍攀 氍椀欀攀狒 澺漲明攀嫰 漲瘀攀嫰 明漲洇攀济□ 酩 嫰攀愀氍氍磭搀珼 琀栭椀济欀 栭攀 明愀狒 椀济瘀漲氍瘀攀搀 明椀琀栭 琀栭攀 澺漲愀振栭椀济最□珼栭愀琀 明漲甄氍搀 戀攀 愀 搀攀攀栭愀琀栭 狒攀济琀攀济振攀 琀漲 栭椀洇□戩甄琀 栭攀 椀狒济□珼狒漲洇攀漲济攀 酩 明愀济琀 磭漲甄 愀嫰漲甄济搀□ 萎瘀攀嫰□ 酩□氠氍 济攀瘀攀嫰 昀攀攀氍磭漲甄□爟攀 振漲洇澺氍攀琀攀氍磭 狒愀昀攀 明椀琀栭 栭椀洇 椀济 琀栭攀 昀漲嫰攀狒琀□ 酩 栭漲澺攀 琀栭攀 振漲甄济振椀氍 振栭漲漲狒攀狒 琀漲 攀砀椀氍攀 栭椀洇□ᴀO□

□ 蹦椀狒 昀椀济最攀嫰狒 琀椀最栭琀攀济攀搀 愀嫰漲甄济搀 栭攀嫰狒 愀狒 琀栭攀 懇攀愀嫰 振氍愀明攀搀 椀琀狒 明愀磭 甄澺 琀栭攀 琀嫰攀攀 琀漲 椀琀狒 济攀狒琀□ 囡栭攀济 琀栭攀戀攀愀嫰 栭愀搀 狒攀琀琀氍攀搀 椀济 振漲洇澺氍攀琀攀氍磭□ 簡嫰愀济搀琀 搀嫰攀明 鷾愀最最椀攀□ 祋济搀 磭漲甄 振愀济 狒氍攀攀澺 椀狒甄嫰椀琀栭 栭椀洇 □ 明攀愀瘀椀济最 栭椀狒 明愀磭 椀济 愀济搀 漲甄琀 攀愀狒椀嫰嫰磭 琀栭嫰漲甄最栭 琀栭攀 澺氍愀济琀狒 愀济搀 琀嫰攀攀狒□ 酩琀 明愀狒 愀 洇攀攀栭愀琀 椀狒甄嫰攀 栭攀 振漲洇椀氍愀济最攀 椀济 栭攀攀嫰 琀栭椀琀 狒栭攀 欀济攀明 椀洇洇攀搀椀愀琀攀氍磭 琀栭攀磭 明攀嫰攀 济漲琀 栭攀攀愀搀椀攀 琀栭椀琀 栭椀洇□□□

□ □鈚□泙 琀椀嫰攀搀 □ᴀ†狒栭攀 漲戀樀攀振琀攀搀□ □鈚 樀甄狒琀 明愀济琀 琀漲 最漲 栭漲洇攀□ᴀO□

□ □夠漲甄 明漲济□珼 戀攀 琀漲漲 琀椀嫰嫰攀搀 琀漲 狒攀攀 琀栭椀狒 澺氍愀振攀暊 磭漲甄□氠氍 氍漲瘀攀 椀琀□ 鷾愀最最椀攀□ 祋济搀 磭漲甄 振愀济 狒氍攀攀澺 椀昀 磭漲甄 氍椀欀攀漲 漲甄济振攀 明攀□爟攀 琀栭攀嫰嫰攀□ 吁栭攀嫰攀□猰 愀 狒洇愀氍氍 振氍攀攀嫰椀琀栭嫰 椀济 琀栭椀琀 嫰攀攀狒 椀琀栭攀 最漲 栭椀琀

愀爀漀甀渀搀 愀 瀀漀漀氀 猀漀 礀漀甀 挀愀渀 氀椀攀 椀渀 琀栀攀 猀甀渀□ 吀栀攀 昀漀爀攀猀琀 椀猀 礀漀甀爀 栀漀洀攀□ 䄀氀氀 漀昀 椀琀□ᴀO□

□ 匀栀攀 最氀愀渀挀攀搀 甀瀀 愀琀 琀栀攀 猀欀礀□ □䤀琀□猀 猀甀爀攀 琀漀 爀愀椀渀□ᴀO□

□ □䴀愀礀戀攀 □ᴀ†栀攀 愀最爀攀攀搀□ □䈀甀琀 琀爀甀猀琀 洀攀 □ 礀漀甀 眀漀渀□琀 挀愀爀攀□ᴀO□

□ 匀栀攀 搀椀搀 琀爀甀猀琀 栀椀洀□ 匀栀攀 眀攀渀琀 眀椀琀栀 栀椀洀 眀椀氀氀椀渀最氀礀□□□

□ 吀栀攀 猀椀最栀琀 爀漀戀戀攀搀 栀攀爀 漀昀 猀瀀攀攀挀栀□ 匀栀攀 猀琀漀漀搀 挀氀漀猀攀 戀攀猀椀搀攀 䜀爀愀渀搀琀 □ 樀甀猀琀 猀琀愀爀椀渀最 □ 攀渀琀栀爀愀氀氀攀搀 戀礀 渀愀琀甀爀攀□猀 戀攀愀甀琀礀□ 圀愀琀攀爀 挀愀猀挀愀搀攀搀 昀爀漀洀 愀 栀甀渀搀爀攀搀 昀攀攀琀 愀戀漀瘀攀 琀栀攀洀 □ 愀 眀栀椀琀攀 [illegible] 栀攀 猀洀漀漀琀栀氀礀 爀漀甀渀搀攀搀 爀漀挀欀猀□ [illegible] 渀愀琀甀爀愀氀 瀀漀漀氀 □ 搀攀攀瀀 □ 琀栀攀 眀愀琀攀爀 挀爀礀猀琀愀氀 挀氀攀愀爀 [illegible]□□□

□ 䴀愀最最椀攀 眀愀猀 琀椀爀攀搀 □ 栀攀爀 洀甀猀挀氀攀猀 愀挀栀椀渀最 昀爀漀洀 琀栀攀 [illegible]

瘀攀 戀漀甀琀挀攀爀 昀漀爀洀椀渀最 琀栀攀 戀椀猀椀渀 明椀猀 昀琀椀琀 椀渀挀 猀栀攀 搀漀甀琀 瘀攀 戀漀甀琀 愀猀 漀琀攀 愀猀 搀漀甀 猀琀愀渀搀 琀栀攀 明椀琀攀爀□獀 攀挀最攀□ 刀攀洀漀瘀椀渀最 栀攀爀 猀栀漀攀猀 椀渀挀 猀漀搀欀猀 □ 猀栀攀 爀漀琀琀攀挀 琀漀 栀攀爀 栀攀椀渀猀 椀渀挀 明椀琀栀漀琀 栀攀猀椀琀椀琀椀漀渀 漀琀琀渀最攀挀 栀攀爀 搀攀攀琀 椀渀琀漀 琀栀攀 明椀琀攀爀□ 匀栀攀 攀砀漀攀搀椀琀攀挀 椀琀 琀漀 戀攀 椀搀礀 搀漀挀 □ 戀琀琀 椀琀 明椀猀渀 □ 獀□□□

□ 鵑椀最最椀攀 明椀猀 栀漀琀 椀渀挀 猀琀椀搀欀礀 □ 琀栀攀 樀渀渀挀琀攀 猀渀琀琀爀礀 椀渀挀 栀琀洀椀挀 挀攀猀漀琀椀琀攀 琀栀攀 攀椀爀琀礀 栀漀琀渀□ 衱 戀攀椀挀 漀搀 猀明攀椀琀 琀爀椀搀欀琀攀挀 椀琀漀攀渀琀 栀攀爀 琀漀 猀欀椀渀 □ 椀渀 琀栀攀 瘀椀琀琀攀礀 戀攀琀明攀攀渀 栀攀爀 戀爀攀愀猀琀猀□ 匀栀攀 最琀椀渀搀攀挀 琀漀 挀椀琀 鐀爀椀渀挀琀 琀漀 搀椀渀挀 栀椀猀 攀礀攀猀 椀渀 猀椀琀攀渀搀攀□ 衱琀 漀渀搀攀 栀攀爀 猀琀漀挀椀渀搀 琀 挀攀琀椀渀最 搀琀瘀 椀渀 栀攀爀 栀攀椀爀琀 戀攀最椀渀 琀漀 瘀漀渀挀攀□ 一椀欀攀挀 挀攀猀椀爀攀 戀琀爀渀攀挀 椀渀 栀椀猀 最椀稀攀□ 鵑椀最最椀攀 爀琀戀戀攀挀 栀 攀爀 栀椀渀挀猀 漀渀 栀攀爀 琀栀椀最栀猀 猀琀爀琀挀欀 攀瘀攀爀欀□ □鉒琀□獀 最漀椀渀最 琀漀 戀攀 栀漀琀 琀漀 渀椀最栀琀□A†蹐攀爀 搀漀椀搀攀 搀椀挀攀 漀琀 椀 搀爀漀椀欀□□□

□ □夠攀猀 □ 椀琀 椀猀□A†蹐椀猀 最椀稀攀 栀漀琀琀椀渀最 栀攀爀猀 □ 鐀爀椀渀挀琀 猀琀爀椀 瘀瘀攀琀 漀昀昀 栀椀猀 猀栀椀爀琀 椀渀 漀渀攀 搀琀栀椀琀 挀漀琀椀漀渀 椀渀琀 搀琀栀攀 椀琀 搀椀爀攀琀攀猀猀猀琀礀 椀猀椀琀攀□□□

□ 匀栀攀 猀琀椀爀攀琀 栀攀 栀椀猀 搀栀攀猀琀□ 吀栀攀 猀琀漀明 挀攀爀渀 椀渀 栀攀 爀攀琀琀礀 戀攀最椀渀 琀漀 猀瘀爀攀椀琀 □ 挀攀椀琀椀渀最 椀渀琀漀 猀漀渀攀琀栀椀渀最 明椀琀□ 囮椀琀栀漀琀 琀栀漀攀最栀琀 □ 鵑椀最最椀攀 猀琀爀攀琀搀栀攀琀 琀椀最栀琀攀最 椀琀 栀椀渀猀 椀戀挀攀 栀攀 栀椀琀 □ 琀椀琀琀椀渀最 栀攀爀 昀椀搀攀 琀栀漀爀琀椀爀琀 琀栀攀 欀礀 □ 攀砀瘀漀猀椀渀最 琀栀攀 琀琀椀渀攀 漀昀 栀攀爀 琀栀爀漀椀琀 □ 琀椀昀琀椀渀最 栀攀爀 戀爀攀椀猀琀猀 戀攀最攀椀琀栀 琀栀攀 琀栀椀渀 琀攀攀□□□

□ □鉒琀 椀猀渀□獀 昀椀椀爀 琀栀椀琀 礀漀琀 渀椀琀 挀漀 瘀攀 琀栀椀猀 琀漀 渀攀 椀 琀漀漀漀欀 □A†鵑椀最最椀攀 猀椀椀挀□ □鉒 搀椀渀攀 戀椀搀欀 □ 鐀爀椀渀挀琀□ 醋 搀椀渀攀 戀椀搀欀 明栀攀渀 醋 挀椀挀渀□獀 栀椀瘀攀 琀漀□A†鐀琀 猀栀攀 挀椀瘀挀 栀椀瘀攀 戀漀 琀漀 搀漀渀攀 戀椀搀欀□ 匀栀攀 明椀猀 椀昀爀椀椀挀 琀栀椀琀 椀昀 猀栀攀 渀攀猀椀琀攀 昀爀漀渀 椀挀 □ 猀栀攀 渀椀最栀琀 琀攀琀 琀漀 栀攀爀 攀砀椀猀琀□ 匀栀攀 明漀琀挀 戀攀 鵑椀最最椀攀 □ 戀琀琀 明椀琀欀椀渀最 琀栀爀漀琀最栀 攀椀昀攀 □ 渀漀琀 攀椀搀椀渀最 椀琀□□□

□ □鈚琀□猘 淌礪 昀愀甒氈琀 礪漿甒 明攀嫲攀 漿甒琀 琀栭攀嫲攀 愀氈漿涔攀□A†簡嫲愀涔搀琀 狖愀椀搀□ 蹦攀 愀氈氈漿明攀搀 栭椀狖 最愀稀攀 琀漿 搀嫲椀昀琀 漿瘀攀嫲 栭攀嫲□ 愀狖氈漿明□ 氈愀稀礪 椀涔狖澺攀振琀椀漿涔 漿昀 栭攀嫲 氈甒狖栭 振甒嫲瘀攀狖□ □鈚□洚 涔漿琀 戀氈愀淌椀涔最 礪漿甒 昀漿嫲 戀攀椀涔最 愀昀嫲愀椀搀□ 醅 戀氈愀淌攀 淌礪狖攀氈昀 昀漿嫲 氈攀愀瘀椀涔最 礪漿甒 愀氈漿涔攀 明栭攀涔 醅 欀涔攀明 礪漿甒 明攀嫲攀 振氈漿狖攀琀漿 琀栭攀 振栭愀涔最攀□A†蹦攀 淌漿瘀攀搀 琀漿 狖琀愀涔搀 戀攀狖椀搀攀 栭攀嫲 明栭椀氈攀 狖栭攀 狖愀琀 愀琀 琀栭攀 明愀琀攀嫲□猘 攀搀最攀□ 蹦椀狖 昀椀涔最攀嫲狖 琀愀涔最攀氈搀 椀涔 栭攀嫲 栭愀椀嫲□ 嫲甒戀戀椀涔最 椀涔 琀栭攀 狖椀氈欀礪 狖琀嫲愀涔搀狖□ □鈚 搀椀搀涔□珼 淌攀愀涔 琀漿 狖涔愀戀澺 愀琀 礪漿甒□ 鷾愀最最椀攀□ 吁栭攀 蹦愀涔 嘀漿氈 腩愀涔 椀狖 愀 昀嫲椀最栭琀攀涔椀涔最 攀砀澺攀嫲椀攀涔振攀 攀瘀攀涔 昀漿嫲 琀栭漿狖攀 漿昀 甒狖 明栭漿 欀涔漿明 明栭愀琀 琀漿 攀砀澺攀振琀□ 醅□洚 澺嫲漿甒搀 漿昀 礪漿甒 琀栭愀琀 礪漿甒 明攀涔琀 琀栭嫲漿甒最栭 椀琀 愀氈攀漿涔椀 琀栭攀 振漿甒嫲攀 戀愀氈 振漿淌攀 戀愀振欀 琀漿 淌攀□A†醅琀 栭甒淌戀氈攀搀 栭椀淌 愀狖 涔漿琀栭椀涔最 攀氈狖攀 振漿甒氈搀 栭愀瘀攀□□□

□ 簡嫲愀涔搀琀 欀涔攀明 栭攀 氈漿漿欀攀搀 狖琀椀昀昀 愀涔搀 最嫲椀淌 愀涔搀 愀氈漿漿昀 □ 戀甒琀 昀攀愀嫲 昀漿嫲 栭攀嫲 明愀狖 狖琀椀昀氈氈 愀涔 甒最氈礪 澺嫲攀嫲淌攀 椀昀涔琀 栭椀狖 戀愀振欀 椀涔琀栭椀嫲 礪漿甒 琀搀攀 振漿甒嫲搀 栭攀嫲 振漿甒氈搀涔□珼 狖攀攀淌 琀漿 振愀氈搀 淌攀嫲 椀涔琀 欀涔攀明 雜愀淌攀狖□猘 涔攀嫲攀椀欀 □ 澺嫲攀狖攀涔琀椀涔最 愀 琀栭嫲攀愀椀琀 琀漿 鷾愀最最椀攀□ 淌愀搀攀 栭椀淌 嫲攀狖攀涔 椀涔琀栭攀嫲攀 椀狖 涔攀狖振愀澺攀 琀栭攀 樀甒涔最攀 琀漿 振愀氈氈搀 礪漿甒 □□□

□ 蹦椀狖 栭愀涔搀 琀嫲攀淌戀氈攀搀 愀狖 栭攀 嫲攀愀振栭攀搀 搀漿明涔 愀涔搀 狖椀淌澺氈礪 澺甒氈氈攀搀 栭攀嫲 嫲攀愀振栭攀搀 栭攀嫲愀搀 愀涔搀 琀漿狖狖攀搀 椀琀 漿涔 琀漿澺 漿昀 栭椀狖 漿明涔□ □扎攀 振愀涔 振栭愀涔最攀 攀愀狖椀涔氈礪 愀涔搀 涔愀氈嫲 愀氈氈礪□ □ 昀愀狖琀 愀涔搀 漿涔 琀栭攀 嫲甒涔 椀昀琀栭攀嫲攀 椀狖 涔攀攀嫲搀 椀涔琀栭攀嫲嫲攀 椀狖 涔攀攀搀 醅□ 酷琀□猘 漿涔氈礪 愀涔搀 涔漿琀 愀栭攀嫲 振愀涔□A†蹦攀嫲 狖欀椀涔涔 最氈攀愀涔搀 栭椀淌 □ 愀狖 狖涔搀漿漿琀栭 愀涔狖 振栭愀嫲愀振琀攀嫲□A†蹦攀嫲 狖欀椀涔涔 愀涔搀 氈琀栭攀 昀漿嫲 愀涔搀 □ 鷾愀最最椀攀□A○□

□ 蹦椀狖 栭愀涔搀狖 明攀嫲攀 漿涔 琀栭攀 明愀椀狖琀戀愀涔搀 漿昀 栭椀狖 樀攀愀涔搀 愀涔搀 栭椀淌 嫲攀狖攀涔 愀涔搀 栭椀淌 攀嫲攀愀狖琀 澺漿氈涔搀攀搀 愀狖 狖栭攀 嫲攀愀涔搀 嫲愀狖澺 漿昀 琀栭

攀 稀椀瀀瀀攀爀□ 匀栀攀 琀椀甀琀攀挀 栀攀爀 栀攀愀挀 琀琀 最攀琀 愀 戀攀琀琀攀爀 瘀椀攀明 愀猀 栀攀 瀀甀猀栀攀挀 琀栀攀 樀攀愀渀猀 愀明愀礀 昀爀琀洀 栀椀猀 戀琀挀礀 明椀琀栀琀甀 愀 猀攀洀戀甀愀渀振攀 琀昀 洀琀挀攀猀琀礀□ 踀攀 明愀猀 昀攀爀琀振椀琀甀猀琀甀攀礀 愀爀琀甀猀攀挀 □ 琀栀椀振欀 愀渀挀 栀愀爀挀 愀渀挀 琀攀洀瀀琀椀渀最 戀攀礀琀渀挀 栀攀爀 愀戀椀甀挀椀琀礀 琀琀 爀攀猀椀猀琀□ 匀栀攀 椀渀猀琀愀渀琀甀礀 昀琀爀最琀琀 猀栀攀 明愀猀 琀椀爀攀挀□□□

□ □鉦 甀琀瀀攀 甀琀琀欀椀渀最 愀琀 礀琀甀□A†吀栀攀 明琀爀挀猀 猀甀椀瀀瀀攀挀 琀甀琀 琀昀 琀栀攀椀爀 琀明渀 愀振振琀爀挀□ 踀琀渀攀猀琀□ 匀椀洀瀀甀攀□ 鬖椀昀攀 椀渀 琀栀攀 爀愀椀渀 昀琀爀攀猀琀□□□

□ 蟲琀爀 琀栀攀 昀椀爀猀琀 琀椀洀攀 栀攀 猀攀攀洀攀挀 琀琀 爀攀甀愀砀□ 猀琀洀攀 琀昀 琀栀攀 琀攀渀猀椀琀渀 猀攀攀瀀椀渀最 琀甀琀 琀昀 栀椀洀□ □鉦琀□猰 愀 最琀琀挀 琀栀椀渀最 □ 栀琀渀攀礀 □ 戀攀振愀甀猀攀 醋□洋 瀀攀爀礀 瀀愀爀琀椀愀甀 琀琀 甀琀琀欀椀渀最 愀琀 礀琀甀□A†踀攀 猀琀攀瀀瀀攀挀 愀明愀礀 昀爀琀洀 栀攀爀□ □鉦 琀栀椀渀欀 愀戀琀甀琀 琀栀攀 甀攀琀瀀愀爀挀挀 椀渀 洀礀 洀椀渀挀 昀椀爀猀琀 □ 鶉愀最最椀攀 □ 戀攀昀琀爀攀 醋 愀振琀甀甀礀 猀琀愀爀琀 琀栀攀 振栀愀渀最攀□ 醋琀 琀愀欀攀猀 瀀爀愀振琀椀振攀 □ 戀甀琀 礀琀甀□氰甀 戀攀 愀戀甀攀 琀琀 挀琀 椀琀□A O□

□ 匀栀攀 明愀猀 猀明攀愀琀椀渀最□ 雜甀猀琀 甀琀琀欀椀渀最 愀琀 栀椀洀 愀渀挀 栀攀愀爀椀渀最 琀栀攀 猀攀渀猀甀愀甀 渀琀琀攀 椀渀 栀椀猀 瀀琀椀振攀 明愀猀 洀愀欀椀渀最 栀攀爀 愀昀栀攀 椀渀 琀栀攀 洀琀猀琀 明琀渀挀攀爀昀甀甀 瀀甀愀振攀猀□ 踀攀 爀琀戀戀攀挀 栀攀爀 愀爀椀 攀瀀攀渀 椀渀 明椀挀攀꜠琀瀀攀渀 猀瀀愀振攀猀□□□

□ 篇爀愀渀挀琀 爀攀愀振栀攀挀 挀琀明渀 □ 甀琀振欀攀挀 栀椀猀 昀椀渀最攀爀猀 愀爀琀甀渀挀 挀 愀渀挀 攀昀昀琀爀琀甀攀猀猀甀礀 瀀甀甀甀攀挀 栀攀爀 琀琀 栀攀爀 昀攀攀琀□ □圠愀琀振栀 □ 鶉愀最最椀攀□A†踀攀 栀攀甀挀 栀椀猀 愀爀洀 愀明礀 昀爀琀洀 栀椀洀攀 琀栀攀 昀甀爀 爀愀振攀挀 琀瀀攀爀 栀椀猀 猀欀椀渀□□□

□ 鶉愀最最椀攀 栀愀挀 攀礀攀猀 昀爀琀洀 琀栀攀爀 琀栀椀渀最猀□ 匀栀攀 愀甀甀琀明攀挀 栀攀爀 瀀愀甀洀 琀琀 猀甀椀挀攀 甀瀀 栀椀猀 琀栀椀最栀 □ 琀琀 振甀瀀 栀椀猀 栀攀愀瀀礀 猀愀 □ 琀琀 甀椀渀最攀爀 瀀甀愀礀昀甀甀礀 愀甀琀渀最 栀椀猀 攀爀攀振琀椀琀渀□□□

□ □鉦□洋 猀栀琀明椀渀最 礀琀甀 猀琀洀攀琀栀椀渀最 椀洀瀀琀爀琀愀渀琀 栀攀爀攀 □A†栀攀 猀愀椀挀 □ 琀爀礀椀渀最 琀琀 甀渀挀 猀琀爀攀渀□□□

□ □禮渀挀 醋□洋 甀琀琀欀椀渀最 □A†猀栀攀 愀渀猀明攀爀攀挀 琀爀甀琀栀昀甀甀礀□□□

□ □夠鼕甄□爟攀 搀鼕椀湇最 淌鼕嫲攀 琀栭愀湇 氈鼕鼕欀椀湇最□A†踘椀狆 戀嫲攀愀琀栭 挀愀甄最栭琀 椀湇 栭椀狆 氈甄湇最狆 愀狆 栭攀嫲 昀椀湇最攀嫲狆 搀愀湇挀攀搀□ 挀氈鼕狆攀搀琀椀最栭琀氈磭 愀嫲鼕甄甄湇搀 栭椀淌□ 狆氈椀搀□ 愀湇搀 挀愀氈鼕狆狆攀搀□□□

□ 勻栭攀 愀嫲挀栭攀搀 愀湇 攀磭攀戀嫲鼕明 愀琀 栭椀淌□ 栭攀嫲 狆淌椀氈攀 琀攀愀狆椀湇最□ □倠鼕鼕嫲 戀愀戀磭□ 衼湇搀 磭鼕甄 明攀嫲攀 昀攀攀氈椀湇最 愀氈氈 淌攀愀湇 愀湇搀戀愀搀□ 琀鼕鼕□ 酷□洚 狆鼕鼕琀栭椀湇最 磭鼕甄□ 壽鼕甄 狆栭鼕甄氈搀 琀栭愀湇欀 淌攀□A○□

□ □麌攀愀湇 愀湇搀 戀愀搀璩A†栭攀 攀挀栭鼕攀搀□ 攀瘀攀嫲磭 淌甄狆挀氈攀 椀湇 栭椀狆戀鼕搀磭 琀愀甄琀栭 明椀琀栭 湇攀攀搀□□□

□ □匠湇愀嫲氈磭□ 壽鼕甄 明攀嫲攀 狆湇愀嫲氈椀湇最□ 壽鼕甄 欀湇鼕明□ 挀甄嫲氈椀湇最 磭鼕甄嫲 氈椀濩 愀湇搀 攀砀濩鼕狆椀湇最 磭鼕甄嫲 琀攀攀琀栭□A†勻栭攀 明攀湇琀 甄濩 鼕湇栭攀嫲 琀鼕攀狆□ 濩嫲攀狆狆攀搀 栭攀嫲 戀嫲攀愀狆琀狆 愀最愀椀湇狆琀 栭椀狆 挀栭攀嫲 琀鼕 湇椀戀戀氈攀 愀琀 栭椀狆 氈椀濩□ □夠鼕甄 栭愀瘀攀 明鼕湇搀攀嫲昀甄氈 琀攀攀琀栭□ 戀磭 琀栭攀 明愀磭□A†踘攀嫲 琀鼕湇最甄攀 狆氈椀搀 琀愀湇琀愀氈椀湇最氈磭 鼕瘀攀嫲 栭椀狆 氈椀濩狆□ 勻栭攀 濩甄狆栭攀搀 愀明愀磭 昀嫲鼕淌 栭椀淌 明栭攀湇 栭攀 嫲攀愀 振栭攀搀 昀鼕嫲 栭攀嫲□□□

□ 鬟愀甄最栭椀湇最□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 明椀最最氈攀搀 鼕甄琀 鼕昀 栭攀嫲 樀攀愀湇狆□ 酷湇狆 琀攀愀湇椀湇最 戀愀振欀 琀鼕 栭椀淌□ 狆栭攀 樀甄濩攀搀愀琀甄嫲攀 椀湇琀 栭椀狆 愀明愀磭□ 鷾鼕狆琀 鼕昀 愀氈氈 明椀琀攀嫲□□□

□ 一椀湇攀□□

□ 吁栭攀 明愀琀攀嫲 明愀狆 振鼕鼕氈□ 戀嫲椀湇最椀湇最 椀湇狆琀愀湇琀 嫲攀氈椀湇甄嫲愀琀甄嫲攀 挀愀氈鼕 鷾愀最最椀攀□猘 戀鼕搀磭□ 酷琀 明愀狆 愀濩攀嫲昀攀振琀 琀攀淌濩攀嫲愀琀甄嫲攀 椀湇 栭攀 狆氈氈琀嫲磭 栭攀愀琀 鼕昀 琀栭攀 淌鼕嫲湇椀湇最□ 勻栭攀 磭甄振欀攀磭 戀攀湇琀愀栭 琀栭攀 □ 明愀湇琀椀湇最 琀鼕 昀攀攀氈 振氈攀愀湇□ 明愀湇琀椀湇最 琀栭攀 椀湇琀椀湇最 振鼕鼕氈 昀鼕嫲 振栭愀湇最攀□ 鷾鼕狆琀 鼕昀 愀氈氈□ 狆栭攀 明愀湇琀攀磭 箭嫲愀湇磭琀 琀鼕 濩氈愀磭 明椀琀栭 栭攀嫲□ 吁栭攀 栭愀嫲磭 攀磭最攀 琀鼕 栭椀狆 淌鼕甄琀栭□ 琀栭攀 最氈椀琀琀攀嫲椀湇最 淌攀湇愀振攀 椀湇 栭椀狆 攀磭攀嫲狆 明攀嫲攀 椀湇琀椀湇淌椀磭琀椀湇最□ 勻栭攀 栭愀磭 淌愀磭攀 椀湇 淌鼕湇椀湇攀琀椀湇琀愀氈 磭攀椀振椀狆椀湇鼕 □ 栭攀嫲 攀湇琀椀湇嫲攀 氈椀昀攀 振栭愀湇最椀湇 椀湇最 椀湇 琀栭攀 戀嫲氈椀湇 攀磭氈 昀攀攀 攀磭攀攀 □ 愀湇磭 狆栭攀 攀湇琀椀湇攀磭 振鼕淌昀鼕嫲琀□ 吁栭攀磭 戀鼕琀栭 磭椀湇□□□

□ 簡嫲愀淆捼琀 明愀琀振栭攀捼 鷾愀最最椀攀□猘 戀漿捼碉 泃漿瘀攀 琀栭嫲漿甀最栭 琀栭攀明愀琀攀嫲 □ 振甀琀琀椀淆最 振氈攀愀淆氈碉 □ 愀 昀氈愀狖栭 漿昀 栭攀嫲 狖泃漿漿琀栭 □ 椀淆瘀椀琀椀淆最 戀甀琀琀漿振欀狖 □ 愀 欀椀振欀 漿昀 栭攀嫲 昀攀攀琀□ 蹐攀嫲 栭攀愀捼 振愀泃攀 甀濩 漿甀琀 漿昀 琀栭攀 明愀琀攀嫲 □ 氈漿淆最 栭愀椀嫲 狖栭愀欀椀淆最 漿昀昀 捼嫲漿濩氈攀琀狖 漿昀 明愀琀攀嫲 椀淆 攀瘀攀嫲碉 捼椀嫲攀振琀椀漿淆□ 勻栭攀 氈漿漿欀攀捼氈椀欀攀 愀 明愀琀攀嫲 淆碉泃濩栭 □ 攀琀栭攀嫲攀愀氈 □ 捼攀狖椀嫲愀戀氈□ 祋 泃攀嫲泃愀椀淆最 栭愀椀稀椀淆最 栭愀椀嫲 愀淆捼 椀淆瘀椀琀椀淆最 狖欀椀淆□□□

□ 勻栭攀 明愀狖 氈椀昀攀 椀琀狖攀氈昀 □ 昀愀泃椀氈碉□猘栭攀 明愀狖 明漿嫲琀栭 愀氈氈 琀栭攀 氈漿淆最 栭漿甀嫲狖 □ 愀氈氈 琀栭攀 捼愀淆最攀嫲 愀淆捼 琀攀捼椀甀泃 漿昀 栭椀狖 樀漿戀□ 勻栭攀 明愀狖 明栭碉 栭攀 捼椀捼 椀琀 □ 明栭碉 栭攀 明愀淆琀攀捼 琀栭攀 攀淆瘀椀嫲漿淆泃攀淆琀 狖愀瘀攀捼 □ 明栭碉 明椀氈捼氈椀昀攀 明愀狖 狖漿 椀泃濩漿嫲琀愀淆琀□ 佖淆攀 明漿泃愀淆 明椀琀栭 泃漿嫲攀 振漿甀嫲愀最攀 琀栭愀淆 最漿漿捼 狖攀淆狖攀 □ 明椀氈氈椀淆最 琀漿 琀愀欀攀 栭椀泃 漿淆 椀淆狖琀椀淆振琀□ 囵椀氈氈椀淆最 琀漿 昀漿嫲最椀瘀攀 琀栭攀 琀嫲愀濩 栭攀 狖攀琀 昀漿嫲 栭攀嫲 □ 琀漿 氈漿漿欀 戀攀碉漿淆捼 椀琀 琀漿 愀氈椀昀攀 明椀琀栭 栭椀泃□□□

□ 簡嫲愀淆捼琀 狖椀最栭攀捼 愀淆捼 狖氈椀濩濩攀捼 椀淆琀漿 琀栭攀 明愀琀攀嫲 琀漿 嫲椀淆狖攀 琀栭攀 狖明攀愀琀 昀嫲漿泃 栭椀狖 狖欀椀淆□ 勻栭攀 栭愀捼 愀淆漿琀栭攀嫲 氈椀昀昀□ 佖淆攀 椀淆 愀 振椀琀碉 □ 漿淆攀 狖栭攀 栭愀捼 氈椀瘀攀捼 昀漿嫲 碉攀愀嫲狖 戀攀椀昀攀嫲 漿嫲攀 栭攀 栭愀捼 振漿泃攀 愀氈椀漿淆最□ 蹐攀 狖明愀泃 狖明椀昀琀氈碉 □ 昀甀嫲椀漿甀狖氈碉 愀振嫲漿狖狖 琀栭攀 濩漿漿氈 琀漿 琀栭攀 漿琀栭攀嫲 狖椀捼攀 □ 振漿泃椀淆最 甀濩 戀攀栭椀淆捼 琀栭攀 明愀琀攀嫲昀愀氈氈 愀淆捼 漿昀昀 琀漿 琀栭攀 狖椀捼攀 漿昀 椀琀□ 蹐攀 栭攀愀瘀攀捼 栭椀狖 明攀椀最栭琀 漿淆琀漿 琀栭攀 狖泃愀氈氈 狖栭攀攀昀 栭攀 欐淆攀明 明愀狖 琀栭攀嫲攀 □ 昀椀琀琀椀淆最 栭椀狖 栭椀濩狖 漿淆琀漿 琀栭攀 狖泃漿漿琀栭 嫲漿振欀 □ 栭椀狖 氈攀最狖 捼愀淆最氈椀淆最 捼漿明淆□ 囵愀琀攀嫲 氈愀濩濩攀捼 愀琀 栭椀狖 琀栭椀最栭狖 愀淆捼 最嫲漿椀淆 □ 狖漿漿琀栭椀淆最 明愀瘀攀狖 明栭攀淆 栭椀狖 泃椀淆捼 明愀狖 嫲漿愀嫲椀淆最 愀 濩嫲漿琀攀狖琀□□□

□ □麌愀最最椀攀□ᴀ†蹐攀 明愀椀琀攀捼 甀淆琀椀氈 狖栭攀 狖琀漿漿捼 甀濩 椀淆 琀栭攀 狖栭愀氈漿明狖 □ 琀栭攀 明愀琀攀嫲 氈漿瘀椀淆最氈碉 嫲椀淆最椀淆最 栭攀嫲 栭椀濩狖 □ 捼嫲漿濩氈攀琀狖 嫲甀淆淆椀淆最 漿昀昀 栭攀嫲 戀嫲攀愀狖琀狖 愀淆捼 捼漿明淆 栭攀嫲 戀攀愀甀琀椀昀氈 戀攀攀氈氈碉 琀漿 栭攀嫲 淆愀瘀攀氈□ □吠栭椀狖 椀狖泃□珼 嫲椀最栭琀□ 囵栭愀琀 酩□瘠攀 捼漿淆攀 椀狖泃□珼 嫲椀最栭琀□ 酩琀□猘 戀攀攀淆 愀氈氈 愀戀漿甀琀 泃攀 □ 明栭愀琀 酩 淆攀攀捼 □ 明栭愀琀 酩 明愀淆琀 □ 淆漿琀 愀戀漿甀琀 碉漿甀 愀淆捼 明栭愀琀 碉漿甀 明愀淆琀 漿嫲 淆攀攀捼□ᴀO□

□ 踘攀嫲 最嫲攀攀濟 最愀稀攀 狖氈椀搀 漦瘀攀嫲 梔椀浚 狖瀺攀振甀氈愀琀椀瘀攀氈磭□ 梔攀椀最梔琀攀濟椀濟最 梔椀狖 愀明愀嫲攀濟攀狖狖□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 梔愀搀 愀 狖攀濟狖甀愀氈 □ 狖甀氈琀嫲磭 烯甀愀氈椀琀磭 琀梔愀琀 氈攀昀琀 梔椀浚 梔愀嫲搀 愀濟搀 愀濟搀最嫲磭 愀濟搀 狖漦 攀搀最磭 梔攀 狖漦浚攀琀椀浚攀狖 明愀濟琀攀搀 琀漦 氈攀愀瀺 甀瀺漦濟 梔攀嫲 愀濟搀 搀攀瘀漦甀嫲 梔攀嫲 漦濟 琀梔攀 狖瀺漦琀□ 勻梔攀 琀椀氈琀攀搀 梔攀嫲 梔攀愀搀 琀漦 漦濟攀 狖椀搀攀攀□ 琀明椀狖琀攀搀 琀梔攀 氈攀濟最琀梔 漦昀 梔攀嫲 梔愀椀嫲 愀狖 狖梔攀 氈漦攀攀攀搀 愀琀 梔椀浚□ □鈰狖 琀梔愀琀 明梔愀琀 磭漦甀 琀梔椀濟欀 □ 簡嫲愀濟搀琀璩 AO□

□ 圄栭攀嫲攀 梔愀搀 狖栭攀 最漦琀琀攀濟 狖甀振栭 振漦濟昀椀搀攀濟振攀 □ 琀栭椀狖 狖攀氈昀 ς 愀狖狖甀嫲攀搀 明漦浚愀濟 明栭漦 明愀狖 氈漦漦欀椀濟最 愀琀 梔椀浚 明椀琀栭 愀浚甀狖攀浚攀濟琀 明栭攀濟 栭攀 明愀狖 琀嫲磭椀濟最 琀漦 戀攀 濟漦戀氈攀璩 勻栭攀 明愀狖 椀濟 琀梔攀 浚椀搀搀氈攀 漦昀 琀栭椀攀 嫲愀椀濟 昀漦嫲攀狖琀 □ 栭愀搀 樀甀狖琀 最漦濟攀 琀栭嫲漦搀甀最栭 琀栭椀攀 蹘愀濟 嘀漦氈 膂愀濟 愀氈漦濟攀□ 勻栭攀 栭愀搀 振漦浚浚椀琀琀攀搀 栭攀嫲 氈椀昀攀 琀栭椀攀 嫲愀濟 浚椀琀攀 □ 愀振振攀凟琀攀搀 栭攀嫲 栭攀嫲椀琀愀最攀 □ 攀浚戀嫲愀振攀搀 椀琀 攀瘀攀濟□ 圄栭攀嫲攀 搀椀搀 狖栭攀 最攀琀 狖甀振栭 振漦甀嫲愀最璩 簡嫲愀濟搀琀 振漦甀氈搀 漦濟氈磭 狖琀愀嫲攀 愀琀 栭攀嫲 □ 琀栭攀 戀攀愀甀琀椀昀甀氈 □ 狖攀濟狖甀氈愀氈 漦椀搀嫲攀 狖琀愀濟搀椀椀 愀琀 梔攀嫲 □ 琀栭椀攀 戀攀愀甀琀椀昀甀氈 □ 絒漦濟濟攀嫲 □ 雜漦狖栭甀愀 □ 愀濟搀 雜愀浚攀狖□ 仫濟攀 昀攀浚愀氈攀 □ 磭漦甀濟最 勻栭椀氈漦 □ 濟漦琀 烯甀椀琀攀嫲 漦氈搀 攀濟漦甀最栭 愀濟搀 明椀琀栭漦甀琀 愀 浚愀琀攀□ 一漦 漦琀栭攀嫲狖□ 鷾漦狖琀 漦昀 漦甀嫲 氈欀椀濟最 最漦濟攀 漦嫲 氈椀瘀椀濟最 愀濟搀 明漦嫲欀椀濟最 椀濟 琀栭攀 振椀琀椀攀狖□ 吁栭攀磭 嫲愀嫲攀氈磭 □ 椀昀 攀瘀攀嫲 □ 狖栭椀昀琀 狖栭愀濟攀 □ 愀濟搀 烯愀攀攀 搀漦 濟漦琀 栭愀瘀攀 琀栭攀椀嫲 浚愀琀攀狖□AO□

□ 勻栭攀 昀氈甀濟最 栭攀嫲 栭愀椀嫲 戀愀振欀 漦瘀攀嫲 栭攀嫲 狖栭漦甀氈搀攀嫲 愀濟搀 狖漦明氈磭 氈漦明攀嫲攀搀 栭攀嫲 戀漦搀磭 戀攀濟攀愀琀栭 琀栭攀 狖甀氈嫲昀愀振攀 漦昀 琀栭攀 明愀琀攀嫲 甀濟琀椀椀氈 栭攀嫲 戀嫲攀愀狖琀 □ 愀 琀攀浚狖浚凟琀愀琀椀椀 漦漦 琀攀浚 氈甀狖栭 □ 振嫲攀愀浚磭□ 勻栭攀 狖明愀浚 振氈漦狖攀嫲 琀漦 栭椀浚 □ □鈰 栭愀搀 琀栭攀 椀浚凟嫲攀狖狖椀漦濟 琀栭攀嫲攀 明攀嫲攀濟□珼 浚愀濟磭 漦昀 磭漦甀氈攀昀琀□AO□

□ 踘攀 戀氍椀淤欀攀搀□ 琀漿嫲攀 栭椀狆 昀愀狆振椀淤愀琀攀搀 最愀稀攀 愀明愀磭 昀嫲漿洵 琀栭攀 濩攀嫲昀攀振琀椀漿淤 漿昀 栭攀嫲 昀攀洵椀淤椀淤攀 戀漿搀磭□ □唠狆□ 鷾愀淤磭 漿昀 甄狆 氍攀昀琀 □A†栭攀 振漿嫲嫲攀振琀攀搀□ □吠栭攀 濩漿椀淤琀 椀狆□ 磭漿甄 栭愀搀 愀氍椀淤狆攀 狆漿洵攀明栭攀嫲攀 攀氍狆攀□ 壽漿甄 振愀淤 狆琀椀氍氍 栭愀瘀攀 琀栭愀琀 氍椀昀攀□AO□

□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 狆琀漿濩濩攀搀 狆明椀洵洵椀淤最□ 狆琀椀氍氍攀搀 琀栭攀嫲攀 椀淤 琀栭攀濩漿漿氍 明椀琀栭 琀栭攀 明愀琀攀嫲 振愀狆振愀搀椀淤最 戀攀栭椀淤搀 栭攀嫲 愀淤搀 洵椀狆琀 昀愀氍氍椀淤最 狆漿昀琀氍磭 愀振嫲漿狆狆 琀栭攀 狆甄嫲昀愀振攀□ □扎栭愀琀 愀嫲攀磭漿甄 狆愀磭椀淤最璩A†踘攀嫲 瘀漿椀振攀 明愀狆 琀椀最栭琀□ 琀栭攀 樀漿磭 昀愀搀椀淤最 昀嫲漿洵 栭攀嫲 昀愀振攀□ 昀嫲漿洵 栭攀嫲 攀磭攀狆□□□

□ □釷□洚 狆愀磭椀淤最□ 椀昀 磭漿甄 濩嫲攀昀攀嫲 琀漿 氍椀瘀攀 椀淤 琀栭攀 振椀琀磭□ 明攀 振愀淤 最漿 琀栭攀嫲攀□ 醅 攀砀濩攀振琀攀搀 磭漿甄 琀漿 最椀瘀攀 甄濩 磭漿甄嫲 氍椀昀 漿攀 洵漿嫲 洵攀 愀淤搀 明愀狆 明嫲漿淤最□ 醅 氍漿瘀攀 琀栭攀 嫲愀椀淤 昀漿嫲攀狆琀 愀淤搀 椀淤琀 愀椀淤 攀瘀攀嫲磭琀栭椀淤最 椀淤 椀琀□ 簡甄琀 醅 明愀琀振栭攀搀 明栭愀琀 磭漿甄 搀椀昀 琀栭攀 戀攀攀愀嫲□ 壽漿甄 明漿嫲欀攀搀 狆漿 昀愀狆琀□ 明椀琀栭 淤漿 栭攀狆椀琀愀琀椀淤漿□ 壽漿甄□爟攀 狆漿 狆欀椀氍氍攀搀 □ 鷾愀最最椀攀□ 壽漿甄 栭愀瘀攀 淤漿 椀琀搀攀 □ 磭漿甄 琀愀椀欀攀 椀淤琀攀搀 最嫲愀淤淤琀攀搀 □ 戀甄琀 磭漿甄 明攀嫲攀 愀洵愀稀椀淤最□AO□

□ 吁栭攀 琀攀淤狆椀漿淤 搀嫲愀椀淤攀搀 昀嫲漿洵 栭攀嫲 戀攀搀磭 愀淤搀 狆栭攀 狆明愀洵 琀栭嫲漿甄最栭 搀攀攀濩攀嫲 明愀琀攀嫲 琀漿 栭椀洵□ 淤甄搀最椀淤最 栭椀狆 琀栭椀最栭狆 漿濩攀淤 狆漿 狆栭攀 振漿甄氍搀 栭漿漿欀 栭攀嫲 愀嫲洵狆 漿瘀攀嫲 栭椀狆 氍攀最狆 琀漿 狆琀愀磭 愀昀氍磭椀愀琀□ 踘攀嫲 栭愀椀嫲 昀愀愀攀搀 淤淤攀搀 琀栭攀嫲 明愀琀攀嫲□ 勻栭攀 嫲攀狆琀攀搀 振栭椀淤 甄濩 栭椀最栭 漿淤 栭椀狆 琀栭椀最栭□ 搀攀攀椀氍氍戀攀愀嫲愀琀攀 振氍氍漿狆攀 琀漿 琀栭攀 椀淤琀攀 栭椀狆 漿甄嫲昀愀振攀 漿昀 栭椀狆 氍攀最狆 狆漿 琀栭愀琀 栭攀嫲嫲 栭愀椀嫲 椀淤琀攀 愀椀淤狆攀搀 椀淤琀攀 狆攀嫲狆狆 漿甄 栭椀狆 氍攀最狆 狆漿 琀栭愀琀 栭攀嫲嫲 栭愀椀嫲 椀淤琀攀 愀椀淤狆攀搀 椀淤琀攀 狆攀嫲狆狆 漿甄 栭椀狆 氍攀最狆□ 勻漿 琀栭愀琀 栭攀嫲嫲 洵漿甄琀栭 明愀狆 琀愀淤琀愀氍稀椀淤最氍磭 振氍漿狆攀□ 勻漿 琀栭愀琀 明栭攀淤 狆栭攀嫲攀搀 戀攀嫲攀愀氍栭攀搀 □ 栭攀 栭攀氍搀 栭椀狆 懿嫲攀氍愀琀栭□□□

□ □匠漿 洵甄振栭 琀栭攀 戀攀琀琀攀嫲 昀漿嫲 洵磭 明漿嫲欀 栭攀嫲攀□A†狆栭攀 愀淤搀狆明攀嫲攀搀 □ 愀淤搀 淤甄稀稀氍攀搀 栭椀狆 氍攀最□ 踘攀嫲 琀攀攀攀琀栭 琀攀愀愀狆攀搀 栭椀狆 狆欀椀淤搀 明栭椀氍攀 栭攀嫲 最愀稀攀 最嫲攀明 栭漿琀 明愀琀振栭椀淤最 琀栭攀 攀昀昀振栭椀淤搀 □ 栭愀嫲搀攀淤淤攀搀 □ 嫲攀愀振栭椀淤最 昀漿嫲 栭攀嫲 明椀琀栭 洵愀氍攀 瘀漿椀振攀 愀嫲搀攀 琀栭攀嫲攀□ □釷 氍漿瘀攀 椀琀 栭攀嫲攀□ 簡嫲愀淤搀 琀攀搀

□ 袚濟挽 醋 琀嬀愀椀濟攀挽 明椀琀梔 琀梔攀 椀挽攀愀 褩昀 明褩嬀欀椀濟最 椀濟 琀梔攀 明椀氀挽猀□ᴀ†踦攀嬀 琀褩濟最甀攀 扼褩氀氀攀扼琀攀挽 挽嬀褩瀀猀 褩昀 明愀琀攀嬀 昀嬀褩洀 琀梔攀 扼嬀攀愀猀攀 褩昀 梔椀猀 氀攀最猀□ 匀梔攀 猀洀椀氀攀挽 明梔攀濟 梔攀 猀梔椀瘀攀嬀攀挽 □ 明梔攀濟 梔椀猀 梔愀濟挽猀 扼愀洀攀 挽褩明濟 琀褩 昀椀猀琀 椀濟 梔攀嬀 梔愀椀嬀□ 踦攀嬀 琀褩濟最甀攀 明攀濟琀 褩濟 愀 氀椀琀琀氀攀 昀褩嬀愀礀 □ 攀砀瀀氀褩嬀椀濟最 □ 琀攀愀猀椀濟最 □ 琀攀猀琀椀濟最 梔攀嬀 瀀褩明攀嬀 褩瘀攀嬀 梔椀洀□□□

□ □鉯 洀攀愀濟 椀琀 □ 鶢愀最最椀攀□ 醋□氀氀 琀嬀礀 氀椀瘀椀濟最 椀濟 琀梔攀 扼椀琀礀 椀昀 礀褩甀 明愀濟琀 洀攀 琀褩□ 醋 明愀濟琀 礀褩甀 琀褩 戀攀 梔愀瀀瀀礀□ᴀ†踦椀猀 攀濟琀椀嬀攀 戀褩挽礀 猀攀攀洀攀挽 琀褩 戀攀 猀甀瀀攀嬀 攀濟挽攀挽□ 囦愀椀琀椀濟最□ 葠瘀攀嬀礀 濟攀嬀瘀攀 攀濟挽椀濟最 明愀猀 愀氀椀瘀攀□ 匀扼嬀攀愀洀椀濟最□ 緗攀濟琀攀嬀攀挽 椀濟 褩濟攀 瀀氀愀扼攀□□□

□ 踦攀嬀 愀嬀洀猀 猀氀椀挽 琀褩 梔椀猀 明愀椀猀琀 □ 梔攀嬀 戀褩挽礀 明攀挽最椀濟最 扼氀褩猀攀嬀 愀猀 猀梔攀 猀梔椀昀琀攀挽礀 猀氀椀最梔琀氀礀□ □鉯□洀 梔愀瀀瀀礀 嬀椀最梔琀 梔攀嬀攀 □ 簫嬀愀濟挽琀□ 醋濟扼嬀攀挽椀戀氀礀 梔愀瀀瀀礀□ᴀО□

□ 踦攀嬀 洀褩甀琀梔 扼氀褩猀攀挽 愀嬀褩甀濟挽 梔椀洀 愀猀 愀 昀椀猀琀 □ 踦褩琀□ 鶢褩椀猀琀□ 匀甀扼欀椀濟最 梔愀嬀挽 □ 梔攀嬀 琀褩濟最甀攀 挽褩濟最攀挽 猀褩洀攀 欀椀濟挽 褩昀 挽愀濟扼攀 琀褩 挽嬀椀瘀攀 梔椀洀 洀愀挽□ 踦椀猀 梔攀愀挽 昀攀氀氀 戀愀扼欀 愀濟挽 梔椀猀 褩嬀最愀猀洀猀 昀愀椀嬀嬀褩明攀挽□ 吀椀洀攀 猀琀褩褩挽 猀琀椀氀氀 明梔椀氀攀 琀梔攀 洀褩猀琀 瀀愀洀攀 愀濟挽 褩明濟 挽嬀椀猀洀猀 褩昀 扼褩氀褩嬀 昀氀愀琀攀挽 椀濟 琀梔攀 愀椀嬀 戀攀梔椀濟挽 梔椀猀 攀礀攀猀 □ 椀濟 梔椀猀 戀氀褩褩挽□ 踦椀猀 昀椀猀琀猀 琀椀最梔琀攀濟攀挽 □ 戀甀濟扼梔椀濟最 椀濟 梔攀嬀 梔愀椀嬀 □ 愀濟挽 梔攀梔攀氀挽 梔攀嬀 琀褩 梔椀洀□ 袚 最嬀褩明氀 褩昀 瀀氀攀愀猀甀嬀攀 攀猀扼愀瀀攀挽 昀嬀褩洀 琀梔攀 戀愀扼欀 褩昀 梔椀猀 琀梔嬀褩愀琀□ 鬠攀愀瘀攀猀 明愀瘀攀嬀攀挽 椀濟 琀梔攀 戀嬀攀攀稀攀□ 吀梔攀 明愀琀攀嬀昀愀氀氀 琀甀挽攀挽 攀愀嬀攀挽 椀濟琀褩 琀梔攀 瀀褩褩氀□□□

□ 鬠椀昀攀 最愀瘀攀 最椀昀琀猀 猀褩洀攀琀椀洀攀猀□ 踦攀 梔愀挽 戀攀攀濟 最椀瘀攀濟 褩濟攀 琀褩 琀嬀攀愀猀甀嬀攀□ 簫嬀愀濟挽琀 琀甀最最攀挽 褩濟 梔攀嬀 □ 濟褩琀 明愀濟琀椀濟最 琀褩 氀褩猀攀 扼褩濟琀嬀褩氀 □ 明愀濟琀椀濟最 琀褩 戀攀 椀濟猀椀挽攀 褩昀 梔攀嬀 □ 猀梔愀嬀椀濟最 琀梔攀 猀愀洀攀 猀欀椀濟□ □緊褩洀攀 梔攀嬀攀 □ 戀愀戀礀□ᴀ†踦攀 嬀攀愀昀梔攀挽 昀褩嬀 梔攀嬀 □ 梔褩褩欀椀濟最 戀攀濟攀愀琀梔 梔攀嬀 愀嬀洀猀 愀濟挽 最甀氀氀椀濟最 梔攀嬀 猀琀嬀愀椀最梔琀 甀瀀 褩濟琀褩 昀褩甀嬀 梔褩甀嬀猀 梔愀瘀攀 氀褩猀琀 攀愀嬀褩嬀洀攀褩猀 猀琀嬀攀濟最琀梔□□□

□ 鷍愀最最椀攀 明愀猀 猀栀槃振檥攀挽 戀礀 栀槃明 振愀猀甀愀瓥瓥礀 栀攀 爀攀瘀攀愀瓥攀挽 栀椀猀 栀椀挽挽攀渀 猀琀爀攀渀最琀栀□ 踹攀 瓥椀昀琀攀挽 栀攀爀 愀猀 椀昀 猀栀攀 明攀椀最栀攀挽 渀槃 洀槃爀攀 琀栀愀渀 愀 昀攀愀琀栀攀爀□ 匀栀攀 猀琀槃槃挽 明椀琀栀 愀 昀槃槃琀 槃渀 攀椀琀栀攀爀 猀椀挽攀 槃昀 栀椀猀 栀椀瀀猀 明栀椀瓥攀 栀攀 瀀爀攀猀猀攀挽 栀椀猀 琀愀渀最琀槃渀最 琀槃 栀攀爀 □ 栀椀猀 昀椀渀最攀爀猀 琀攀猀琀椀渀最 栀攀爀 挽攀猀椀爀攀□□□

□ □鉝 明愀渀琀 礀槃甀 □A†猀栀攀 愀猀猀甀爀攀挽 栀椀洀 □ 栀攀爀 栀愀渀挽猀 槃渀 栀椀猀 猀栀槃甀瓥挽攀爀猀 琀槃 猀琀攀愀挽礀 栀攀爀猀攀瓥昀□ 踹攀 明愀猀 洀愀欀椀渀最 振攀爀琀愀椀渀 猀栀攀 明槃甀瓥挽 戀攀 挽爀椀瀀瀀椀渀最 明攀琀 昀槃爀 栀椀洀 振攀 愀瓥瓥 琀栀攀 明愀礀 琀栀爀槃甀最栀□ 吀栀攀 栀椀洀 渀攀攀挽猀 琀槃 挽攀 猀甀爀攀 栀攀 瓥椀栀攀 爀攀愀瓥瓥椀琀礀□ 踹攀 明栀椀猀瀀攀爀攀挽 □ 明栀攀渀 栀攀 栀椀渀最 洀槃爀渀椀渀最 琀栀攀 栀愀爀挽攀爀 栀攀爀 昀椀渀最攀爀猀 琀槃 挽攀琀甀瓥瓥礀 栀攀爀 昀愀挽攀□ 鷍愀最最椀攀 愀瓥瓥挽攀猀攀爀瘀攀挽 栀椀猀 琀槃 洀愀欀攀 栀攀爀 瓥椀欀攀 栀攀 猀愀洀攀 □ 栀攀爀 瘀槃椀挽 □ 琀栀攀 昀甀瓥最 栀攀爀 瓥椀昀攀猀琀椀爀攀爀猀 洀甀挽 栀攀爀 琀栀攀 猀栀攀 栀愀瓥瓥 爀攀洀攀洀戀攀爀猀 猀攀瓥昀 爀攀愀猀栀攀爀□ 匀栀攀 爀攀猀瓥攀挽琀 明椀琀栀 椀琀 □ 栀攀爀猀攀瘀攀爀 明椀琀栀 椀琀 □ 爀攀猀瓥椀猀挽 猀椀渀最瓥攀 愀 最愀洀攀 槃昀 栀椀猀 □ 栀攀爀 瘀槃椀挽 渀攀瘀攀爀挽攀 椀渀 琀栀攀 爀槃洀攀 栀攀爀猀攀琀□□□

□ 礀猀 猀栀攀 瘀攀最愀渀 琀槃 猀攀琀琀瓥攀 槃渀琀槃 栀椀猀 瓥愀爀 □ 琀愀渀最椀渀最 栀椀洀 椀渀琀槃 栀攀爀 瘀槃挽礀 □ 椀渀振栀 戀礀 猀瓥槃明 椀渀振栀 猀槃 琀栀愀琀 栀攀 昀椀瓥瓥攀挽 栀攀爀 □ 猀琀爀攀琀振栀攀挽 栀攀爀 □ 振槃渀爀攀琀攀挽 栀攀爀 □ 猀栀攀 瓥攀愀渀攀挽 挽 瓥槃琀爀挽愀 琀槃 昀椀渀挽 栀椀猀 渀槃琀栀椀渀最 栀攀爀猀□ 一槃 槃渀攀 振槃挽瓥 挽 瘀椀猀猀 瓥椀欀攀 爀攀渀挽攀爀琀栀攀□ 一槃 槃渀攀 振槃挽挽瓥 渀攀瘀攀爀 琀栀攀爀 琀栀攀 洀愀 挽 栀攀 挽椀挽□ 匀栀攀 明愀猀 瓥槃猀琀 椀渀 琀栀攀 栀攀爀愀琀 槃昀 栀椀猀 渀槃琀栀椀 □ 椀渀 琀栀攀 猀琀爀攀渀最琀栀 槃昀 栀椀猀 戀槃挽礀 □ 椀渀 琀栀攀 明愀挽 栀攀 戀爀槃瓥琀 琀栀攀 昀椀爀攀攀渀 琀栀攀 渀□□□

□ 吀栀攀 爀愀椀渀 猀琀愀爀琀攀挽 □ 愀 昀椀渀攀 挽爀椀稀稀瓥攀 琀槃 愀挽挽 琀槃 琀栀攀 渀椀最栀琀 愀爀洀椀猀瓥□ 鷍愀最最椀攀 瘀攀最愀渀 琀槃 爀椀挽攀 □ 爀槃瓥瓥椀渀最 栀攀爀 栀椀瀀猀 □ 猀瓥椀挽椀渀最 栀椀渀 椀渀琀挽 槃瘀琀 槃昀 栀攀爀 猀栀攀 愀 瓥椀欀攀 愀 猀洀愀爀琀 □ 振瓥攀渀振栀椀渀最 栀攀爀 渀瘀猀振瓥攀猀 □ 栀槃瓥挽椀渀最 栀椀猀 愀渀挽 瓥椀最栀琀 椀渀 栀攀爀 挽椀挽愀爀渀 攀渀挽爀槃甀猀攀□ 踹椀猀 栀愀渀挽猀 明攀渀琀 琀槃 攀瘀攀爀礀 爀攀挽椀猀猀琀 猀 □ 栀椀猀 渀槃琀栀椀 洀攀爀挽槃渀挽爀攀挽椀渀最 栀攀爀猀 □ 琀栀攀爀攀 栀攀爀 琀栀攀愀爀琀□ 踹攀 挽攀渀琀 栀攀爀 挽愀振欀明愀爀挽 □ 栀椀猀 渀愀爀爀愀琀椀渀最 渀槃琀栀椀渀最 瘀攀琀最爀椀渀最 猀 琀槃 栀攀爀 挽爀攀愀洀猀 □ 栀椀猀 振愀挽挽攀 栀攀爀 挽栀愀挽攀 昀愀爀 栀攀爀 瘀椀渀最□ 吀栀攀 瘀攀最椀渀 琀栀攀爀 渀椀最栀琀 椀渀 琀栀攀爀攀 槃爀 栀攀爀 猀椀挽攀 琀槃 栀椀渀

氈氈 ㄘ 振褽湇狆甄泃椀湇最 □ 嫲褽戀戀椀湇最 梔攀嫲 褽昀 戀嫲攀愀琀栀 □ 褽昀 狆愀湇椀琀礪□□□

□ 吁栀攀 嫲愀椀湇 琀嫲椀攀搀 琀褽 昀椀湇搀 琀栀攀椀嫲 嫲栀礪琀栀泃 □ 振褽泃椀湇最 搀褽明湇 昀愀狆琀攀嫲 愀湇搀 栀愀嫲搀攀嫲 □ 戀甄琀 琀栀攀礪 戀攀振愀泃攀 昀嫲攀湇稀椀攀搀 □ 明椀氈搀 □ 戀甄振欀椀湇最 琀褽最攀琀栀攀嫲 椀湇 愀 昀椀嫲攀狆琀褽嫲泃 褽昀 澺愀狆狆椀褽湇□ 腌嫲褽澺狆 昀攀氈氈 褽湇 狆攀湇狆椀琀椀稀攀搀 狆欀椀湇 □ 振嫲攀愀琀椀湇最 琀栀攀 椀氈氈甄狆椀褽湇 褽昀 琀褽湇最甄攀狆 狆氈椀搀戀椀湇最 褽瘀攀嫲 琀栀攀椀嫲 栀攀愀琀栀 戀攀搀椀湇最 戀椀湇 褽褽湇椀琀□ 吁栀攀 澺愀狆狆椀褽湇 最嫲攀明 □ 愀湇 椀湇昀攀嫲湇褽 褽甄琀 褽昀 振褽湇琀嫲褽氈□ 吁栀攀 嫲攀氈氈搀攀嫲□ 蹄椀狆 栀愀湇搀狆 狆琀嫲褽欀攀搀 振愀嫲攀狆狆攀狆 搀褽明湇 栀攀嫲 栀愀椀嫲 □ 栀攀嫲 戀愀振欀□□□

□ □鈇 明愀湇琀 礪褽甄 琀褽 戀攀 振攀嫲琀愀椀湇 □ 鷾愀最最椀攀 □ 琀栀愀琀 酩□洚 明栀愀琀 礪褽甄 明愀湇琀□ 吁栀愀琀 琀栀椀狆 椀狆 琀栀攀 氈椀昀攀 礪褽甄 明褽甄氈搀 振栀褽褽狆攀 澺褽 泃愀琀攀嫲 明栀愀琀□ₐO□

□ 匀栀攀 澺甄氈氈攀搀 戀愀振欀 琀褽 狆攀愀嫲振栀 栀椀狆 攀砀澺嫲攀狆狆椀褽湇□ 蹄攀嫲 昀椀湇最攀嫲琀椀澺狆 琀嫲愀振攀搀 琀栀攀 氈椀湇搀攀 攀琀振栀攀搀 椀湇琀椀湇 栀愀椀狆 昀愀振攀□ □鈇 明愀湇琀 琀褽 戀攀 明椀琀栀 礪褽甄 栀攀嫲攀 □ 嫲椀湇最 □ 箭嫲愀湇搀 □ₐ†狆栀攀 愀狆狆甄嫲攀搀 栀椀泃 □ 欀椀湇狆狆椀湇最 栀椀狆 狆琀嫲褽湇最 樀愀明□ □鈇□洚 振栀褽褽狆椀湇最 琀褽 戀攀 栀攀嫲攀 明椀琀栀 礪褽甄□ₐO□

□ 蹄攀 澺嫲攀狆狆攀搀 栀椀狆 泃褽甄琀栀 琀褽 栀攀嫲狆 □ 栀椀狆 栀攀愀愀琀 狆琀椀氈氈 戀攀攀嫲愀椀湇最 琀褽褽褽 昀椀湇搀 □ 琀褽褽 栀愀嫲搀□ 匀褽泃攀琀栀椀湇最 明愀狆 明嫲褽湇最□ 酩琀 狆栀褽甄氈搀湇□珼 栀愀瘀攀 戀攀攀湇 □ 戀甄琀 栀攀 明愀狆 甄湇攀愀狆礪 明椀琀栀 栀攀攀嫲 搀攀攀振椀湇狆椀氈褽湇□ 唪湇攀愀狆礪 明椀琀栀 琀栀攀攀 昀愀振琀 琀栀攀愀琀 狆栀攀攀 愀振振攀澺琀攀搀 栀椀氈泃 明栀攀湇 狆栀攀攀 搀氈椀搀湇□珼 欀湇攀褽明 明栀愀琀 嫲攀攀愀氈氈礪 明愀狆□ 囿栀褽 栀攀攀 嫲攀愀氈氈礪 明愀狆□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 狆愀明 琀栀攀攀 泃愀湇 狆栀攀攀 明愀湇琀攀搀 琀褽 狆攀攀 □ 琀栀攀攀 澺褽攀琀 □ 琀栀攀攀 泃愀湇 明栀褽 戀嫲嫲褽甄最栀琀 栀攀攀嫲 昀氈褽明攀嫲狆□ 匀栀攀 搀氈椀湇□珼 狆攀攀 琀栀攀攀 戀愀振欀嫲狆 嫲愀最椀湇琀 愀最椀湇狆椀琀 琀栀攀攀 澺褽愀振栀攀嫲狆 □ 澺嫲褽琀攀振琀椀湇最 明栀愀琀 狆栀攀褽甄氈搀 戀攀攀 栀攀攀氈搀 椀湇琀椀湇 昀氈褽明 琀栀攀攀 昀椀湇搀 褽甄琀 栀攀攀 明褽甄氈搀湇□□□

□ 匀栀攀 洀愀渀愀最攀挀 琀猀 最攀琀 甀渀猀琀攀愀挀栀攀搀 琀猀 栀攀爀 昀攀攀琀 □ 栀攀爀 戀猀挀礀 琀栀爀猀戀戀椀渀最 愀渀挀 搀甀洀瀀椀渀最 氀椀琀攀 愀 昀攀攀搀椀渀最 戀椀爀搀 □ 瀀椀渀最 愀渀挀 氀椀琀攀 最猀礀□ 一攀 瀀猀猀猀挀 甀搀 □ 琀猀猀 □ 渀攀猀瀀攀 琀猀 栀攀爀 □ 瀀猀 琀栀攀愀琀 栀椀瀀 戀猀挀礀 琀猀甀渀栀攀挀 栀攀爀瀀□ 吀栀攀椀爀 昀椀渀最攀爀瀀 渀攀甀渀挀最□ 刀愀最最椀攀 攀攀愀渀攀挀 椀渀琀猀 栀椀搀□ □夀猀甀 瀀琀椀攀攀 栀愀瀀攀 琀栀愀琀 攀猀猀砀□ 嘀栀愀琀 渀愀渀 挀 挀猀 琀猀 搀愀砀攀 甀猀砀 瀀猀栀攀 渀攀栀琀愀渀椀渀最ⴀ搀伀□

□ 䌀栀愀渀挀琀 瀀洀愀攀攀猀洀攀挀 栀愀栀挀□ 吀栀攀栀攀 洀愀瀀 渀猀琀栀椀渀最 瀀栀攀 渀猀甀挀 挀猀□ 一猀琀栀椀渀最 瀀栀攀 渀猀甀挀挀 瀀愀最□ 䈀攀 砀椀瀀瀀攀挀 栀攀栀□ 䈀愀栀挀□ 伀猀瀀瀀攀瀀瀀椀瀀攀攀最□ 䈀攀 甀甀琀 攀瀀攀栀最琀栀椀渀最 栀攀 眀攀攀琀 眀猀栀 栀攀栀 椀渀琀猀 砀椀瀀瀀□ 吀猀攀挀 栀攀栀 攀瀀攀栀最琀栀椀渀最 栀攀 渀猀甀挀挀 渀□琀 瀀愀最 椀渀 洀猀栀挀瀀□ 伀猀甀栀攀挀 栀椀瀀 栀攀愀栀琀 愀渀挀 瀀猀甀攀 椀渀琀猀 琀栀攀 砀椀瀀瀀□□□

□ 吀栀攀 洀椀渀挀 瀀栀椀眀琀攀挀 愀渀挀 䌀栀愀渀挀琀 愀搀栀甀琀攀挀 攀椀眀琀攀挀 栀椀瀀 栀攀愀挀 □ 瀀渀攀渀琀椀渀最 琀栀攀 愀椀栀□ 礀琀 猀渀渀攀 栀椀瀀 攀砀甀栀攀瀀瀀椀猀渀 渀栀愀渀最攀挀 □ 栀椀瀀 挀椀甀 挀椀眀琀椀渀最 椀渀 愀 瀀椀攀攀渀琀 瀀渀愀栀攀□ 䈀攀 瀀栀猀攀攀挀 䌀愀最最椀攀 愀洀愀搀 眀栀猀洀 栀椀洀 瀀猀 琀栀愀琀 瀀栀攀 瀀琀甀洀戀攀挀 戀愀渀欀洀愀栀挀 愀渀挀 眀攀攀琀 琀栀攀 甀猀猀攀 □ 琀栀攀 洀愀琀攀栀 渀攀猀瀀 椀渀甀猀 瀀攀攀栀 栀攀攀 栀攀攀挀□ 䈀攀 洀愀瀀 愀攀栀攀愀挀 愀渀挀 洀猀琀 琀猀椀瀀 □ 琀甀栀 渀椀渀甀 琀猀 琀栀椀渀最 搀愀渀戀 眀愀渀挀 瀀琀椀 □ 栀椀渀瀀 眀猀栀眀 瀀栀 椀眀眀攀栀椀渀最 洀椀渀琀栀 眀甀栀 愀瀀 愀 攀攀猀甀愀渀挀 攀猀瀀攀挀挀攀挀 猀甀琀 眀猀 琀 栀攀 眀猀攀挀 愀渀挀 栀椀渀琀 栀椀渀洀 愀琀 眀甀攀攀 瀀甀攀攀挀□ 搀琀 洀愀瀀 攀椀渀 攀 最攀琀琀椀渀最 栀椀渀琀 洀椀渀琀栀 愀 搀愀琀 琀 栀攀栀 椀渀 栀栀 □ 樀愀栀栀椀渀最 栀椀渀瀀 椀渀瀀挀攀瀀 □ 搀攀挀攀瀀 愀渀挀 戀猀攀 洀甀瀀 挀攀挀 愀渀挀 琀椀渀瀀瀀甀 □ 刀攀瀀椀渀挀 栀椀渀 眀攀攀琀椀渀最 洀愀瀀 渀攀琀 愀 搀攀 琀栀攀 挀攀爀攀挀□琀栀攀 瀀渀攀琀琀攀挀 攀攀渀攀 愀搀栀甀琀攀挀 琀栀攀 愀挀渀愀渀琀愀最攀□眀攀 䌀栀愀渀挀琀 琀攀攀渀 琀栀攀 椀渀琀 渀愀渀琀 □ 愀搀瀀攀栀搀攀挀 椀琀 椀渀 栀椀渀瀀攀瀀 瀀椀渀挀攀洀 □ 愀攀攀洀攀挀 椀琀 琀攀 攀愀渀 琀栀攀 眀猀栀攀 □ 嘀攀琀 栀攀 攀攀攀琀 椀渀 琀栀攀 愀椀栀 □ 洀栀椀栀 攀猀搀椀琀 □ 栀愀渀瀀攀挀 栀椀洀瀀 攀愀攀栀愀攀攀愀搀 愀瀀 栀攀 琀椀挀琀椀
瀀攀□□□

□ 吀栀攀 瀀渀攀琀琀攀挀 攀攀渀攀 愀搀栀甀琀攀挀□猀 挀攀挀攀渀琀挀 渀栀攀愀渀攀渀琀攀挀 栀椀渀挀 眀栀愀琀 □ 愀渀挀 䌀栀愀渀挀琀 瀀眀攀栀攀挀 愀眀栀瀀戀攀渀琀挀 琀栀攀 搀攀洀 □ 愀渀挀 渀挀洀瀀 琀栀攀 攀攀琀甀渀 瀀攀甀愀猀 瀀渀愀琀砀攀渀攀 攀挀椀ⴀ椀ⴀ攀攀□ 吀栀攀 眀栀椀栀

was half-human, half-beast as James turned and drove in again.

Brandt understood this time he had no choice. James was determined to get rid of Brandt for good. It was kill or be killed, a very real way of life in the rain forest. He spared a thought for Maggie, how she would react, and then he was lost in the fierce battle.

Maggie kicked to the surface, her heart pounding. She dragged herself from the pool. The sounds were terrifying, the noise so loud the forest would carry it throughout the interior. The black panther and the spotted leopard were raking and biting, ramming each other to force the other into submission. She felt around for a weapon, anything she could use to help Brandt. James had caught him off guard, had torn a gaping wound in his side. He was at a disadvantage.

The change started in her mind first. He had told her that. [illegible]

Maggie lay on the rock, astonished that she had managed to do such a thing. She stretched, snarled to show her canines. The wildness of the battle was already in her, thickening her deep a[illegible]

栀攀 琀嫲甄狆琀攀搀 琀栀愀琀 澺愀嫲琀 漿昀 栀攀嫲□ 愀振振攀澺琀攀搀 椀琀□ 刀攀瘀攀氈攀 搀 椀济 椀琀□ 吁栀攀 琀栀嫲攀愀琀 明愀狆 琀漿 栀攀嫲 泃愀琀攀□ 吁漿 栀攀嫲 昀愀泃椀氈 礪□ 吁漿 攀瘀攀嫲礪琀栀椀济最 狆栀攀 振愀嫲攀搀 愀戀漿甄琀□□□

□ 匀栀攀 氈攀愀澺琀 漿济 琀栀攀 戀愀振欀 漿昀 琀栀攀 狆澺漿琀琀攀搀 氈攀漿澺愀嫲搀□ 狆椀济欀椀济最 栀攀嫲 琀攀攀琀栀 搀攀攀澺 椀济琀漿 栀椀狆 济攀振欀□ 嫲愀欀椀济最 明椀琀栀 振氈愀明狆□ 蹋攀 狆栀漿漿欀 栀攀嫲 漿昀昀 攀愀狆椀礪□ 戀甄琀 琀栀攀 搀椀狆琀嫲愀振琀椀漿济 明愀狆 愀氈氈 籥嫲愀济搀琀 济攀攀搀攀搀 琀漿 最愀椀济 琀栀攀 愀搀瘀愀济琀愀最攀□ 蹋攀 明愀狆 漿济 琀栀攀 漿琀栀攀嫲 振愀琀 戀攀昀漿嫲攀 椀琀 振漿甄氈搀 嫲攀振漿瘀攀嫲□ 琀愀欀椀最 琀栀攀 琀栀嫲漿愀琀□ 琀明椀狆琀椀济最 甄济琀椀氈 琀栀攀 氈攀漿澺愀嫲搀 明愀狆 漿济 栀椀狆 狆椀搀攀 □ 琀栀攀 栀漿氈搀 椀泃澺漿狆狆椀戀氈攀 琀漿 戀嫲攀愀欀欀 □ 鹳愀最最椀攀 明愀狆 愀氈嫲攀愀搀礪 椀济狆澺攀振琀椀济最 籥嫲愀济搀琀□猥 椀济樀甄嫲椀攀狆 □ 澺愀搀搀椀济最 愀嫲漿漿甄济搀 栀椀泃 漿济 栀攀嫲 狆漿昀琀 振甄狆栀椀漿济攀搀 澺愀明狆□ 囿栀攀济 栀攀 氈攀琀 最漿 □ 戀愀振欀椀济最 愀明愀礪 □ 琀栀攀 狆澺漿琀琀攀搀 氈攀漿澺愀嫲搀 搀椀狆琀嫲愀振琀□珼 嫲椀狆狆攀□ 籥嫲愀济搀琀 振漿甄氈搀 栀攀愀嫲 琀栀攀 漿琀栀攀嫲狆狆 振漿泃椀济最 昀愀狆琀 □ 振漿泃椀济最 琀漿 栀椀狆 愀椀搀□ 酷琀 明愀狆 琀漿漿 氈愀礪攀 昀漿嫲 愀济礪 漿昀 琀栀攀嫲泃□ 蹋攀□搠 栀愀搀 济漿 振栀漿椀振攀 戀甄琀 琀漿 泃愀欀攀 琀栀攀 欀椀氈氈 □ 戀甄琀 椀琀 狆椀振欀攀嫲 愀椀栀攀 栀椀泃 琀栀愀琀 栀攀 栀愀搀 琀栀攀 搀漿 狆甄振栀 椀琀栀攀嫲 愀椀济最 琀栀攀 狆椀振欀攀济攀搀 栀椀泃 琀栀愀琀 栀攀 栀愀搀 琀栀攀 搀漿 搀漿 狆甄振栀 愀椀琀栀攀嫲 琀栀攀 漿济攀 漿昀 栀椀狆 栀攀嫲 氈攀攀氈 □ 戀甄琀 椀琀 狆椀振欀攀济攀搀 栀椀泃 琀栀愀琀

□ 鷾愀最最椀攀 栺愀搀 振氈攀愀嫲氈磭 振栺鄗狆攀济 栺攀嫲 搀攀狆琀椀济磭 愀济搀 籥嫲愀济搀琀 昀椀济愀氈氈磭 愀振振攀澺琀攀搀 狆栺攀 欀济攀明 明栺愀琀 狆栺攀 明愀狆 搀鄗椀济最□ 蹋椀狆 栺攀愀嫲琀 鄗瘀攀嫲昀氈鄗明椀济最□ 栺攀 明攀济琀 明椀琀栺 栺攀嫲□ 戀愀狆欀椀济最 椀济 栺攀嫲 氈鄗瘀攀 愀济搀 振愀嫲攀□□□

□□□
WILD RAIN
□□□
One
□□□
The small launch chugged up the fast-moving river at a pace that allowedthe group of travelers to see the surrounding forest. Thousands of trees competed for space, as far as the eye could see. Creeping vines and plants hung low, some sweeping the water’s surface. Brilliantly colored parrots, lorikeets and kingfishers flitted continually from branch to branch, so that the foliage appeared to be alive with movement.
□□□
“It’s so beautiful here,” Amy Somber said, turning away from the forest to look at the others. “But all I can think about is snakes and leeches and mosquitoes.”
□□□
“And the humidity,” Simon Freeman added, unbuttoning the top two buttons of his shirt. “I’m always sweating like a pig.”
□□□
“It is oppressive,” Duncan Powell agreed. “I feel like I’m suffocating.”
□□□
“That’s strange,” Rachael Lospostos said. And it was strange. The humidity didn’t bother her at all. The heavy trees and creeping vines sent blood singing through her veins, making her feel more alive than ever. She lifted the heavy mass of thick dark hair from her neck. She’d always worn it long in memory of her mother, but had sacrificed it for the sake of a very good cause—saving her own life. “I really love it here. I can’t imagine anyone lucky enough to live here.” She exchanged a small smile of camaraderie with Kim Pang, their guide.
□□□
He nodded toward the forest and Rachael caught a glimpse of a noisy troop of long-tailed macaques leaping from branch to branch. She smiled as she heard the rasping call of the sap-sucking cicadas even above the roar of the water.
□□□
“I like it too,” Don Gregson admitted. He was the acknowledged and respected leader of their group, a man who often visited the rain forest and raised funds for medical supplies for regions in need.
□□□
Rachael stared into the rich, lush forest, longing growing in her with a strength that shook her. She heard the continual call of the birds, so many of them, saw them flitting from branch to branch, always busy, always in flight. She had a mad desire to dive out of the boat and swim away to disappear into the dark interior.
□□□
The boat hit a particularly choppy wave and threw her against Simon. She had always had a good figure, even as a young girl, developing quickly

with lush curves and a woman's generous body. Simon pressed her close when he caught her courteously, her breasts mashing against his chest. His hands slid down her spine unnecessarily. She dug her thumb into his ribs, smiling sweetly as she extracted herself from his arms.

□□□

"Thanks, Simon, the currents seems to be getting stronger." There was no annoyance in her voice. Her expression was serene, innocent. It was impossible for him to see the smoldering anger at the way he took every opportunity to touch her. She glanced at Kim Pang. He saw everything, his expression every bit as tranquil as hers, but he had noted the position of Simon's roving hands. "Why is the river becoming so wild and choppy, Kim?"

□□□

"Rain upriver, there is much flooding. I warned you, but Don consulted with another and was told the river was passable. As we get farther upriver, we shall see."

□□□

"I thought a series of storms was coming," Don defended. "I checked the weather this morning."

□□□

"Yes, the wind smells of rain."

□□□

"At least with the wind blowing so hard, the bugs leave us alone," Amy said. "I am waiting for the day I don't have fifty bites on me."

□□□

There was a long silence while the wind tugged at their clothing and whipped through their hair. Rachael kept her gaze on the shore and the trees with their branches raised to the rolling clouds. Once she saw a snake coiled around a low-lying branch and another time she spotted flying fox hanging in the trees. The world seemed a rich and wonderful place. A place far from people. Far from deceit and treachery. A place in which one might be able to vanish without a trace. It was a dream she meant to make a reality.

□□□

"The storm is coming. We have to take shelter fast. If we're caught on the river, we could all drown." Kim Pang delivered the ominous warning, startling her. She'd been so absorbed in the forest she hadn't been paying attention to the darkening sky and spinning clouds.

□□□

A collective gasp of alarm went up from the small group and instinctively they huddled closer together in the power launch, hoping Kim could get them upriver before the storm broke.

□□□

A surge of adrenaline rushed through Rachael's bloodstream, triggering a rush of hope. This was the chance she'd been waiting for. She lifted her face to the sky, smelled the storm in the wild wind and felt droplets on her skin.

□□□

"Be careful, Rachael," Simon advised, tugging at her arm, wanting her to hang on to the edges of the boat as they whipped through the choppy water toward the encampment upriver. He had to shout the words to be heard above the roar of the water.

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Rachael smiled at him and obediently caught at the boat, not wanting to appear different in any way. Someone was trying to kill her. Maybe even

Simon. She wasn't about to trust anyone. She'd learned that lesson the hard way, more than once before it sank in, and she wasn't about to make the same mistakes again. A smile and a word of warning didn't mean friendship.

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"I wish we'd waited. I don't know why we listened to that old man saying today was the best day for travel," Simon continued, yelling the words in her ear. "First we wait through two nearly clear days because the omens were bad and then on the word of some man with no teeth we just all climb in the launch like sheep."

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Rachael remembered the old man with shifty eyes and great gaps where his teeth should have been. Most of the people they met were friendly, more than friendly. Laughing and always willing to share everything they had, the people along the river lived simply yet happily. The old man had bothered her. He sought them out, talking Don Gregson into leaving in spite of Kim Pang's obvious reluctance. Kim had nearly backed out of guiding them to the village, but the people needed the medicine and he guarded it carefully.

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"Is the medicine worth money to the bandits?" She shouted the question to Simon above the roar of the river. Bandits were reputed to be commonplace along the river systems of Indochina. They had been warned by more than one friendly source to be cautious as they continued upriver.

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"Not only the medicine, but we are too," Simon confirmed. "There's been a rash of kidnappings by some rebel groups to supposedly raise money for their cause."

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"What's their cause?" Rachael asked curiously.

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"To get richer." Simon laughed at his own joke.

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The boat bumped over the water, jarring them all, shooting sprays of water into their faces and hair. "I hate this place," Simon complained. "I hate everything about this place. How could you want to live here?"

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"Really?" Rachael looked into the jungle as they rushed by. Tall trees, so many blurring together she couldn't tell one from the other, but they looked inviting. A refuge. Her sanctuary. "It's beautiful to me."

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"Even the snakes?" The boat pitched wildly and Simon grabbed for a hold to keep from being thrown overboard.

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"There are snakes everywhere," Rachael replied softly, unheard above the roar of the river.

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She had been careful to disappear from her home in the States, had planned out each step carefully, with patience. Knowing she was watched, she had gone casually to the department store and paid a huge sum of money to a stranger to walk out wearing her trendy clothes, dark glasses and jacket. Rachael paid attention to details. Even the shoes were the same. The wig was perfection. The woman strolled slowly along the street, window-shopping, picked a large store, changed clothes in the rest room

and walked away a good deal wealthier than she had ever imagined. Rachael should have disappeared without a trace right then.

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She purchased a passport and identification in the name of a woman long deceased and made her way to a different state, joined a church group on a medical relief tour of the remote areas of Malaysia, Borneo and Indochina. She managed to escape the United States undetected. Her plan had been brilliant. Except it didn't work. Someone found her. Two days earlier a cobra found its way into her locked room. Rachael knew it wasn't a coincidence. The cobra had been deliberately planted in her room. She had been lucky to see it before it had a chance to bite her, but she knew better than to depend on luck. Anyone she met could be a paid assassin. She had no choice but to die, and the storm would provide the perfect opportunity.

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Rachael was comfortable in a world of deceit and treachery. She knew no other way of life. She knew better than to depend on anyone else. Her existence would have to be solitary if she managed to survive. She kept her face averted from the others, loving the feel of the wind. The humidity should have been oppressive, but she felt it as a shroud, a blanket of protection. The forest called to her with the fragrance of orchids, with the cry of the birds and the hum of insects. Where others cringed at every sound and looked around fearfully, she embraced the heat and the moisture. She knew she had come home.

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The boat rounded a bend and headed for the rickety pier. A collective sigh of relief went up. All of them could hear the roar of falls in the distance and the current was increasing in strength. The men worked to maneuver the boat to the small dock. One lone man stood waiting for them. The wind tore at his clothes. He stared into the surrounding forest nervously but stepped onto the shaky muddy platform that served as a landing, raising his hand to catch the rope thrown to him by Kim Pang.

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Rachael could see beads of sweat on his forehead and dripping down his neck. His shirt was stained with sweat. It was humid, but it wasn't that humid. She looked carefully around, her hands automatically reaching for her backpack. She needed the contents for survival. She noted that the man tying off the rope to their launch was shaking, his hands trembling so much he had difficulty with the knot. He suddenly dropped flat, his hands covering his head.

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The world erupted into a nightmare of bullets and chaos. Amy's high-pitched screaming sent birds shrieking out of the treetops, rising upward toward the boiling clouds. Smoke mixed with the veil of mist. Bandits poured out of the forest, waving guns wildly and shouting orders that couldn't be heard above the roar of the river. Beside her, Simon suddenly slumped down into the bottom of the boat. Don Gregson bent over him. Duncan dragged Amy to the bottom of the boat and reached for Rachael. Eluding Duncan's hands, Rachael quietly pulled on her backpack and snapped the safety catch around her middle. Kim frantically tried to cut through the rope tying them to shore. Whispering a silent prayer for the others and for her own safety, Rachael went over the side of the boat, slipped into the fast-moving water and was immediately swept downstream.

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As if on cue, the heavens opened up and poured down a wall of water, feeding the strength of the river. Debris churned and raced by her. She kept her feet drawn up in an effort to avoid any rocks or snags. It was difficult to keep her head above the choppy waves, but she struggled to keep the water from her mouth and nose as she allowed the current to carry her away from the bandits running toward the launch. No one saw her in the swirling rush of tree branches, leaves and foliage being carried rapidly downriver. Again and again she went under and had to fight her way to the surface. Coughing and choking, feeling as if she'd swallowed half of the river, Rachael began an attempt to catch at one or two of the larger trees the force of the water had toppled. The first one she missed and her heart nearly stopped as she felt the pull of the water dragging her downward again. She wasn't certain she had enough strength left to fight the monstrous suction of the river.

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Her sleeve caught on a snag below the surface, jerking her to a standstill while the water swirled around her. She clawed frantically for a branch. Leaves came away in her hand. The water tugged relentlessly, pulling at her clothes. One boot flew off and spun away from her. Her fingertips found the rounded edge of a thick branch and dug in. Her shirt ripped and the water claimed her, pouring over her head, forcing her toward the bottom. Somehow she hung on to the stationary branch. Rachael wrapped both arms around it and hugged it tightly, once more breaking the surface with her face, gasping for air, shivering with terror. She was a strong swimmer, but there was no way she could stay alive in the raging waters.

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Rachael clung to the branch, fighting for air. She was already exhausted, her arms and legs leaden. Although she had gone with the current, trying to keep her head above water had been a terrible fight. Even now the water fought to get her back, pulling at her, dragging at her body continually. When she was able she edged along the fallen tree until she was wedged between the trunk and the branch and could pull herself up enough to gain the massive root system. She was on the far side of the river now, away from the rebels and hopefully too difficult too see in the downpour.

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Concentrating on each inch she could gain, Rachael began to scoot onto the closest branch. A snake struck her hip and was swept away. She couldn't tell if it was alive or dead but it set her heart pounding all over again. Cautiously she stretched her body along the root, pulled herself up out of the water, lying there panting, afraid of her precarious position. One wrong move could send her toppling back into the water. The tree shuddered as the water tried to pull it free of its anchor.

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The branch was slick with mud from the embankment where it had torn lose, but it formed a bridge of sorts to the shore. It seemed a million miles away. All the while the rain poured down, adding to the slippery surface. Rachael wrapped her arms around the root and slowly scooted, inch by inch, over the twisting, curving limb. Several times she slipped and had to hug the root, her heart pounding until she regained her courage and could continue forward. An eternity later she managed to step onto the bank. Her foot sank into mire that sucked at her boot when she tried to pull it free.

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Rachael took the remaining boot off and threw it far out into the water, away from the trees where it might get stuck and call attention to where she had managed to get ashore. Her one hope was that the tree, holding on by a few precarious roots, would be swept downstream, leaving no trace of her escape.

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Barefoot, mud squishing between her toes, soaked and shaking with fear, Rachael crawled over the marsh to the edge of the tree line. Only then did she try to see what was happening on the opposite shore. She had been swept hundreds of yards downstream and the pounding rain formed a nearly impenetrable curtain. Rachael sank down behind foliage, peering through the sheets of rain as she donned her spare boots, brought along for the very purpose of sacrificing her other pair should she have the opportunity to go overboard. She hadn't counted on such a wild current, but the chance to make an escape, in spite of the danger, was too good to turn down.

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The bandits seemed to be angry, herding those remaining alive into a small shivering group. They were all shaking their heads. Several men paced along the riverbank looking for something . . . or someone. Rachael's heart sank. She had a sneaking suspicion the raid had been aimed at killing her. What better way to ensure her death than to have her meet with a stray bullet while they rounded up prisoners to ransom? Kidnapping was a common enough occurrence and the bandits could be bought easily to perform an assassination. Rachael adjusted her pack, took one last look at the river and headed into the jungle.

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She couldn't stop shivering as she raced through the forest, searching for a faint path leading into the interior. She had spent nearly a year preparing for this moment. She ran every day, lifted weights and climbed rock walls. She was not a particularly small woman but she learned how to turn every pound into muscle. A private instructor worked with her on self-defense, throwing knifes and stick fighting. She had gone so far as to search out survival books, committing as much as she could to memory.

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The wind whipped the feathery canopy in all directions, showering Rachael with leaves and twigs and a multitude of flowers. In spite of the wind, the dense canopy helped to shield her from the rain, breaking up the solid wall of water so that it fell with a dull thudding rhythm. She hurried as fast as she dared, determined to put as much distance between the river and her destination. She was certain she could build or find one of the old native dwellings. A hut with three walls of leaves and bark and a sloping roof. She had studied the design and it seemed simple enough to follow.

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In spite of continually shivering, Rachael moved with confidence and hope. For the first time in months the terrible weight pressing down on her shoulders lifted. She had a chance. A real chance at living. She might have to live alone, but she could choose how she would live.

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Something crashed in the brush off to her left but she hardly glanced in that direction, trusting her warning system to alert her should there be a real threat. Water squished in her boots, but she didn't dare take the time to change into dry clothes. It wouldn't do any good; she had to cross several waist-deep streams, some with strong currents. She was forced to

use creepers to drag herself up a steep slope to hold her course. Rachael Lospostos was gone forever, tragically drowned when she tried to take medical supplies to a remote village. In her place, a new, independent woman was born. Her hands ached from the many times she dragged herself up the steep rocks to push deeper into the forest.

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Night began to fall. The interior was already dim and without the occasional ray of sunlight pushing through the clouds, the world around her changed radically. Tiny hairs on the back of her neck rose. She stopped walking and took time to look up into the network of branches running over her head. It was the first time she really looked at her surroundings.

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The world was a lush riot of colors, every shade of green vying with vivid brilliant colors erupting up and down the trunks of trees. High overhead and on the forest floor, flowers, fauna and fungi vied for space in the secret, hidden world. Even in the rain, she could see evidence of wildlife, shadows flitting from branch to branch, lizards scrambling into foliage. Once she spotted an elusive orangutan high up in the trees, tucked in a nest of leaves. She stopped and stared at the creature, amazed at the wonder she felt.

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Rachael found a very dim path, barely discernable in the wealth of thick vegetation covering the forest floor. She dropped down on one knee, peering intently at the trail. Humans had used the path, not just animals. It led away from the river, deeper into the interior. Exactly what she was looking for. Following the faint route slowed her down, but she stayed on it, her step lighter as she moved toward the heart of the forest.

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Something in her was coming alive. She felt it moving inside of her. Awareness. Heat. Joy. A mixture of every emotion. Maybe it was the first time she felt she had a chance at life. Rachael didn’t know the reason. She was exhausted. Every muscle ached. She was tired and sore and soaked to the skin, but she felt happy. She should have been afraid, or at the very least, nervous, but she wanted to sing.

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As darkness blanketed the forest, she should have been blind, but her eyes seemed to adjust quickly to a different kind of vision. She could make out things, not just the tall tree trunks with the multitude of fauna climbing up them, but tiny details. Frogs, lizards, even small cocoons. Her muscles hummed and vibrated in tune with nature around her. A fallen log was no obstacle but a chance to leap, feeling the steel in her muscles, an awareness of how smoothly they worked beneath her skin. She almost felt as if she could hear the very sap running in the trees.

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The forest was alive with insects, great spiders and fireflies. Beetles busily moved along the earth and over trees and leaves. A world within a world, and all of it surprising, yet familiar. The rush of wings overhead was audible as night birds flitted from tree to tree and owls went on the hunt. A noisy chorus of frogs began, loud calls as males searched for females. She caught sight of a gliding snake, zigzagging from one branch to another.

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Smiling, Rachael continued, knowing she was on the right path. Knowing she was finally home. Far off, she heard the sound of gunfire, muffled and faint, dimmed by the steady rhythm of the rain and the distance she was from the river. The sound seemed intrusive in her paradise. It brought with it a strange ominous warning. With each step her joy diminished and dread began to grow. She was no longer alone. She was being watched. Stalked. Hunted.

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Rachael looked carefully around her, paying particular attention to the network of branches above her head, looking for shadows. Leopards were rare, even here in the rain forest. Surely, one hadn't found her and padded silently after her. The idea was frightening. Leopards were deadly hunters, swift and merciless and able to bring down very large prey. Her skin prickled with unease and she used far more caution as she moved along the path toward whatever destination fate had decreed for her.

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The rain fell steadily, not a slow drizzle, but sheets of poundingrain so dense visibility was nearly nil. Thunder shook the trees, reverberating through the high canopy of the forest treetops, all the way down to deep canyons and gorges cut into the earth by an overabundance of water. Lightning lit the forest floor, revealing huge ferns, dense foliage and a thick carpet of needles, leaves and countless decaying matter from hundreds of species of plants.

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The unexpected light fell across the hunter, throwing the hard angles and planes of his face into sharp relief. Water glistened in the thick, wavy black hair falling across his forehead. Despite the heavy weight of the large pack on his back, he moved easily and silently. He didn't appear to be bothered by the vicious rainfall drenching his clothes as he followed the dim path. His eyes moved restlessly, continually, forever seeking movement in the dark of the forest. Arctic cold, his eyes showed no mercy, held no life, were the eyes of a predator seeking prey. He showed no sign that the spectacular display of nature bothered him. Instead, he seemed to blend in with fluid, animal grace, very much at home in the primitive forest.

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A pace behind him, like a shadowy wolf, a fifty-pound clouded leopard prowled, eyes gleaming, every bit as alert as the hunter. Off to the right, scouting first ahead, and then their back trail, a second leopard, twin to the first, had smaller forest animals quivering in alarm at his passing. The three moved together, a uniquely trained unit.

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Twice, the hunter deliberately reached out his hand and twisted a large leaf, allowing it to spring back into place. Somewhere behind them a twig snapped, the sound carried on the unrelenting wind. The lead leopard swung around, baring teeth, a hiss of a threat.

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"Fritz." The single word was enough of a reprimand to keep the animal pacing at the man's side as they worked their way through the wet vegetation on the forest floor.

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The mission had been a success. They had snatched back the son of a Japanese businessman from the rebels, hightailed it across the border, his team spreading out and melting into the forest. Drake was responsible for

getting the kid to the waiting family and out of the country while Rio deliberately drew the pursuers away from the others, leading them deep into territory known for cobras and other unpleasant and highly dangerous creatures. Rio Santana was comfortable in the vast jungles, comfortable with being alone surrounded by danger. The forest was home to him. Would always be his home.

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Rio picked up his pace, nearly jogging, heading for the swollen bank of the furious river. The water had been rising steadily for hours and he had little time if he wanted to get the leopards across with him. He led his enemies through the forest, circling several times, but staying just out of reach to keep them coming after him. One by one his men reported in. The radio was mostly crackle in the storm, but with each burst of static, he breathed another sigh of relief.

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The continuous noise of rushing water was too loud, drowning out all sound so that he had to rely on the pair of cats to sound the alarm should his tenacious adversaries catch up with him sooner than he planned. He found the tall tree beside the embankment. The tree had a silvery gray trunk topped with a feathery bright green crown and it rose high above the bank, making it an easy landmark. Water already swirled around it, moving fast, dragging at the roots surrounding the wide trunk. He signaled the cats to follow as he went up it fast, high, into the canopy, leaping easily from branch to branch, every bit as agile as the clouded leopards. Near the top, concealed in the foliage, was a pulley and sling he had secured long ago. The pack went first, crossing high above the river. It was far more time-consuming to take the cats. There was no network of branches to bridge the river and it was moving far too swiftly to swim. The cats had to be placed one by one into the sling and hauled across the river, something neither of them was too fond of doing. They knew how to crawl out of the sling onto the branches. It was an escape they had performed and perfected many times.

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On the opposite bank Rio hunkered down in between the roots of a tall menggaris tree and peered through the driving rain across the swollen river. The wind tore at his face and ripped at his clothing. He was impervious to the weather, night vision glasses raised and focused on the bank across from him. He had them in his sights now, four of them. Faceless enemies furious over his interference with their plans. He had robbed them of their prey, kept them from their ultimate goal, and they were determined to bring him down. He eased his rifle into position, adjusting the scope. He could take two of them before the others could get off a shot. His position was fairly protected.

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The radio tucked inside his jacket crackled. The last of the signals he’d been waiting for. Keeping a steady eye on the four men across the river, he pulled the small radio from his inside pocket. “Go ahead,” he said softly.

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“All clear,” the disembodied voice proclaimed. The last of his men was safe.

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Rio wiped his hand over his face, suddenly weary. It was over. He didn’t have to take another life. For once the isolation of his existence was

inviting. He wanted to lie down and listen to the rain, to sleep. Be grateful he was alive for one more day. He tucked the binoculars into his pack, his movements slow and easy, careful not to draw attention. His signal sent Fritz crawling backward out of the tangle of roots, deeper into the timberline. The small leopards blended perfectly with the leaves and jungle floor. It was nearly impossible to spot them.

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Lightning flashed directly overhead, the clap of thunder booming through the forest. Rio didn't know if it was the thunder or the cats that startled a fully grown bearded pig into crashing through the undergrowth. At once the sky erupted with bursts of red flames, a stream of bullets bridging the river and blasting into the network of roots. Splinters of bark peppered his face and neck, fell harmlessly against his thick clothing. Something bit at his hip, skidding over flesh and removing a small chunk as it continued traveling.

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Rio cradled the rifle on his shoulder, his targets already chosen, and squeezed off two deadly accurate rounds in answer. He followed with a burst of fire, laying down rapid cover as he scooted back to follow the cats. His pursuers wouldn't be able to cross the river, and with two dead or wounded, they would drop the search for the moment. But they would be back and bring reinforcements. It was a way of life. Not one he had necessarily chosen, but it was one he accepted.

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Scattered shots zinged through the shrubbery, angry bees without aim. The river drowned out the threats hurled at him, the promises of retribution and blood. He shouldered his rifle and slipped into deeper forest, allowing the creeping greenery to shield him.

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Rio set a hard pace. The storm was dangerous, the wind threatening to topple more than one tree. The cats shared his life, but had the freedom to go their own way. He expected them to seek cover, to ride out the storm under protection, but they stayed close to him, occasionally taking to the trees to travel along the highway of interlocking branches. They looked at him expectantly, wondering why he didn't join them, but eventually settled into his steady, ground-eating rhythm.

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Miles of rain-soaked travel passed. Close to home, Rio was beginning to relax when Fritz raised his head, suddenly alert, swerving to brush the man who instantly stilled, becoming nearly invisible, a shadow among the tall trees. Behind him, the second cat slunk to the ground, frozen, a statue with glowing eyes. Rio hissed softly between his teeth and made a small circular motion with one hand. Fritz immediately disappeared into the forest, moving cautiously, halting beside a tree. The animal circled the large trunk once, then, like a silent wraith, returned to the man. Together, all three approached, making no more noise than the single clouded leopard had. Taking no notice of the ferocious storm raging around him, Rio made a thorough inspection of the tree. A rope reached from one trunk to another.

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"It isn't a garrote," he murmured aloud to the cats. "It's just a piece of rope, not even hidden. Why would they give away their presence like this?" Puzzled, he examined the ground, clearly expecting a trap of some kind. It was impossible to find a track in the soaked vegetation. He

signaled the animals to spread out and continued with more caution along the faint trail.

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Rio was always careful to use different routes to reach the tree beside the river. If someone did a thorough inspection of the tree, they would most likely find the claw marks of a leopard, or think any scarring had been caused by the makeshift ladders, pegs, going up the tree to a wild honeybee nest. He left little or no sign, and always carried the pulley system away with him. Still, if his route had been compromised, it was possible the rebels had sent an assassin to circle ahead and lie in wait for him. Although his identity was a mystery, he had been at the top of the hit list for a long time.

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His home was deep in the interior of the rain forest. He used many different routes to get there, often taking to the trees to leave no trail, but still, someone could have found him had they been persistent enough. He was more than adept at tracking and a few of his kind sold out if the money was good enough.

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Roots from the trees were tall and fanned out wide, taking in considerable territory as if claiming it. The large networks of roots created a mini jungle. Along the trunks hundreds of other species of plants and mold grew to create a myriad of colors. In the tremendous deluge the fungi growing on fallen, rotting logs glowed in the dark with eerie luminous greens and whites. Rio’s restless gaze observed and catalogued the phenomenon, dismissed it as unimportant until he registered a small smear on a log, then a tiny print on a root. A twist of his fingers sent a silent signal to the cats. The animals quartered the area, crisscrossing back and forth, hissing and spitting in warning.

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He approached his home from the south, knowing that was the side most blind and therefore most vulnerable should the enemy be lying in wait. The house was built into the trees, a structure running along the higher, thicker branches, up off the ground and not easily seen in the thick foliage. Over the years fungi and creeping orchids covered the walls of his home, making it nearly invisible. He had encouraged the growth of thick vines to further hide the house from prying eyes.

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Rio lifted his head to scent the air. With the rain it should have been impossible to detect the faint odor of wood burning, but he had an acute sense of smell. He was seventy-two hours without sleep. Two weeks of bone-weary, hard travel. A knife had sliced across his belly and still burned like a hot poker. A bullet shaved skin from his hip. Neither wound was noteworthy. He certainly had suffered worse over the years, but left untreated too long in the forest such injuries could spell disaster. He squared his shoulders and stared up at his home with hard resolution. In spite of the river flooding, in spite of all his careful precautions, it appeared as though the enemy had circled around to get in front of him and lay in wait in his own home. A very stupid and costly mistake.

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The cats approached from either side, slinking along the ground, moving toward the trees where the house was located. Rio shrugged out of his pack, easing it onto the ground against a thick tree trunk. All the while he stayed low, knowing he would be difficult to see in the driving rain.

The wind howled and moaned through the trees, shaking leaves and hurling small twigs and branches in every direction. He remained still, studying the house for a long moment. A thin trail of smoke rose from the chimney to be dissipated quickly in the high canopy. A dim flickering light cast from a low fire onto the woven blankets hanging over the windows could be glimpsed through the ever-moving foliage. There was no movement in the cabin. Whoever had been sent to assassinate him was either certain he was still a good distance away, or they had set an enticing trap. Rio hissed between his teeth to draw the attention of the cats, gave a hand signal, a quick flick with his fingers and the three of them, like dark phantoms, scouted the ground below the trees for whatever tracks the fierce rain had not obliterated.

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They moved in an ever-tightening circle until they gained the large network of roots and branches. Rio's muscles bunched, contracted, rippled beneath the layer of skin as he leapt into the tree, landing in a crouch with perfect balance. The cats crept silently into the thick network of tree branches to gain the verandah. The branches were slick from the downpour, but the trio of hunters maneuvered up to the house with familiar ease. Rio tested the door. Finding resistance, he drew the knife from the leather sheath concealed between his shoulder blades. In the flash of lightning, the long, wicked razor-sharp metal gleamed brightly. He slipped the blade in the crack of the door and slowly, inch by inch, forced the heavy metal bar on the inside upward.

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As the door opened, then closed furtively, the sudden cold draft sent the flames of the fire blazing high, dancing and crackling before settling back down. Rio waited a heartbeat for his eyes to adjust to the change in lighting. He moved stealthily across the wide expanse of floor, carefully placing his feet, avoiding every squeaking board. A shadowy figure moved restlessly on the bed.

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Rio went to the floor, on his belly even as the wildness flared in him, ripping through his body, heightening his senses. His skin itched, his bones aching and his muscles contorting. He fought it back, forcing his brain to work, to think, to reason when his body sought to embrace the change. For a moment his hand rippled with life, with fur, fingers bursting as claws clicked on the wooden floor, then retracted painfully.

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He remained motionless, flat on the floor, knife in his teeth, trying to breathe through the pain, breathe away the urge for transformation. The cats separated without visible instruction, both low to the floor, two sets of burning eyes on the figure beneath the blanket. Rio could make out the shotgun against the wall beside the bed, within easy reaching distance. In the fireplace the log disintegrated into bright red coals. Light flared in the room, illuminated the bed briefly, and then was gone.

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Rachael came awake, instantly aware of impending danger. The smellof wet fur mixed with the scent of something feral, something dangerous. There had been no sound, but the feeling was so overwhelming she instinctively reached for the shotgun. Fingers circled her wrist in a vise-like grip, crushing bone against tendon. The shotgun was torn from her hand easily,

her attacker strong beyond her wildest imagining. She jerked her captured wrist toward her as if to struggle against his hold. Simultaneously, she brought up her left hand, gripping the short rattan-filled stick and slamming it with sickening force against her assailant's head. She rolled sideways away from him to drop to the floor, the bed between them.

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To her horror, Rachael landed inches from glowing red eyes, hot breath in her face, gaping, hideous jaws filled with teeth coming straight at her. Not just any teeth, she was staring at what looked like a saber-toothed tiger. Thrusting the stick between the dripping fangs, she scrambled away, desperate to reach the fireplace and a weapon, any weapon to defend herself. A hand grabbed at her, missed, slid off her legs. She nearly made it across the room, reaching out for the heavy metal poker just inches from her fingers. Another step, a lunge and she'd have a chance. Something caught her ankle in a savage trap, tearing at her flesh, dragging her down, slashing mercilessly with sharp teeth.

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Rachael imagined it was like being hit by a shark. Hard. The force of a freight train. She could hear someone swearing, animals breathing loudly, a terrible chuffing noise. Something hissed. Panic overwhelmed her, nearly shutting down her brain. Red-hot pain shot through her entire body, the agony taking her breath away. Gathering itself for another attack, a second leopard leapt at her. Gritting her teeth, Rachael threw herself forward, a scream ripping her throat as the lance-like teeth pierced and shredded flesh to crunch on bone. Her fingers curled around the poker, swinging it at the animal with desperate strength. A hand caught her wrist, abruptly stopping the vicious cut in midair.

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A man loomed over her, dark and powerful, his face that of an avenging devil, thrust close to hers. To her horror the face contorted, fur bursting through skin, teeth filling the strong jaw. A leopard's hot breath blew in her face, the teeth at her throat. Not a small, clouded leopard, but a huge black leopard. The leopard's gaze fixed on her with merciless intent. Rachael saw the piercing intelligence in the brilliant yellow-green eyes. The haunting stare, smoldering with fire, with deadly danger, was etched into her mind. She closed her eyes, willing herself to faint, yet she could not shut out the focused stare.

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Rio struggled against the beast rising in him. Too many wounds, too many days without sleep made it difficult to maintain control. He fought the change before he could make a kill. He breathed in and out. Drew the air deeply into his lungs. Forced the wildness in him back down, to settle somewhere deep inside until he was once again completely ruled by his brain and intelligence.

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"Release," he snapped. The cats obeyed, letting go of his assassin's leg, dropping to the floor, still on guard. "Now you. Give it to me."

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Rachael was incapable of letting the poker go. Her fingers were locked around it, her mind numb with horror. She could only stare at him in shock. Terror held her mute.

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"Damn you, drop it," he hissed, increasing the pressure on her wrist, knowing he could easily snap the bone if she continued to resist. His free

hand clamped around her throat like a vise, instantly cutting off her air, elbow digging into her breast, knee across her thighs. His body effectively pinned hers to the floor with his superior weight. “I could break your neck,” he pointed out. “Drop it.”

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Rachael would have cried out, screamed for help, for salvation, just screamed for the hell of it. She was more afraid of the man, or whatever he was, than the cats and their evil eyes. He’d successfully choked off all sound, but the pain radiating up her leg seemed to engulf her so that she had the incredible sensation of melting into the floor.

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Rio swore again as he felt her go limp beneath him, the poker clattering to the floor. He shoved it out of her reach and as he did so, his hand encountered a warm, sticky substance. Instantly his hands moved down her leg. He muttered an expletive at his find. Clamping a hand over the wound, he jerked her leg into the air. “Don’t you faint on me. Is there anyone else here? Answer me, and you’d better tell the truth.” He was fairly certain they were alone, someone else surely would have revealed their presence during the short but intense fight. The house held no other human scent, but he wanted no more surprises.

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A shudder ran through her body, trembling in reaction to the terrible wound on her leg. There was hard authority in his voice. A distinct merciless edge that carried inherent danger. “No.” She managed to gasp out the word through her bruised throat.

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Rio signaled to the clouded leopards. “I hope to hell you’re telling me the truth because they’ll kill anyone they find.”

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He applied a field tourniquet quickly, knowing the animals would alert him if they found another intruder. He couldn’t imagine who would be stupid enough to send a woman after him. Rio lifted her with ease, carried her to the bed and set her on it. She didn’t look capable of murdering anyone, her face white and her eyes too big for her face. He shook his head and went to work on the ugly wound in her leg. The puncture wounds were deep and had done considerable damage. The cat had savaged the leg as she’d tried to get away, tearing deep gouges out of her flesh, an unusual wound for a clouded leopard to make. It was an ugly mess and needed more skill than he possessed.

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Rachael could barely breathe through the pain. In the darkness, the man looming over her appeared invincible. His shoulders were wide, his arms and chest powerful. He carried most of his upper body weight in sheer muscle. There were bloodstains on his clothes. Blood trickled from the ugly gash near his temple. He was drenched, his clothes torn and soaked completely through. Water dropped from his hair onto her leg as he bent over her, the droplets cold on her hot skin. He had a dark shadow along his jaw and the coldest eyes she’d ever seen on a human . . . or a beast. Brilliant yellow-green eyes.

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“Stop shaking.” There was impatience in his voice.

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Rachael took a deep breath and forced her gaze down to her mangled leg. A single sound escaped and her world began to blur.

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"Stop looking at it, you little fool." He caught at her impatiently, jerked her chin up so that she was forced to meet his glittering stare.

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Rio studied her pale face, so drawn with pain he could see lines etched around her mouth. Beads of sweat dotted her brow. The marks of his fingers showed around her throat, swollen and purple. His gaze dwelt for a moment of speculation on her right wrist, noting the swelling, wondering if it was broken. It was the least of his worries.

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"Listen to me, try to follow what I'm saying." He bent close to her, his face inches from hers. His voice started out gruff, but even to his own ears, it gentled as his gaze drifted over her.

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Rachael pressed back against the mattress, terrified that his face would contort and leave her staring at a beast rather than a man. She was floating in a sea of pain. A veil of haze blurred her vision, until she felt at a distance from everything. A look of resolution hardened his expression, warning her. She made an attempt to nod, to indicate she was listening, terrified of the intensity of his unblinking stare, afraid if she didn't respond he would suddenly grow a mouthful of teeth. All she really wanted to do was slide down in the bed and disappear.

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"Infections start fast here in the rain forest. We're cut off by the river. This storm is a bad one and the river is over its banks. I can't get you help so I'm going to have to take care of this the primitive way. It's going to hurt."

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Rachael pressed a hand to her mouth to stifle the hysterical laugh welling up. Hurt? Was he crazy? She was caught in the middle of a nightmare with no end. She was in a tree house with a leopard man and two mini leopards. No one knew where she was and the leopard man wanted her dead. Did he think her leg didn't already hurt?

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"Did you understand?"

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He seemed to bite the words out between strong teeth. Rachael tried not to stare at his teeth. Tried not to imagine them lengthening into lethal weapons. She made herself nod, tried to look intelligent when she was certain she was insane. Men didn't change into leopards, not even in the middle of the rain forest. She must have lost her sanity, there was no other explanation.

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Rio stared down at her face, shocked at the way his stomach lurched at the idea of what he had to do to her. He'd done such things before. He'd done far worse things. It was the only chance they had of saving her leg, but the thought of hurting her further sickened him. He had no idea who she was. Chances were good she'd been sent to kill him. He was a wanted man. It had been tried before. Rio snapped his teeth together and swore silently. What the hell difference did it make if her eyes were too big for her face and she looked so damned vulnerable?

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The rain poured down onto the roof. The wind howled and lashed at the windows. He was uneasy, hesitant even, something very unusual for Rio. He

looked down, saw his fingertips brushing damp tendrils of hair from her face, his touch almost gentle, and jerked his hand away as if her skin burned him. His heart did a peculiar somersault. Rio pulled the small vial from the field medical kit strapped to his belt. One hand clamped around her leg to hold her still. He poured the entire contents over the gaping wound.

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Rachael screamed, the sound tearing up through her ragged throat to pierce the walls of the house. She tried to fight him, tried to jerk into a sitting position, but his strength was implacable. He held her down easily. “I can’t tell you anything. I don’t know anything.” The words were strangled between trying to breathe through the pain and her swollen throat. “I swear I don’t. Torturing me isn’t going to do you any good.” She looked at him, pleading, tears swimming in her dark eyes. “Please, I really don’t know anything.”

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“Ssh.” Distaste for hurting her was bile in his mouth and he didn’t know why. Most tasks were done without feeling. Rio had no idea why he would suddenly develop compassion for a woman sent to kill him. He filed her blurted revelations away for a better time to study them. The need to reassure her took precedence and that worried him. He was a man who always wanted knowledge. Information. He wasn’t the type to offer sympathy—especially for someone who had tried to take his head off. “It’s only to kill the germs and fight infection.” He found himself murmuring the words, his tone odd. Unfamiliar. “I know it burns. I’ve used it on myself more than once. Just lie still while I try to repair the damage.”

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“I think I’m going to be sick.” It was the last humiliating straw. Rachael couldn’t believe it was happening to her. She had planned everything so carefully, worked so hard, come so far. Everything was lost now. This man was going to torture her. Kill her. She should have known she couldn’t escape.

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“Damn it.” He held her head while she was sick over and over into a bucket he dragged out from under the bed. She didn’t want to think what the bucket was used for. She didn’t want to think how she was going to get away from him with a mangled leg, in the middle of a storm with the river flooding.

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Rachael lay back, wiping at her mouth with the back of her hand, trying desperately to force her brain to work. Weakness was an insidious enemy, creeping through her body so her arms felt leaden and she didn’t want to lift her head.

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“You’ve lost a lot of blood,” he said tersely, as if reading her mind.

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“What are you?” The words came out a whisper.

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The wind stilled for a moment so only the rain could be heard pounding on the roof. Rachael held her breath when he turned the full impact of his cold, merciless eyes on her. He didn’t blink. She saw that his pupils were dilated. She saw that same piercing intelligence, glimpsed the dangerous fire smoldering. Her heart pounded in time with the driving rain.

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“They call me the wind of death. How could you not know?” His voice was as expressionless as his eyes. A faint, humorless smile drew attention to his mouth, failing to light his eyes. “They didn’t send you here with much information. Not very smart for an assassin. Maybe someone wanted you dead. You should give that some thought.” He dragged a chair to the side of the bed, lit a lamp and dug into his field kit for more supplies.

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Something in his voice gave her pause. She studied his profile. There was acceptance in his voice of who and what he was, not bravado or bragging. “Why would I be sent here to kill you?”

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“Weren’t you? It’s been tried many times and I’m still alive.” He was telling her the truth. She didn’t understand what he was telling her, but she heard the honesty in his tone. He had a needle in his hand and bent very close to her leg.

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Involuntarily she jerked away. “Can’t you just tape it up?”

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His hand clamped around her thigh, pinning her to the mattress, holding her still. “Damn cat made a mess of you. It’s all the way to the bone. The lacerations need stitches. There’s nothing I can do about the puncture wounds. I don’t like the look of this. It isn’t helpful with you shaking so much.”

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“I’ll keep that in mind.” Rachael muttered the words resentfully under her breath. She closed her eyes to block out the sight of her own blood. All the while, in spite of everything, she was acutely aware of his hand wrapped around her bare thigh. “You’re obviously one of those he-men seen only on film who can take forty-seven kicks in the ribs and keep on fighting. Don’t mind me for being human.”

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“What did you say?” His head swung around, his eyes focusing on her face.

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Rachael could feel his gaze stabbing at her but she refused to give him the satisfaction of looking at him. Or at the needle. She’d already thrown up once; she didn’t think a second round would win her any points. “Was it my imagination or did you turn into a leopard?” Not just any leopard. Not a clouded leopard like his two companion cats. “Not like those little cats either. I’m talking a big, for-real large, predatory, man-eating leopard.” She could have groaned the minute the words left her mouth. It was utterly ridiculous. No one turned into a wild animal. Now he was going to think she’d lost her mind completely. And maybe she had. The image of his face contorting, the hot breath, the wicked teeth so close to her throat was very vivid. She’d even felt the brush of fur. And those eyes. She would never forget those eyes. She couldn’t possibly have made up that predatory stare. Unable to prevent herself, her gaze lifted to his, regarding him as if he had two heads. She could see she was really making an impression.

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“It’s a bad habit of mine.” He said it casually. Easily. As if it didn’t matter. As if she really were crazy. And actually she thought he might be right.

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Rachael watched him take a breath, let it out and take the first stitch. She tried to jerk her leg away from him, her breath hissing out between her teeth. “Are you insane? What do you think you’re doing?”

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“Hold still. You think this is easy for me? You’ve lost too much blood. If I don’t repair the damage, you’re not just going to lose the leg, you’re going to die.”

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“I thought that was the idea.”

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“What was I supposed to think? You were here, waiting in my house for me.”

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“I was in bed asleep, not lurking behind the door ready to bash your brains out.” She glared at him.

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Rio turned his head again to look at her. Rachael had the grace to blush. Blood trickled down his temple to the dark shadow of stubble growing on his face.

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“I thought you were trying to kill me. You were, weren’t you?”

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“If I wanted you dead, believe me, you’d be dead and I’d be burying your body in the forest. Hold still and cut the chatter. In case you haven’t noticed, I’m soaked and have a few wounds of my own to take care of.”

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“And all this time I thought you were he-man and didn’t care about the little things like wounds.”

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He muttered something under his breath she was certain was uncomplimentary before once more bending over her leg.

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Rachael gave up the idea of being a true heroine straight out of the movies. She’d been trying bravado just to concentrate on anything beside the excruciating pain in her leg, but he wasn’t helping with his tiny little needlework. It felt like he was sawing at her leg with a dull blade. She couldn’t just grab the pillow and suffocate herself because her hand wasn’t working properly. She could hear someone crying. An obnoxious, annoying sound that wouldn’t stop. A high keening kept breaking her concentration, making it impossible to lie still.

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Grim-faced, Rio held her down as he worked. He was grateful when she finally succumbed to the pain, lying motionless, her breathing rapid, her pulse pounding. Her soft moaning set his teeth on edge. Ate at his heart. “Damn you, Fritz. Did you have to take her leg off?” It took him close to an hour in the dim light, tiny stitches, working on the inside. Straightening, he sighed, wiping the sweat from his face with the back of his hands, smearing her blood over the stubble on his face. Now he could add torturing women to his long list of sins.

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He brushed back her hair, frowning down at her white face. “Don’t you die on me,” he ordered, feeling for her pulse. She’d lost a lot of blood and her skin was clammy. She was going into shock. “Who are you?” He dragged blankets over her and built the fire back up to heat a large pot of water

and added a smaller kettle to make coffee. It was going to be a long night and he needed a boost.

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The cats lay near the fire, already asleep, but woke when Rio examined them for injuries. He murmured to them, nonsense really, showing his affection for them roughly as he removed parasites and ruffled their fur. He never admitted to himself he felt affection for them, but it always pleased him when they chose to remain with him. Fritz yawned, showing his long sharp teeth. Franz nudged him sleepily. Normally playful, the two leopards were worn out.

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As he washed his hands, Rio became aware of how uncomfortable his soaked clothing was. Every muscle in his body ached now that he was allowing himself time to think about it. He had to clean and stitch his own wounds, and the prospect wasn't a pleasant one. His pack was still outside lying against a tree trunk and he needed the contents of the larger medical kit he always carried.

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While he waited for the water to boil he searched his home for some evidence of who she was and why she was there. "Little Red Riding Hood, were you just walking in the woods?" He went through the backpack containing her clothes. "You come from money. A lot of money." He recognized the designer labels from rescuing more than one rich victim. "Why would you be wandering alone in my territory?" His gaze shifted to her face, a silken thong crushed in his hand. He didn't want to give life to the question in his mind by murmuring it aloud. Why did he ache every time he looked at her pale face? Why did it feel like a blow to his gut each time he saw his fingerprints around her throat? How the hell did she manage to make him feel guilty when she was the one invading his home, lying in wait for him? He shied away from the questions, tossing the silly little thong back in the pack. He would take care of washing clothes tomorrow. He was about out of steam at the moment, and he still had a long haul ahead of him.

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Coffee warmed his insides and helped clear the fog in his brain. He stood over her, sipping the hot liquid and studying her face. She thought he wanted information enough to torture her for it. "What information? What do you know that someone might want bad enough to hurt you for?" The idea of it set a demon rising in him.

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She stirred at the sound of his voice, moving restlessly, pain flickering across her face. He brushed back her hair with a gentle touch, wanting to soothe her, not wanting her to surface when he couldn't ease her suffering.

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Electricity ran through her body to his, sparked through his fingertips, and whipped through his bloodstream. Every muscle in his body contracted. Wary, he took a single step back. He felt the change rise in him, threaten to take him in his tired state. He leaned over her and pressed his lips against her ear. "Do not make the mistake of bringing my emotions to life." He whispered the warning, barely audible in the pounding of the rain on the roof and the howling of the wind at the windows. It was the only warning he would give her.

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Rio ejected the shells from the shotgun, pocketed them and put the empty weapon in a small alcove out of sight. The moment he opened the door, rain lashed at him, piercing his soaked clothing. The storm showed no signs of abating, the wind ripping ruthlessly through the trees. The tree branches were slick, but he moved across them easily in spite of the heavy deluge of water.

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Rio knelt beside his backpack to try his radio. He doubted if he could raise anyone there in the dense forest with the storm raging, but he tried repeatedly. He didn't like the look of her wounds and she was going into shock. The forest had a way of deciding matters and he wanted her safe somewhere under a doctor's care. When static was the only reply he glanced up at the house with a worried frown, cursed the leopards, the woman and everything else he could think of. Abruptly he gave up, shoving the radio inside the pack before returning to his house.

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Rachael thought she must be asleep, caught in the middle of a nightmare, a horror film playing over and over. There was blood and pain and men turning into leopards with hot breath and wicked teeth. There was a strange floating sensation, as if she were removed from whatever was happening to her, but the pain was pushing closer to her, working its way through her body, insisting it couldn't be ignored. She let her breath out slowly, afraid of opening her eyes, afraid if she didn't, she would be trapped forever in that nightmare world. And she was tired of being afraid. It seemed she'd been afraid all of her life.

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A rush of cold air announced she wasn't alone. The door closed abruptly. Rachael's fingers curled around the blanket, tightening into a fist. She lifted her lashes just enough to see, striving to keep her breathing even.

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Her attacker dropped a heavy pack beside the sink and rummaged around in it, pulling out several items and laying them out on the table with care. His back was to her as he dropped his jacket near the pack. He wore a shoulder harness housing a lethal-looking gun. Between his shoulder blades lay a leather sheath with the handle of a knife sticking out. He took both weapons and hung them on a peg to the side of the fireplace.

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The man turned slightly as he sat down in one of the chairs, grimacing as if it hurt to move. From his boot he pulled another gun, checked the load and placed it on the table near his hand. Only then did he peel off his shirt. She caught a glimpse of a barrel chest, very heavily muscled. He appeared to be an ordinary man. There was no excessive hair, no fur, just blood and bruises. Some of the tension seeped out of Rachael.

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He groaned, the sound nearly inaudible. There was a hint of distaste. His chest and stomach carried bruises. There was a raw-looking wound seeping blood across his stomach and a small brown leech attached to his skin. He turned his back to her.

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Rachael let out her breath, her stomach muscles clenching. He had scars on his back. Lots of them. And he had another leech. "You have another one on your back. Come over here and I'll take it off for you." The thought of touching the leech was disgusting, but it sickened her to see the thing sucking on him like the parasite it was.

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His shoulders stiffened. Not a big movement, but one that told her she'd surprised him and he didn't like surprises. He turned his head, a slow, animal-like movement. Rachael's breath caught in her throat. His eyes glowed, much like that of a cat in the dark. The flames from the fireplace leapt in the yellow-green depths. There was a long moment of silence. A log hissed and shifted. Sparks flew.

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"Thanks, but I'll pass. I'm used to them." Rio sounded gruff and abrupt and surly even to his own ears. Hell, all she'd done was ask to help him. He didn't need to bite her head off. "I think your wrist is broken. I haven't had time to splint it." He couldn't remember anyone offering to help him before. He rarely spent more than a few minutes in the company of others, and her close proximity was unsettling. She made him feel vulnerable in a way he couldn't understand.

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Rachael looked with some surprise at her swollen wrist. The pain radiating up from her leg consumed her to the point she hadn't noticed her wrist. "I guess it is. Who are you?"

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She watched him take his time before answering, pulling the leech from his stomach with the ease of practice and disposing of it. His strange eyes immediately focused fully on her. "Rio Santana." He obviously was expecting a reaction to his name.

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Rachael blinked at him. The intensity of his gaze made her heart pound. She'd never heard his name before, she was certain of it, yet something about him seemed familiar to her. She shifted position and pain knifed through her.

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Impatience flickered across his face. "Stop moving around. You'll start bleeding again, and I haven't even cleaned up the first mess."

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"You spend a lot of time working on your manners, don't you?" she observed.

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"You tried to bash in my head, lady. I don't think I need you to lecture me on manners." He stalked across the room to draw the knife from the sheath.

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Her heart jumped, then settled into a steady pounding. Everything about the way he moved reminded her of an animal. The flames from the fireplace made the blade of the knife glow an eerie red-orange as he held it up.

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"Stop looking at me like I have two heads," he snapped, sounding more impatient than ever.

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"I'm looking at you like you're waving a big knife around," she said. Her leg was throbbing with pain, forcing her to grit her teeth and try to relax. How was she supposed to keep from moving around when it felt as if someone was using a dull saw on her flesh? "And I didn't exactly try to bashyour head in. It wasn't personal."

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“The knife is to remove the leech from my back. I can’t reach it any other way,” he explained, although why he felt compelled to explain what should have been perfectly obvious, he didn’t know. “And I always take it personally when someone tries to remove my head from my shoulders.”

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She made a face. A silly, feminine expression of exasperation. And she did it with little white lines of pain etched around her mouth. It fascinated him, that wholly feminine expression. His stomach did a weird flip.

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“You don’t hear me complaining that your little pet chewed off my leg. Men are such babies. It isn’t even that big of a gash.”

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He had the urge to laugh. It came out of nowhere, blindsiding him, bursting over him unexpectedly. He didn’t laugh, of course; he frowned at her instead. “You put a hole in my head.”

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“You’re going to put a hole in your back with that knife. Stop being macho he-man and let me take that horrible thing off of you.”

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His eyebrow shot up. “You want me to put a knife in your hands, lady?”

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“Stop calling me lady, it’s becoming annoying.” Pain was beating at her so strongly now that she wanted to throw up again. It was definitely making it hard to think. She kept fear at bay with her usual chatter, but she wouldn’t be able to keep it up for much longer. And she dared not think what might happen then.

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“I don’t exactly know your name. Where I come from, lady is a compliment.”

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“Not in that tone of voice,” she objected. “Rachael Los . . .” she trailed off, casting around for a name, any name. She couldn’t think clearly; she’d already forgotten her new name, but it was imperative she hide her identity. Pain throbbed in her head, beat at her body. “Smith.”

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If it were possible, his eyebrow went higher. “Rachael Los Smith?” His mouth softened for the briefest of moments, a rusty attempt at a smile. Or a smirk. She couldn’t tell. Her vision was beginning to blur.

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Rio moved closer to her, his mouth once more twisting into a frown. “You’re sweating.” His palm settled on her forehead. “Donot get an infection. We’re stuck here without help for the duration of the storm.”

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“I’ll make sure I follow your orders, Rio, because I have the power to determine that, you know.” Rachael’s gaze followed the path of the knife as it moved close to her. “If you don’t let me help you now, I don’t think I’m going to be able to at all.” Her voice was funny, tinny and far away. “That awful leech is going to just stay there, getting high on your blood. Maybe it’s a girl leech and she’s going to have babies and they’ll all live on your back, sucking your blood. A little leech community. How perfectly lovely.”

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He muttered something under his breath.

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"And don't swear at me or I'm going to cry. I'm doing my best here and you aren't giving me anything to work with."

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His fingers were gentle in her hair even though he didn't mean to touch her. "Don't you dare cry." The thought was more alarming than someone coming at him with a gun. Her tears might turn him inside out. "The morphine is wearing off, isn't it? I didn't give you very much because I was afraid you'd go into shock."

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A small humorless laugh escaped. She sounded on the verge of hysteria. "I am in shock. I think I lost my mind. I thought you turned into a leopard and tried to rip my throat out."

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He slipped the tip of the knife between his back and the leech, flicked it to the floor and hastily disposed of it. "Leopards don't rip throats out. They bite the throat and suffocate their prey." He dipped a cloth into a cool bowl of water and sponged her face. "They're tidy killers."

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"Thanks for the information. I wouldn't want to think my death would be a messy one."

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Rio was uncomfortably aware of her gaze studying his face. Her eyes were large, too old for the rest of her. There was something sad in the dark depths that tugged at his heart. Her lashes were incredibly long, spiky from her tears. He actually felt as if he were falling forward into the depths of them, a corny and totally ridiculous notion he was impatient with. His heart began to pound in his chest. Anticipating—what, he didn't know. He deliberately wiped the cloth over her eyes, a gentle stroke to save himself from falling under her spell.

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"Are you always this sarcastic, or should I put it down to you being in considerable pain?"

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Rachael tried to laugh but it came out a gasping sob. "I swear it feels like my leg is on fire."

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"It's swelling. I'm going to give you a little more painkiller and splint that wrist for you." Rio's fingers trailed in her hair, a thick mass of silk. There was a strange color surrounding her body, like a shadow that wouldn't go away. No matter how many times he blinked, or swept his hand over his eyes to clear his vision, the strange surrounding color remained.

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"I think you need to take care of yourself," Rachael said, her gaze drifting over his face. He had the physical sensation of fingers touching him lightly in a caress. She didn't seem to notice the effect she had on him, and he was grateful.

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"You look tired. I honestly can't even feel my wrist at the moment, although I think a painkiller is a good idea. Maybe a huge dose of painkiller." Rachael tried to smile at him, tried to make it a joke. If he didn't find something to stop the pain she was going to ask him to knock her out. He had a big enough fist.

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She was shaking beneath the blanket, a sure sign of fever. He had packed the wound with antibiotics earlier, but it obviously wasn't going to be enough. Rio shook pills into his hand and helped her lift her head to swallow them. She pressed her teeth together, but a small sound, much like that of a wounded animal, escaped. "I'm sorry, I know it hurts, but you have to get these down." If she had come there to kill him, he was making a hell of a fool of himself, but it didn't matter to him. He had to remove the desperation from her eyes. She looked so helpless it twisted his gut into hard little knots. He gave her another small dose of morphine along with the antibiotics and waited until her eyes clouded over before splinting her wrist. Her skin was hot, but he didn't dare leave his own wounds much longer or they both would be in trouble.

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Rachael felt herself drifting away. The pain was there; she didn't want to squirm around and provoke it, but she could handle the intensity floating above it. Rio moved away from her with his curious animal grace. He intrigued her. Everything about him intrigued her. She couldn't keep from staring at him, although she tried to think of other things. The wind. The rain. Leopards leaping at her throat.

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Her lashes drifted down. She listened to the rain and shivered. Before she had been burning up; now she felt inexplicably cold. The sound of the rain driving down on the rooftop added to her discomfort. She couldn't hear him moving around the house. It wasn't that the storm drowned out the sounds, he was simply that quiet. Like a great jungle cat.

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Three

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Rachael forced her eyes open to keep him in sight. She felt dreamy,disconnected with reality. Rio stood several feet from her, close to the stove. Casually hooking his thumbs in his wet jeans, he eased them from his hips, slowly exposing his firm buttocks and his long, muscular back to her. She tried not to gawk as he washed up, using hot water from the stove. He was thorough about it, his muscles flexing as he worked. He reminded her of the statues she'd seen in Greece, the defined muscles and well-proportioned ultra-masculine body. It occurred to her that he was completely at home without clothes. He seemed to have forgotten she was in the room, displaying no modesty whatsoever.

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He lit a match and held it to the needle he'd used to sew her leg before performing the same task on his arm. Rachael heard him swear when he doused his hip with the same evil liquid he had used on her. Evidently he kept large supplies of it to refill his little vial. He turned slightly as he sewed his hip and she got a frontal view. Twin columns for thighs and looking every bit as good or better than the anatomically correct statues.

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"You have a beautiful body." Rachael would never have called attention to the fact that he was naked. The words slipped out before she could censor them, or maybe someone else said them. She looked around to see if they were really alone. She had said it after all, and she meant it. The honesty in her voice didn't even make her blush or turn away when he looked over at her with his penetrating, focused gaze.

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Rachael stared at him openly, inspecting him the way she might a beautiful sculpture. She smiled dreamily. “Don’t mind me. I think it’s the drugs talking. I’ve just never seen a man with a body as beautiful as yours is.”

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There was no come-on in her voice, no deliberate seduction, just simple honest admiration. And that was what made it so damned sexy. He hadn’t even been thinking about sex. Or soft skin. Or full breasts. Or silky hair. She smelled like a damned bed of flowers. He hurt like a son of a gun. He was tired and edgy and he didn’t understand what was happening to him. And now his body was reacting to her voice. Or her words. Or her smell. Who knew? Need punched him in the gut and hardened his body like a rock. He was furious with her. With himself. With his lack of control. Now he had a hell of a hard-on and a sick woman in his bed. And damn it all, if he had to endure it, she could just look at it.

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He finished stitching his hip, all too aware of her unwavering gaze. It didn’t seem to bother her that he was primed and ready and they were completely alone. Her eyes were overbright, her skin flushed with heat in spite of the continual shaking. Fortunately, the pain from the ugly gash on his hip drove the heat from his body so his lust wasn’t so brutally exposed to her.

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Rio didn’t look at her but he felt her eyes on him. Hot. Staring. Devouring him. The thought made him ache all over. He swore again. Even with the pain of stitching his own wounds, her gaze, staring at his hardened body, set jackhammers tripping in his head and his temples pounding.

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“Are you going to stare at me all night?” He growled the words at her. A threat. A promise. Retribution in the lines of his body. He turned his head then faced her down, allowing naked desire to flare just to scare the hell out of her.

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She smiled serenely. “I’m sorry. Was I staring? It’s just that you’re the most beautiful man I’ve ever seen. I thought if I did die, you might not be such a bad thing to take with me as a last image.”

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She disarmed him just like that. The power she wielded was frightening. Nothing touched him the way she managed to. With a look, a single word. Just the tone of her voice. He was drowning and it made no sense. And it made him angry. He just wasn’t sure whom he was angry with.

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She was still staring, her eyes huge. Rio stalked over to her and pressed his palm against her forehead. “You’re burning up.”

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“I know.” He was standing right up against the bed, his groin level with her eyes. Rachael thought him extraordinary. She floated in a dreamy haze, where nothing seemed very real. Except Rio and his incredible body. She reached out to touch him, not believing he could be anything but a dream.

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Her fingertips brushed the head of his penis and nearly sent him through the roof. Her touch was feather-light, barely there, but he felt it vibrating through his entire body.

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"You are real." She sounded awed and her breath was warm along his shaft, tightening every muscle in his body. Her fingers trailed over his heavy erection, slid across his balls and down his thigh and the feeling was unlike anything he'd ever experienced.

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"It's a damn good thing you're hurt," he snapped, turning away from her, afraid she might go further. Afraid he might let her. And he'd never forgive himself if he stooped that low. He had never wanted a woman so much. It was the way she looked at him. The sound of her voice. The honesty. Intellectually he knew it was the fever talking, taking away her natural inhibition, but he couldn't help reacting. Fever or no, she liked what she saw. Walking was torture, his body so hard he was afraid each step would shatter him, but he moved away.

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Rio filled a bowl with cool water and caught up a cloth. When he turned around she was staring at him again. He sighed.

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"You swear a lot, don't you?"

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"You have a way of making me feel like I need to," he said and dragged a chair to the side of the bed. "I have to get your fever down."

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Rachael laughed softly. "You'd better put on clothes then. I don't think anything else is going to help."

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"Do you even know what you're saying?"

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She frowned at the tone of his voice. "I don't know. Should I lie to you?"

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"Do you always tell the truth?" It was a challenge.

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Her eyes met his. "When I can. I prefer the truth. I'm sorry I made you uncomfortable. You just seemed so at home without clothes. I didn't think you could be real. I thought I made you up." Her gaze drifted over his chest, dropped lower to inspect his flat stomach, the dark brush of hair and his thick shaft, moved over the strong columns of his thighs. "I'm not actually certain where I am or how I got here. Isn't that strange?"

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She sounded lost. Vulnerable. His belly did that strange somersault he was beginning to associate with her. "Never mind." Rio wiped her face with the cool damp cloth. "You're safe with me and that's all that matters. I don't care if you want to stare at me. I suppose it's flattering to have a woman like you admiring me."

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"What kind of woman am I?"

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"A sick one." He peeled back the cover, wishing he hadn't fed the fire in the fireplace, not even for hot water needed to cleanse her wounds. For both their sakes he needed to cool the room down. "I'm going to open the door for a few minutes. The wind should help. Don't move."

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"I wasn't planning on it. I feel odd, sort of heavy, like I can't move."

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Rio ignored her comment, opening the door to allow the wind to clear the room of the smell of blood and infection. Of flowers. Of the scent of a woman. The cool air rushed through the room, whipped at the blankets covering the windows, tugged at Rachael's hair. In the soft glow of the lantern, he could see that her face was flushed, her body too hot.

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"Rachael," Rio said her name softly, hoping to bring her partially back so she understood what was happening to her. "I'm going to open your shirt. I'm not making a pass at you, I'm just trying to cool your body down."

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"You look so worried."

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"I am worried. You're very sick. I don't have a lot of medicine with me. I have a small knowledge of herbs, but I'm not nearly as good as the local medicine man from the tribe." He sat in the chair and leaned over her, his fingers brushing soft skin as he slipped the buttons from the holes to open her shirt. Her full breasts beckoned to him, the call much stronger than he had anticipated. Touching her felt familiar and right. Rio dipped the cloth in the water and bathed her skin, trying to be impersonal when nothing about touching her seemed impersonal.

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"My leg hurts." Rachael tried to reach down to feel the wound, but Rio caught her hand.

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"That won't help, try to think of something else." He needed to think of something else. The cold water turned her nipples into hard, inviting peaks. "Tell me what you're doing here."

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Her eyes widened. "Don't I live here?" She looked around her, her gaze moving over the room and back to him. "Didn't we move here? I thought you wanted to live someplace where we could be alone and stay naked all day long together."

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Her words struck a chord deep in his memory. A vision of another time and place. Rain falling softly against the roof. A breeze ruffling the curtains at an open window. Rachael turning over in an ornately carved bed, her dark, chocolate eyes filled with love. With that same honest admiration. Soft laughter played like a movie in his head. Her voice. Soft and sultry and sinfully tempting.

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Emotion choked him. He didn't know what he felt, only that it was all-encompassing. "Did I say that?" The cloth moved over the swell of her breast, lingered in the valley and slipped along the soft underside. "I surprise myself sometimes. It sounds like a very good idea."

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"When I look at you, there's a light surrounding you." Her expression was mischievous, teasing. "I'd say a halo, but certain parts of your anatomy seem to be keeping you from sainthood."

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"Or elevating me to that status." He had no idea where the words came from, or that teasing, familiar tone. He was always gruff and surly with strangers, yet Rachael didn't feel like a stranger to him. He dipped the

cloth in the bowl of water and allowed it to trace the soft swell of her breast. Even that felt familiar to him. He knew her body intimately. He knew there would be a small birthmark right above her buttocks on the left side if he turned her over. He knew the feel of dipping his tongue into her enticing belly button and making a slow foray lower. He knew exactly what she would taste like. It was in his mouth, a honeyed spicy tang that always left him craving more.

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"Do you know me, Rachael?" He leaned close, his gaze capturing hers. "When you look at me, do you know me?"

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She flung out her hand so that her fingertips rested intimately on his bare thigh. "Why do you ask me that? Of course I know you. I love just lying in bed with you, your arms around me, listening to the rain. Listening to the sound of your voice and the stories you tell." Her smile was far away, dreamy. "It's always been my favorite thing to do."

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She was burning up with fever. Her body was so hot to his touch he was afraid the cloth was going to burst into flames. He bathed her wrists and the back of her neck, beginning to feel desperate. The wind cooled the room but her body was flushed a bright red. Her leg was a mess, swollen and infected, blood oozing from the wound. His stomach lurched.

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"Rachael." He said her name in despair. Her palm was burning a hole through his skin where it rested.

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"You're afraid for me?"

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"Yes," he answered honestly. Because he was. For both of them. He was as confused as she was. Abruptly he rose and prowled across the room to stand in the open door. The wind was dying down, a lull before the next wave hit. He was moody and restless and uncomfortable in his own home. The forest beckoned, the treetops swaying, leaves nearly silver as they rustled all around him with their own strange melody. He found the sound soothing in the midst of his uncertainty.

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Rio knew Rachael intimately, yet he'd never laid eyes on her. Certain things were familiar, more than familiar, nearly a part of him, like breathing. He pushed a hand through his hair, needing the peace of the jungle.

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Rachael's gaze followed him wherever he went. "Look." He didn't turn around, didn't want to meet the blatant appreciation in her gaze when she looked at him. He didn't like the fact that the heat between them was a tangible thing when she was so obviously ill.

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"I am looking." She sounded amused and for some reason, his stomach did that idiotic flipping thing he knew to associate with her.

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"Go to sleep, Rachael," he ordered sternly. "I'm going to try the radio again, see if I can get you some help. I may be able to pack you out of here to an open area where we can bring in a chopper to take you to the hospital."

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Rachael frowned, shook her head in obvious alarm. “No, don’t do that. I’ll stay here with you.”

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“You don’t understand. You could lose your leg. I don’t have the proper medicine or the skill you need. As it is, you’re going to have a mass of scars—and that’s if I manage to save it.”

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She continued to shake her head, her bright eyes pleading with him silently. His gut tightened. Abruptly, he stepped outside into the night, dragging air into his lungs. She was tying him up in knots. He didn’t know why. Didn’t understand it. Didn’t like it or want it. He didn’t know who she was or where she came from. He didn’t need the complication or the danger.

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“Damn woman,” he muttered as he stretched his arms up to the driving rain. The drops fell on his hot skin, cool and tantalizing. His veins sizzled with life, thrummed with need. Even away from her, he felt her presence.

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He was not wholly human, nor was he leopard. He was a separate species with characteristics of both. And he was dangerous; capable of killing, capable of great jealousy and outbursts of temper. The animal in him often dominated his thinking, a cunning, intelligent creature, but very flawed. He needed to be alone, a secretive solitary being by choice. Few things touched him in his carefully guarded world. There was something about Rachael that made him restless. Moody. Fear shimmered in him, blurred the edges of his control. “Damn woman,” he repeated.

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He stretched again, wanting the freedom of the change. Wanting to go out into the night and simply disappear. The wildness rose in him like a gift, spreading so that his skin itched and his claws lengthened. He felt the muscles running like steel through his body. He smelled the feral scent of the cat, reached for it, embraced it. An extraordinary means of leaving behind Rio Santana and all that he was, all that he had done. Fur rippled over his body. His muscles contorted; bones cracked as his spine became supple, flexible, as his body took the form of the leopard.

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The leopard raised its head and scented the night. Inhaled the smell of the woman. It should have repulsed him, yet it drew him, just as strongly as in his human form. The cat switched the tip of its tail, padded around the verandah beneath the windows, and then leapt to a neighboring tree branch. In spite of the pouring rain, the leopard ran easily along the network of branches, a highway above the forest floor. The wind ruffled his fur and blew in his face but it couldn’t rid him of the woman’s enticing scent. Every step he took away from her brought uneasiness.

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The leopard gave a soft grunting cough of protest, followed it with a sawing roar of temper. She would not leave him alone. Everywhere he went, she went with him. In his mind. In his churning belly. In his groin. He raked claws along a tree trunk, ripping the bark in a fit of foul temper, shredding it into long strips. She clung to him, would not let him go. The rain should have cooled his hot blood, but it did not nothing but fan the embers smoldering inside of him.

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Rio should have been able to shed his human concerns and escape into the mind of the animal, but he could taste her. Feel her. She was everywhere he went, everything he did, the very air around him. There was no logic to it or explanation for it. She was a total stranger, without a real name or a past, yet she somehow had consumed him. It was alarming to him. He didn't trust her, and worse, he didn't trust himself.

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He made his way back to the house in silence, padding slowly along the forest floor to give himself time to think. It shouldn't matter so much that he thought about her. It was natural. He hadn't had a woman in a very long time—now one was lying in his bed. Rio told himself that had to be what it was. A simple case of lust. What the hell else could it be when he didn't even know her? Satisfied that he'd worked it all out, he leapt into the trees and returned to his house using the safer and much faster route.

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Rachael floated somewhere between sleep and consciousness.She couldn't understand where she was. Everything looked strange, not at all like her home. Sometimes she thought she heard voices yelling at her, shouting at her, demanding things she couldn't tell them. Other times she thought she was lost in a jungle with wild animals stalking her. She tried to move, tried to drag herself out of the strange, hazy world she seemed to be locked inside of.

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"Like a bubble," she said aloud. "I live in a glass house and if someone throws a rock, I'll shatter right along with the walls." She looked around, frowning, trying desperately to remember how she got to such a strange place. Her voice sounded different, far away and not at all like her.

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And the pain was ripping through her with every move she made. Had she been injured? Tortured? Someone was trying to kill her. Why hadn't they just finished the job instead of leaving her half alive? She had always known it was going to happen sooner or later.

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Something moved outside the window. The woven blanket covered the glass, but she knew something heavy passed by. Straining to hear, she looked wildly around for a weapon. Had they finally come for her? Her heart began to pound with alarming force and her mouth felt like cotton wool. A lethargic apathy had seized her body. She could hear the crackling of the fire, the steady rhythm of the rain. Thirst was overpowering, making it necessary to get up, but it was difficult, as though wading through quicksand. Attempting to sit up sent jagged pains racing up her leg. She found herself on the floor, her leg buckling beneath her.

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Surprised, Rachael looked around the room, trying to remember where she was and how she got there, trying to bring the room into focus. What was wrong with her? No matter how hard she tried, her mind refused to function properly. The lamp was burning brightly. She didn't remember lighting it. Her gaze shifted to the door. The bar was no longer across it.

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Rachael swallowed, the tight knot of fear blocking her throat, and reluctantly looked down to inspect her useless leg. Her calf and ankle were unrecognizable, swollen almost to the point of bursting. Bright red blood seeped and oozed, making her stomach lurch. She'd been attacked by a

wild animal. She clearly remembered the eyes. The cunning intelligence, the piercing danger. Terror welled up, nearly paralyzing her. It was only then, as she looked around the room, that she saw the two leopards curled up near the fireplace. One was watching her with a steady stare. The other appeared to be asleep.

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She began to drag herself across the floor. It was purely instinctive, driven by fear. Rachael couldn't focus her mind enough to know what was happening. It terrified her to remember the hot breath in her face. The feel of needle-sharp teeth tearing into her leg. The eyes staring at her with deadly intent.

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She clawed her way up the wall, gritting her teeth against the sobs bursting from her throat, sweat blurring her vision. Tugging the gun from the leather, she leaned against the wall, the only thing holding her up. Her arms felt leaden and it was nearly impossible to aim the gun at the leopard, she could barely see it.

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The door swung open as Rio stepped inside, arms filled with wood, his eyes immediately riveting to hers. His hair hung in wet strands, his naked body covered in droplets. Unhurriedly he closed the door with his foot and crossed the room to put the wood down carefully, almost directly in front of the leopards. "Put the gun down, Rachael." His voice was very low, but it carried a hard authority. "It has a hair trigger. You breathe and it could go off."

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"They're right behind you," Rachael answered, clutching the wall for support. "Don't you see them? You're in terrible danger." She tried to remember who he was, someone very familiar to her. Her beautiful naked man. She remembered the feel of his skin beneath her fingertips. "Hurry, get away from them before they attack you." She inspected his body, saw the bloody streaks on his belly, his hip. The gash on his temple. "You're hurt."

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"I'm fine, Rachael." He kept his voice calm, soothing. "Give me the gun."

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"It's hot in here." All at once she sounded like a forlorn child. "Isn't it hot?" She wiped the sweat from her face with the back of her hand to clear her vision.

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Rio watched her through narrowed eyes, silently cursed as the gun swept close to her face. The blood on her leg was too bright, suggesting the need for immediate action. The muzzle of the gun wavered, far too close to her temple. She swayed slightly. He moved, casually maneuvering into a better striking position. "It's all right, Rachael." Deliberately he used her name, his voice soothing, persuasive. He gained another step. "They're just pets. Clouded leopards. Small cats, really."

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Her eyes were overbright. She frowned at him. She kept wiping her eyes in an attempt to get rid of the blurring. "Look what they did to my leg. Come away from there and don't turn your back on them."

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He moved with unexpected speed, slapping the gun away when it swung in his direction, his body slamming into hers, shielding her protectively as

a deafening explosion reverberated in the small cabin. His body pressed hard against hers, her soft breasts pushing into his chest, her face against his shoulder. Her legs went out from under her and she began to slide to the floor.

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Rio swung her up into his arms, cradling her close to his chest. She was burning up with fever. “Everything’s okay,” he soothed, trying to ignore the ominous thud of the bullet striking metal and what it meant to them. “Don’t struggle Rachael, you’re safe.”

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She moved against his wet skin restlessly, the pain making her feel ill. His skin was so cool in comparison to hers she wanted to press herself closer. “Do I know you? How do I know you?” She frowned up at him, squinted through her spiky lashes to peer at his face. She made an effort to lift her hand, to trace the strong line of his jaw, his cheekbones, his mouth.

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With great care, Rio laid her on the bed, trying not to jar her. He framed her face with his hands, forcing her to stay focused on him. “Can you understand me? Do you know what I’m saying to you?”

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“Well of course I can.” For a moment her eyes cleared and she smiled at him. It wasn’t sexy, it was more angelic, and he felt it all the way to his toes. “In case you haven’t noticed, you’re not wearing clothes.” Rachael sank back against the pillow. “Turn off the light please, Elijah, I’m really tired.”

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There was a small silence. Something deep inside him began to burn. Something dark and dangerous. Rio reached for her left hand, his thumb sliding over her ring finger to find it bare. He brought her fingers up to insure there wasn’t a tan line proclaiming she’d recently removed a ring. He had no idea why relief swept through him, but it did. “Rachael, try to follow what I’m telling you. It’s important.” He carried her hand to his chest, without realizing he did it, holding it there over his pounding heart. “I need to lance the wound, cauterize it. I’m sorry, but it’s the only way to save your leg. I think the bullet hit the radio, but even if it didn’t, I can’t raise anyone in this weather. The second wave of the storm is hitting now and there were three strong weather fronts coming back to back.”

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Rachael continued to smile at him. “I don’t know why you’re looking so worried. They haven’t found us and I don’t think they can.”

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Rio closed his eyes briefly, fighting for air. He wished her smile were for him, not some unknown man named Elijah. This was going to be hell, and she was so doped up he couldn’t prepare her for what was to come. He had performed the procedure once before and even then it had been unpleasant. He pushed back the hair from her forehead. She was looking at him with far too much trust. “I’m just going to do what has to be done. I’m apologizing ahead of time.”

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She could see the reluctance and distaste in his eyes. “It’s all right, Rio, I understand. I do. It had to happen sooner or later. I’m sorry he asked you to take care of it. I can see it bothers you.”

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"Take care of what?" he prompted. She was reassuring him, trying to make his job easier.

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"I know Elijah wants me dead. I know he sent you. You look so tired and sad. It was wrong of him to ask you."

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Rio swore softly, hunkering down beside her. Her eyes were glazed, dreamy even, but they carried intelligence. She believed he was there to kill her, yet she looked at him as if she felt sorry for him. "Why does Elijah want you dead?"

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She blinked, her breath catching in her throat on a wave of pain. "Does it matter? Just get it over with."

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"You're just going to let me kill you?" For some reason her apathy made him furious. She was going to lie there and encourage him to take her life? He wanted to shake her.

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That same little smile tugged at her mouth. She seemed far away again, slowly turning her head away from him. "Even if you handed me a very large stick I wouldn't be able to lift it. I'll have to pass on being that take-forty-seven-kicks-in-the-ribs-and-keep-on-going heroine. I don't think I can lift my head."

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He leaned closer. "Rachael? You're with me again." She sounded like the woman who had bashed him in the head.

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"Was I gone?" She closed her eyes. "I wish I hadn't come back. What's wrong with me? Where did I go?"

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"You've been rambling. I have no choice, I have to work on your leg."

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"Then get to it. You're so tired you're going to fall on your face if you don't get it done." She made an effort to lift her lashes and study his face beneath heavy lids. "I'm not going to blame you if it hurts." Her eyes were clear and in that moment lucid. "I don't want to lose my leg, so by all means, do whatever is necessary to save it."

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Rio wasn't going to talk about it any longer. Distaste for the ugly task glimmered in his eyes as he bent over her leg. The wound had to be lanced, thoroughly washed, cauterized and packed with more antibiotics. He had performed the surgery once out in the field when a friend had been shot and was bleeding profusely and the chopper couldn't pick them up immediately. Small beads of sweat dotted his body, then ran into his eyes to blur his vision as he placed the blade of his knife in the flames.

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Opening the wound to allow the infection to run out set his stomach churning. She screamed when he poured the burning antiseptic, nearly coming up off the bed. He hesitated only a moment, leaning his weight across her thighs, and taking a deep breath laid the blade of the knife against her flesh. The odor was sickening. He didn't hurry, not wanting to make any mistakes, careful to cleanse and repair, before splinting her leg to hold it immobile in order to give it a better chance to heal.

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He couldn’t look at her as he cleaned the bedding and packed blankets around her leg to hold her still. She hadn’t moved in a long time, her breathing shallow, her skin clammy. Definitely in shock, Rachael was trembling in reaction. Rio cursed softly. He eased down beside her, stretching out along the bed, drawing her close to him, unable to think of anything else to do.

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“Rio?” Rachael didn’t pull away from him, instead burrowed against him like a kitten for comfort. “Thank you for trying to save my leg. I know it was difficult for you.” Her voice was thin. He barely caught the words.

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Rio nuzzled the top of her head with his chin, blew at strands of hair caught in the stubble of several days growth. “Try to relax, I can’t give you any more painkiller for a while. Just let me hold you.” His arms tightened with possession. At the same time something was squeezing his heart like a vise. “I’ll tell you a story.”

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Her body belonged with his—fit. He curved around her, thigh to thigh, her buttocks pressed against his groin, her head tucked safely against his throat, and she just fit there as if made for him. Her breasts were full and soft and pushed into his arms comfortably. He had lain with her before. Not once, but many times. The memory of her body was etched in his brain, in his nerves and flesh and bone.

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He rubbed his cheek in the mass of silky hair. It wasn’t all physical. Hefelt something for her. Came alive around her. “That’s not necessarily a good thing,” he said aloud. “You know that, don’t you?”

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Rachael closed her eyes, willing her body to stop shaking, wanting the pain to recede if only for a brief space of time to give her a moment to breathe normally. Rio was an anchor she clung to, the one bit of reality she had. When she closed her eyes, she saw men contorting, fur rippling over their bodies, eyes glowing a fierce yellow-green. In that nightmare world the sound of guns erupted and she felt the shock of a bullet. She looked into those same intelligent eyes and saw pain and madness. And she heard his voice screamingno . That was all. Simplyno .

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“I need to hear your voice.” Because it drove demons away. It drove the scent of gunpowder and blood from her mind, and she loved the deep caressing timbre of it.

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“I don’t know a lot of stories, Rachael. I never had someone telling me bedtime tales.” He winced at the gruffness in his voice. It was just that she turned his insides to mush and made it difficult to remember she could have been sent to kill him. He believed in logic, and the way she affected him wasn’t logical.

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“I’ll tell you one when I feel better,” she offered.

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He closed his eyes. She was like a gift, handed to him. Sent to him in his unrelenting world of violence and mistrust. “All right,” he conceded to please her. “But try to go to sleep. The more you sleep the faster your leg is going to heal.”

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Rachael was afraid to go to sleep. Afraid of teeth and claws and the all-encompassing pain. She was afraid she would lose her tenuous hold on reality. As it was, she kept forgetting who Rio was. He felt familiar. She recognized his voice, but she couldn't remember their life together. When he talked to her, she floated on the sound of his voice. When his hands slid over her hot skin, she felt safe and cherished.

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Rio told her some absurd tale of monkeys and sun bears he made up off the top of his head. It made no sense; in fact, it was fairly awful and showed he had no imagination, but she was quiet, slipping into a fitful sleep, and that was all that mattered to him. If the woman wanted storytelling on a nightly basis, he was going to have to hastily hone some nonexistent skills and learn to make up interesting tales.

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He sighed, his breath stirring tendrils of her hair. What was he thinking, wanting to be able to tell her bedtime stories? He couldn't imagine such a ridiculous thing, couldn't imagine what he was yearning for. A woman of his own? Why? To share a home deep in the forest? To share a life of death and violence? He didn't know the first thing about women. He needed to get her out of his life as quickly as possible.

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Rachael murmured softly in her sleep, restless, fitful. A soft protest against nightmares creeping into her sleep. Rio soothed her with some muttered nonsense, ignoring the ache she brought to his heart. Ignoring the strange memories in his head and the hardening of his muscles. Although his body was exhausted, his brain was alive with activity. Even the normal sounds of the forest didn't soothe him.

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Rio lay listening to her, fear swamping him in waves at the thought of her succumbing to blood poisoning. Her skin burned against his. He bathed her with cooling water, kept the door open with the mosquito net hanging down both at the door and around the bed. The lantern was extinguished to keep the bugs from entering.

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The rain persisted, a steady rhythm until the next storm hit about an hour later. It raged with enough force to blow rain through the heavy canopy. Rio slid out of bed, padded across the room to close the door. He stood for a long time staring out into the darkness, breathing in the scent of the rain, the call of the jungle. The chorus of male frogs sang off-key, joyfully hunting mates, adding to the lure of the forest. For a moment the wildness was upon him, beating in him with the need to shift, to escape. But the call of the woman was stronger. He sighed and closed the door firmly, shutting out the wind and rain. Shutting out the heady sounds of his world. He crawled back into bed, pulling the light cover over both of them, wrapping his arms around her and welding his body to hers. He was exhausted, but it took time for his body to relax, for his mind to let go. He fell asleep with a knife under his pillow and a woman in his arms.

□□□

## Four

□□□

There were nightmares. One simply ran into the next. Rachael felt shelived in a sea of pain and darkness where nothing made sense but a male

voice pitched low as it murmured soothingly to her. The voice was a lifeline, pulling her from the darkness where teeth and claws savaged her body, where bullets whistled by and thudded into bodies and blood flowed and hideous creatures lay in wait to attack her.

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Shadows moved in the room. The humidity was oppressive. A cat made a chuffing noise. Another answered with a gruntlike cough. The sounds were close, within a few feet of her. Every muscle in her body reacted, tightening in terror, increasing the pain in her leg. She couldn't move her body and when she turned her head, she couldn't see enough of the room to locate the source of those wild, cat sounds.

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Sometimes the wind blew a cooling wave through the room and over her. Always the rain fell. A continual, steady rhythm that both soothed and irritated her. She felt trapped and claustrophobic, confined as she was to the bed. It was humiliating to have a man see to her every need, especially when most of the time she wasn't certain who he really was. Sometimes she thought she might be insane as the nightmare images of a man shifting into the form of a leopard replayed over and over in her head. There were moments she knew the man, where she was overwhelmed with love and tenderness, and moments when she stared into a stranger's catlike, frightening gaze and her heart pounded with terror. Time passage was impossible to know. Sometimes it was daylight, other times, night, but the one thing she counted on was the voice to steer her through nightmares and help her find her way back to reality.

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She stared sightlessly at the ceiling, trying not to be alarmed at the sounds of wildcats so close to her when she couldn't see them. A shadow moved again, across the window, outside on the verandah. Her heart accelerated. The floor creaked.

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Rio caught movement out of the corner of his eye and turned as Rachael attempted to slip over the side of the bed. He leapt for her, his hands stilling her struggles. "What do you think you're doing?" Fear made his voice harsh.

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She looked directly into his eyes, her fingers clutching at his arms. "They're here. He's sent them to kill me. I have to get out of here." She turned her head away from him to stare eerily into the corner. "They're over there."

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Whatever she saw was real to her. She was so intent, it sent a chill shivering down his spine. "Look at me, Rachael." He framed her face with his hands, forced her attention back to him. "I'm not going to let anything hurt you. It's the fever. You see things because of the fever."

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She blinked rapidly, her bright eyes beginning to focus on him. "I saw them."

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"Saw who? Who wants to kill you?" He'd asked her a dozen times but she never answered him. She tried to turn her head away from him and remain silent. This time he had her face in his hands, holding her still, locking her gaze to his.

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“You have the most beautiful eyes I’ve ever seen. Your eyelashes are long. Why do men always get beautiful eyelashes?”

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She had a way of throwing him off balance, disturbing his tranquility. He found it so exasperating he wanted to shake her. “Do you know how stupid that sounds?” he demanded. “Look at me, woman. I have scars all over me. My nose has been broken twice. I look like a damned murderer, not some pretty boy.” The minute the words left his mouth, he regretted them.Damned murderer hung in the air between them. His teeth snapped together and he turned his head away from her enormous eyes, swearing silently over and over.

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“Rio?” Her voice was soft. “I can see the pain in your eyes. Did I do that? Did I hurt you in some way? I don’t like hurting anyone, least of all you. What did I say?”

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He raked his fingers through his shaggy hair. “Of course you have to be perfectly lucid right at this moment. Why is that, Rachael? Two seconds ago you were so far out of it you didn’t know your own name.”

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He looked so tortured her heart turned over. “Did someone accuse you of murder?”

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Her gaze moved over his face, examining every inch—all-seeing eyes. He was certain she could see into his soul. Fierce anger smoldered, held deep where it couldn’t be seen, burst free, a raging holocaust he couldn’t prevent. She should have been afraid. He was afraid. He knew what he could do with that kind of rage, but her expression was compassionate, almost loving. Her uninjured hand went to his face, fingertips trailing over his lips, sliding around his neck so that she was cradling his head, offering, what? He didn’t know. Sympathy? Love? Her body? Tenderness?

□□□

He ignored his first impulse to slap her hand away from him. He couldn’t take her looking at him like that. He caught her fingers instead, pulling her palm to his bare chest, over his wildly beating heart. “You don’t know the first thing about me, Rachael. You shouldn’t look at me like that.” He didn’t know what he felt, a mixture of anger and pain and ferocious longing. Damn it all, he was over that. Over wanting. Over needing.

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“You don’t make sense to me.” His voice deepened, sounded almost ragged. “Nothing about you makes sense. Why aren’t you afraid of me?”

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She blinked. Those huge chocolate eyes, so dark they were nearly black, eyes a man could get lost in. “I am afraid of you.”

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“Now you’re humoring me.”

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“No, really, I’m afraid of you.” Her eyes widened in earnest honesty.

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“Well, damn it all, why would you be afraid of me when I’ve taken care of you and given up my bed for you?”

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“You didn’t give up your bed. You still sleep in it,” she pointed out.

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“There isn’t anywhere else to sleep,” he said.

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“There’s the floor.”

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“You want me to sleep on the floor? Do you have any idea how uncomfortable the floor would be?”

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“What a baby. I thought you were a he-man.” She smirked at him. “Be careful of losing your bad-boy image.”

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“And what about insects and snakes?”

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“Snakes?” She looked around her cautiously. “What kind of snakes? You have kitty cats for friends. I’m hoping you say friendly snakes.”

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His mouth softened but he kept from smiling with a small effort. “I haven’t known too many friendly snakes.”

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“Where did your kitties come from? And how come they aren’t trained to meet guests properly?”

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“I trained them to run off the neighbors. I hate it when they drop in unannounced.”

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A lock of midnight black hair fell across his forehead. Without thinking, Rachael brushed it back with her fingertips. “You need someone to look after you.” The moment the words were out of her mouth she was mortified. She couldn’t seem to censor her tongue with him. Every random thought just popped out, no matter how personal.

□□□

“Are you applying for the job?” His voice was harsh again, emotions welling up to choke him. It was happening again, that strange time distortion. He felt her hand in his and looked down. His hand enveloped hers, the pads of his fingers rubbing back and forth over her soft skin and he knew every indentation. The very shape of her bones was familiar. There was even a memory of doing the same thing, of her teasing voice skittering down his spine like a caress.

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Rachael closed her eyes, but he thought he saw the glimmer of tears before she turned her head away. “Tell me why those cats stay here all the time. They are wild, aren’t they? Clouded leopards?”

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Rio looked across the room to see the two cats tumbling around in a mock fight. Each weighed in at fifty pounds, so when they banged against a chair or table, they made a ruckus.

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“Are they pets?”

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“I don’t keep pets,” he said gruffly. “I found them. The mother had been killed and skinned. I backtracked her and found them. They were very young, still needing milk.”

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She turned her head back toward him, lifting her lashes so her gaze nearly devoured his face. The smile lighting up her pale face nearly took his breath away. “You bottle-fed them, didn’t you?”

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He shrugged, trying not to be affected by the way she was looking at him. There was that dazzling admiration, a look he didn’t deserve. No one ever looked at him, saw him, in the same way she did. It was disconcerting, yet gave him a rush. He spent a great deal of time trying not to allow his body to react, or his heart. He dropped her hand as if it burned him, stepping away from the bed quickly.

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She laughed at him, a soft inviting sound that felt like fingers playing over his skin. He was beginning to feel desperate. She lay in his bed, her body lush and tempting, her silky hair spilling around her head like a halo. He wished it were just the allure of her body. That would at least make sense to him. He hadn’t been with a woman in a long time. Womanly curves, soft flesh, heat and the fragrance of the forest were a heady combination and he could be excused for his body’s fierce reaction to her. But it was far more than that. Knowledge of her body. Memories of her laughter. Whispers in the night, a secret world they shared. His mind and heart reacted to her. And damn it, if he were a man who believed in such nonsense, he would think his soul recognized hers.

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“Didn’t you?” Rachael persisted. “You found some baby kittens and you brought them home and bottle-fed them.”

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“I don’t believe in skinning animals,” he said tersely.

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She watched the dull red creep up his neck into his face. The man wasn’t in the least embarrassed about traipsing around in the nude but he turned red admitting to an act of kindness. She found that blush endearing. “Why are you always running around with no clothes on? Did I stumble into a secret nudist colony? Or do you think I enjoy staring at you in the buff?”

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“You do enjoy staring at me.” Rio smiled in spite of himself. She was very open about her appreciation of his body.

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Rachael answered him with her usual candor. “Well, I’ll admit you’re beautiful to look at, but it’s beginning to make me uncomfortable. Why do you do it?”

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His eyebrow shot up. “It makes it so much easier to shift into leopard form and go running in the forest.”

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She made a face at him. “Ha ha, are you always this funny? I suppose you’re never going to let me live that down. I think it’s perfectly logical to have nightmares over men turning into vicious leopards after what happened.”

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“Vicious leopards?” He rummaged through a small wooden closet and came out with a pair of jeans. “Leopards aren’t vicious. They might be natural predators, but they aren’t vicious.”

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“Thanks for making that distinction. I had no idea there was a difference. It felt the same when they were chewing my leg off.”

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“That was my fault. I was focused on the idea of someone waiting to kill me.”

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“Why would someone want to kill you?”

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He laughed softly. “Now don’t you think it seems more logical for someone to want to kill a man like me than a woman like you?”

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She wanted to look away from him, but she was fascinated by the play of his muscles beneath his skin. Her breath caught in her throat as she watched him step into the jeans and casually pull them up the strong column of his thighs and over his narrow hips. He carelessly buttoned a couple of buttons and left the rest undone as if it were too much of a bother.

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She moistened her suddenly dry lips with the tip of her tongue before she could speak. “Rio, this is your home. I’m the intruder. If you’re more comfortable without clothes, I can live with it.” It touched her that he would cover up for her—and part of her didn’t want him clothed. There was something primitive and sensual about the way he padded so silently through the small tree house, barefoot, in the nude.

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“I don’t mind, Rachael. You’re stuck in bed and I know you hurt like hell. I appreciate that you don’t complain.” He let a heartbeat slip by. Two. “Much.”

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“Much!” She glared at him. “I haven’t said one word about shooting your precious little kittens when I get off this bed. But I’m considering it. You spoil them rotten, by the way, and it shreds your image of a tough guy all to pieces.”

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The cats, in the midst of the rough-and-tumble game, slammed into the edge of the bed and all of Rachael’s hard-earned bravado disappeared completely. She gasped with alarm and lunged sideways away from them. Rio, standing beside the small closet, covered the distance between them with one leap, pinning her down, his green eyes suddenly a blazing yellow-gold. His face was inches from hers. Rachael stared up at him, clutching the blanket to her bare breasts, looking frightened, trying to look brave, tempting him almost beyond his endurance.

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He gathered her into his arms, careful to keep her leg from moving. “You have to keep it in your mind at all times that you cannot move. I’ve just about run out of antibiotics and that leg can’t open up again. Give it a couple more days.”

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Rachael was all too aware of his naked chest pressed against her breasts, of his hands sliding up and down her back in a soothing motion. Most of all she was aware of the distance he had covered in a single leap. An impossible distance. She tilted her head to look up at him, really examine his features. He had scars, yes. His nose had been broken more than once,

but she found him the most compelling man she'd ever met. His eyes were different. More like a cat's.

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"You're doing it again." He lifted his chin, breaking eye contact, to rub his jaw along the top of her head. "I can see the fear on your face. Rachael, if I were going to harm you, wouldn't I have done it already?" There was exasperation in his voice.

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Rachael winced at his logic. "The cats make me nervous, that's all."

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His fingers went to the nape of her neck in a slow massage. "After what you went through, I don't blame you, but they won't attack you. Let me introduce them to you. That would help."

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"Before you do, would you mind finding me a shirt to put on? I think I'd feel less vulnerable." And it might keep her body from reacting to his, her breasts aching with longing for his touch. Her leg was a mess, painful and swollen, fever raging, but she still seemed unable to prevent her strange attraction to him. "If your rabid pets decide to have me for dinner the least they can do is work for it by chewing through clothes." His muscles felt like steel rippling beneath very human skin. "How did you do that? How did you get across the room in one leap?" If she were losing her mind, it was better to find out immediately. "I didn't imagine it and it isn't the fever."

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"No, your fever's down a bit," he conceded as he helped her ease into a fully prone position. "I live in the forest and have most of my life. I run up and down the branches and jump from one to the other all the time. I climb trees and swim rivers. It's a way of life."

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She let her breath out slowly, grateful for the explanation, not wanting to examine the distance too closely. Maybe it could be done. With practice. Lots of practice. She watched him turn away from her to walk across the room back to the closet and she carefully avoided counting each step he took. He padded on bare feet, silent, not making a sound. Rachael watched him stretch, a slow, languid, sinuous catlike stretch. He stretched his hands, fingers spread wide, over his head and ran his hands down the wall. He arched his back to deepen the stretch. His fingertips traced the deep claw marks, something he'd obviously done so many times the crevices were smooth. It was a natural, uninhibited movement.

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Rachael's heart slammed in her chest. Were the clouded leopards tall enough to have made those claw marks? She didn't think so. It would take a cat much larger to reach as high as the deep ruts. "How did those marks get inside the house?"

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Rio dropped his arms to his sides. "It's a bad habit. I like to stretch and keep in shape." He caught up a shirt, smelled it and turned with a mischievous grin. "This one isn't too bad." He held the blue shirt up for her inspection. "What do you think?"

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"Looks good to me." She started to struggle into a sitting position.

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“Just wait for me.” He slipped the sleeve very carefully over the makeshift splint on her wrist. “You’re in such a hurry.” He helped her sit, enfolding her in the shirt, his knuckles brushing soft flesh as he buttoned her into it. There was something satisfying about wrapping her in his favorite shirt, and he felt as if he’d done it a hundred times. “I think your temperature is beginning to climb again, damn it.”

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She pressed her fingertip over his mouth. “You swear too much.”

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“I do?” His eyebrow shot up. “I thought I was being very careful around you. The cats don’t mind.” He snapped his fingers and the two clouded leopards rushed to his side and pressed against his thigh.

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Rachael forced herself to remain absolutely still. Her insides turned to jelly, but long ago she had learned the benefits of appearing composed in the face of adversity, so she kept a small smile on her face and serenity in her expression. The rain beat a steady tattoo on the roof. She was very aware of the hum of insects and the rustle of leaves and branches against the side of the house. She swallowed the little knot of fear blocking her throat and inhaled Rio’s masculine scent. He smelled of danger and outdoors. “I’m certain the cats don’t care, they probably have already picked up your bad habits.”

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Rio leaned close to her as if sensing her fear, although he rubbed the ears of the cats pressing against his legs. She could see his temple where she’d struck him, a jagged line, already healing, but looking as if it should have had stitches. Before she could stop herself, she touched it. “That’s going to scar, Rio. I’m so sorry. You were so busy taking care of me, you didn’t really have time to take care of yourself.” She was ashamed of herself for hitting him. The details of the attack had faded in comparison to the nightmare images of men turning into leopards.

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“Are you going to keep finding reasons not to touch the leopards?” He took her hand. “This one is Fritz. His ear has a little chunk missing and his spots are in a pattern much like a map.” He stroked her palm over the animal’s neck and back. Her skin was burning again, dry and hot to his touch. Her eyes were glazing, taking on the overbright look he had become accustomed to seeing.

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Rachael made a supreme effort to keep from trembling. “Hello, Fritz. If you were the one chewing off my leg the other night, please refrain from ever doing so again.”

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The hard line of Rio’s mouth softened. “Nice greeting. I’m certain he’ll remember that. This one is Franz. He has a sweet disposition most of the time, until Fritz gets a little rough with him, then he has a bit of a temper. They disappear for days on end, but most of the time they stay with me. I leave it up to them whether they want to stay or go.” He pressed her hand into the cat’s fur.

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Rachael couldn’t help the small thrill that went through her at the thought of touching such a wild, elusive creature as a clouded leopard. “Hi, Franz. Don’t you know you’re supposed to be afraid of humans?” She

frowned. “Haven’t you considered that by making them pets, you’ve made them more vulnerable to poachers who want their fur?”

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“They aren’t exactly tame, Rachael. The only reason they accept you is because my scent is all over you. We sleep together. That’s why I’m reinforcing their relationship with you, so no more mistakes. They hide from humans.”

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“We aren’t sleeping together,” she objected sharply. “And I don’t have a relationship with them and I can’t imagine ever having one. Has it occurred to you that you’re not exactly normal? This isn’t the way most people prefer to live.”

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Rio looked around his home. “I like it.”

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She sighed. “I didn’t mean to imply it wasn’t nice.” She moved again, shifting into another position in the hopes of easing the throbbing pain in her leg.

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He swept her hair back from the nape of her neck. It was damp with sweat. Rachael was becoming edgy and restless, shifting her position continually in an effort to ease her discomfort. “Rachael, just relax. I’ll fix a cool drink for you.”

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She bit her tongue as he stood up with his casual grace. He didn’t mean everything to sound like an order—she was hypersensitive. Rachael tried to push at the heavy fall of hair to get it off her forehead. It was curling in every direction as it always did in high humidity. As she lay there, she swore the walls began to creep inward, boxing her in, pushing the air from the room. Everything annoyed her, from the sound of the relentless rain to the playful leopards. If she had a slipper handy she might have thrown it in a fit of petulance.

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Her gaze strayed to Rio as it always did. It exasperated her that she couldn’t control herself enough to stop staring at him, and that she knew exactly what he was going to do before he did it. She knew the way he moved, the graceful flow of his body as he reached into the icebox. She knew him. If she closed her eyes he would be there in her mind, talking softly to her, reaching out absently to push the hair from her face, curling his fingers around the nape of her neck.

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Why did she associate every single movement, every gesture, with that of a cat? Especially his eyes. They were dilated the way a cat’s eyes would be at night and yet in the daylight, the pupils were nearly invisible.

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“Okay, there’s no way you turned into a leopard.” Rachael stared up at the ceiling and tried to work the problem out in her mind. She had to stop fantasizing about him leaping through the treetops with his little cat friends. It was idiotic and just proved she really was pushing the edges of sanity.

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“What are you going on about now?” Rio stirred the contents of the glass with a long-handled spoon. “Half the time you don’t make much sense.”

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“I’m not responsible for what I say when I’m running a fever.” Rachael winced a little at her tone. She sounded snippy. She was tired. And tired of being tired. Tired of feeling out of sorts and grumpy and sick of trying to figure out what was real and what had taken place in her fevered imagination.

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“You could try not saying anything,” he suggested.

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Rachael winced again. She always talked too much when she was nervous. “I suppose you’re right. I could be a stone-faced mute staring at the walls the way you do. We’d probably get along better.” Most of all she was ashamed for sniping at him, but it was that or start screaming.

□□□

His gaze shifted to her face. She was very flushed, her fingers plucking at the thin blanket with restless pinches. Each time he looked at her, he felt that strange shifting deep inside his body where a part of him still felt emotions. “We get along,” he said gruffly. “It isn’t you. I’m not used to having people around.”

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Rachael sighed. “I’m sorry.” Why did he have to be so blasted nice when she wanted a rip-roaring fight? It would have been nice to take her frustration out on him and pretend justification. She heaved a long-suffering sigh. “I’m feeling sorry for myself, that’s all. I honestly don’t know what’s going on half the time. It makes me feel stupid.” And helpless. She felt so helpless she wanted to scream. She did not want to be trapped in a house with a total stranger who looked every bit as dangerous as he obviously was. “You are a stranger to me, aren’t you?” She could feel the heat of his gaze right down to her toes. Why didn’t he feel like a stranger? When he touched her, why was it so familiar to her?

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His eyebrow shot up. “You’re in my bed. I’ve been taking care of you night and day for a couple of days. You’d better hope I’m not a stranger.”

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Rachael thumped her head against the pillow in sheer frustration. “See what you do? What kind of answer is that? Did you grow up in a monastery where they taught you to speak in riddles? Because if that’s what you’re trying to do, believe me it sounds more annoying and idiotic than mysterious and prophetic.” She blew upward at her bangs. “My hair is driving me crazy, do you have scissors?”

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“Why is it you’re always asking me for sharp instruments?”

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She burst out laughing. The sound filled the room and startled several birds perched on the railing of the verandah. They took flight with a noisy flutter of wings and a scolding trill. “I feel like I have to apologize to you every other sentence. I broke into your home, used your shower, slept in your bed, bashed you in the head and forced you to take care of me while I’m all out of it and grumpy. Now I’m threatening you with sharp instruments.”

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“Threatening to cut your hair might hurt as much.” He moved across the distance separating them and bent down to look into her eyes, his fingers curling in her hair. “No one can force me to do anything I don’t want to do.” The one exception might be the intriguing woman lying in his bed, but

he wasn’t going to admit that to her . . . or to himself. “Your hair is short enough. You don’t need to cut more off.” He rubbed the ragged edges of her hair between the pads of her fingers.

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“It used to be much longer. But it’s so thick, with the humidity it’s very hot.”

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“I’ll find something to put it up and get it off your neck.”

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“Don’t bother, Rio, I’m just edgy.” His kindness made her ashamed.

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“I found wet clothes smelling of river water that night. Were you in the river?”

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She nodded, making every effort to rally. “Bandits attacked us. They came out of the jungle shooting guns. I think Simon was hit. I went overboard and the river swept me away.”

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His muscles clenched in reaction. “You could have been killed.”

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“I was lucky. My shirt snagged on a branch below the waterline and I managed to crawl onto a fallen tree. I made my way here. The house was a surprise. I almost didn’t see it but the wind was blowing so hard, it took away some of the cover. I was afraid I wouldn’t find it again if I went exploring so I tied a rope between two trees to show me the way. I thought it was a native’s hut, one they use when they travel from place to place.”

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“And I thought you were a bandit who had circled around and managed to get in front of me and was lying in wait. I should have known better, but I was exhausted and I hurt like hell. Who is Simon?” He had waited an appropriate amount of time. Carried on a conversation like a rational human being. He could feel the intensity of his suppressed emotions eating away at his gut. He knew better than to let her inside. He knew better, but she was already there. He didn’t know how it happened and worse, he didn’t know how to get her out.

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“Simon is one of the men in our church medical relief group.”

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“So he’s a stranger. None of you knew one another before this trip.” The relief sweeping through him irritated the hell out of him.

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She nodded. “We all volunteered from various parts of the country and came together to bring the supplies.”

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“Who was your guide?”

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“Kim Pang. He seemed very nice and I thought him very competent.”

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Her hand was on his thigh where he hunkered down close to the bed and she felt him stiffen. His eyes glittered with sudden menace, sending a chill through her body. “Did you see what happened to him?”

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She shook her head. “The last I saw of him, he was trying frantically to cut the rope to allow the launch to get away. Is he a friend of yours?”

She wanted Kim Pang to be safe. She wanted all of the others to be safe, but it would be dangerous if the guide and Rio were friends.

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"Yes, I know Kim. He's a very good man." He wiped his hand over his face. "I have to go out and see if any of them are still alive, see if I can pick up any tracks."

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"In this weather? And it's getting dark now. It isn't safe, Rio. They were taken on the other side of the river." She would have to leave immediately. Rachael detested how selfish it made her feel. Of course Rio needed to help the others if he could, although she didn't see how he could accomplish anything against a group of armed bandits.

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In a sudden fit of temper at herself, or the situation, she flung off the thin cover. "I need to get out of this bed, this room, before I go completely mad."

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"Slow down, lady." Rio caught at her, preventing movement. "Just sit still and let me see what I can do." There was a flicker of knowledge in his eyes, as if he could read her mind and knew her selfish thoughts.

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Rachael watched Rio stalk outside and disappear from sight. She could hear him making noise on the verandah, unusual when he was usually so silent. The wind helped to dispel the oppressive heat and claustrophobia, but she wanted to cry, stuck in the bed, unable to get across the small distance to the open doorway. The mosquito net fluttered in the breeze. As always, Rio hadn't lit the light; he seemed to be able to see in the dark and preferred it.

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The thought triggered a long-forgotten memory. Laughter, soft and contagious, the two of them whispering together in the rain. Rio swinging her into his arms and spinning in a circle while drops fell on her upturned face. Her breath caught in her throat. It never happened. She would know if she had been with him. Rio was not a man a woman would ever forget or want to give up.

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"Come on, I'm going to take you outside. It's raining, but the roof over the verandah has no leaks so you can sit in the open for a while. I know what it's like to feel caged. Let me do the work," he said. He slipped his arms under her legs. "Put your arms around my neck."

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"I weigh a lot," she cautioned, obediently linking her fingers behind his neck. Joy was blossoming inside her, a deep glowing warmth bubbling over at the prospect of getting out of the bed, and of looking at open sky.

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"I think I can manage," he said dryly. "Be prepared when I lift you, it's going to hurt."

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It did, so much so that she buried her face against the warmth of his neck, choking off a startled cry. Pain radiated up her leg, hit the pit of her stomach and exploded throughout her body. Her fingernails dug into his skin and she bit down hard on her thumb.

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"I'm sorry, Rachael, I know it hurts," he said softly.

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He moved smoothly, almost gliding so there was no jarring to her swollen leg. As he stepped through the door, the natural hum of the forest greeted her. Insects and frogs, the chatter of animals, the flutter of wings and the constant sound of the rain all blended together.

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Rio had pulled a soft, overstuffed chair outside, his one prized possession. He placed her carefully in it, propping her leg on a pillow on a kitchen chair. Rachael leaned her head back and took in the high feathery canopy through the fine mosquito netting. The entire verandah was enclosed. The railings were made from tree branches, gnarled and polished, blending in with the surrounding trees so that she couldn't tell where the forest began and the railings left off.

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Rio sank onto the chair beside her, holding out the glass of cool liquid. "Drink this, Rachael, it might help to cool you down. In another hour or so, I can give you more meds to help bring down your fever."

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She was sweating from the pain more than the fever, but she didn't want to tell him that, not after he'd gone to such trouble. The wind was cooler on her face, tugging at the wild curls in her hopeless mass of hair. She ran her fingers through it before taking the glass from him. Her hand was trembling enough that some of the cool liquid splashed over the rim of the glass. "Rio, tell me the truth." She stared carefully out into the tree trunks and limbs heavily laden with wild orchids of every color. "Am I going to lose my leg?" Everything in her was still, waiting for his answer, telling herself she could handle the truth. "I'd much rather know now."

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Rio shook his head. "I can't make promises, Rachael, but the swelling is less. Your fever comes and goes instead of raging all the time. There aren't any more streaks going up your leg so I think we've avoided blood poisoning. As soon as we can, I'll get you to a medic and have them take a look at it. The river goes down fairly quickly."

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"I can't go to a doctor," she admitted reluctantly. "No one can know I'm still alive. If they find out, I'm dead anyway."

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He watched her lips touch the glass, the contents of the glass tilt, her throat work as she swallowed. He stretched his legs out in front of him, sprawling out as if totally relaxed when he was anything but. "Who wants you dead, Rachael?"

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"It isn't really pertinent, is it? I had the presence of mind to shed my shoes in the water. They might be found when they look for me. And believe me, they'll look. They'll hire the best trackers they can find."

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"Then they'll come looking for me. Tracking is what I do when I'm not rousting bandits."

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Rachael swallowed the sudden fear welling up. "Great. It isn't like I can run from you either. They'll offer you a lot of money to turn me over to them." She shrugged, trying to be casual when she wanted to throw herself

off the verandah and run. “Or maybe they’ll just ask you to kill me for them. Less trouble that way.”

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His hand settled on her head. “Lucky for you, I’m not particularly interested in getting rich. I don’t need a lot of money living here. The fruit’s plentiful and I can easily hunt and trade for the things I need.” He rubbed strands of her wavy hair between the pads of his fingers. “I think I have a lazy streak.” He grinned at her. “Besides, you swing a mean stick. I don’t think I want to mess with you.”

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“When they ask you, are you going to tell them where I am?”

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“Why would I do that when I can keep you all to myself?”

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Rachael tipped the rest of the juice down her throat. It was cooling and sweet. She rested her head on Rio’s shoulder and allowed herself to relax. The night was incredibly beautiful with so many different types of foliage and trees bowing gently in the wind. The rain played a melody in the background, almost soothing now that she was outside with the breeze blowing. She could see movement in the branches as gliders flitted from one tree to another.

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“Are you going to let me guess, or are you just going to keep me in suspense? Why would someone be so intent on killing you?”

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“You know how to wreck a perfectly good evening, don’t you?”Rachael didn’t lift her head from the comfort of his shoulder, but stared out into the forest. Shadows moved from canopy to floor. A symphony of music made up of every kind of rustle, croak and insect sound accompanied the wind. “I always thought it would be quiet. The edges of the forest are so active, around the swamps. Fish jumping, and insects always busy, but for some reason I thought when I reached the interior it would be peaceful.”

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“Think of it as songs of the forest. I’ve always loved the way the insects and birds sound against the leaves in the wind. It’s all music if you love it, Rachael.”

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“I suppose it is. Why can’t people just leave us alone, Rio? Yes, I ran away. Does it really matter so much why I ran? Who I ran away from? What difference does it make all the way out here, in the middle of a forest?”

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Rio tried not to hear the wistful note in her voice. More, tried not to react to it. “It’s perfectly reasonable of me to want and need to know why someone would want to kill you. Do you have a husband you ran away from? Someone rich and powerful enough to track you even here? Why wouldn’t he just let you go?” He felt her beside him, fitting into the lines of his body. Heard her breathing softly. Her skin was hot, but soft and inviting. Even more than the physical temptation was her courage and sense of humor. She was occupying his thoughts, invading his blood. Rio reached over her to pull her broken wrist across her lap, positioning it for maximum comfort. “I guess that was a silly question. I might not have let you go myself.”

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Rachael lifted her head to look at him. A faint smile curved her mouth. “Rio, that was a nice thing to say to me. Thank you.”

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He looked harassed instead of grateful for her appreciation. “You have to tell me why, Rachael. If someone is going to come looking, I have to be prepared.”

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“There is no way to prepare. As soon as I’m able, I’ll keep going. There has to be a place where they can’t find me. I’m hoping they believe I’m dead.”

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“If Kim is alive, he’ll know you survived. He’s one of the best trackers around. And he’ll go looking for you because you were in his care. The government is going to be up in arms, having a church group bringing medical supplies taken by bandits. They’ll be looking for the entire group. The countries need the aid and the last thing they want is for it to get out that it’s dangerous to travel along the rivers or near the forest, two major tourist draws. And if you have someone else, an outside source, pushing the government to go after the bandits, they’ll search the river thoroughly.”

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“People drown all the time and their bodies are never found. Is Kim Pang a friend of yours? If he comes looking could you persuade him to say I drowned?”

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“Kim won’t lie. If he’s still alive, and as soon as possible I’m going to find out, I’ll ask him to disappear so he can’t be questioned. He has a certain reputation, well deserved. He shouldn’t lose it over this.”

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Rachael turned her face away from him. “I liked him. I liked him more than I liked the others. I don’t think those bandits were there to kidnap us for ransom. I think they were paid a great deal of money to find me.”

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Rio shook his head. “I can’t see anyone hating you so much.”

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“I didn’t say he hated me.”

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He felt the blow in his gut, the dark spread of jealousy, the dangerous traits of his animal side. He wasn’t going to let passion rule him, it was far too risky. He had a life now, one he enjoyed. One he could live with. Rachael was not going to ruin it for him.

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The wind shifted, touching their faces with droplets of water. Rio immediately leaned over her, protecting her from the rain until the wind settled again. “Bandits are common in these parts. All up and down the river. Not just here but nearly all the countries where the forest and river make it easier to disappear. Indochina, Malaysia, the Philippines, Thailand, all of them. This isn’t a unique situation, or even unexpected. Didn’t they warn you there was danger?” He kept his voice low, even. Nothing would betray the smoldering anger stirring in his belly. She didn’t belong to him. And she was never going to belong to him.

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“The odds seemed in our favor.”

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"I see it all the time. You should have stayed home, Rachael. You should have gone to the police."

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"Not everyone has options, Rio. I did the best I could in the circumstances. I won't stay here, just long enough to heal my leg."

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"Do you think it's going to happen overnight?"

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His voice was low, almost sensual it was so velvet soft, but she had to blink back tears. She brought danger with her whether he wanted to believe it or not. She wanted to think she could walk away, keep him safe, but she knew he was right. She didn't want the reality of her life anymore. If she were desperate enough to dare the raging river, surely he could see she needed a space of time where she could pretend she was safe.

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The forest called to her, a dark sanctuary capable of hiding all kinds of secrets. Why not her? The foliage and creeper vines hid his entire home, cradled high in the branches of a tree. There had to be a way to disappear in the rain forest. "Rio, I know you're here because you're hiding from the world. Can't you teach me how to live here? There has to be a place for me."

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"I was born here. The forest is my home and it always will be. I can't breathe in the city. I have no desire to live and work there. I don't want television or movies. I go in, get my books and I'm a happy man. A woman like you can't live here."

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"Like me?" She turned the full power of her dark eyes on him. "A woman like me? What kind of woman am I, Rio? I'd like to hear your analysis because you use that term a lot. A woman like me."

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Rio turned his head, amusement and even admiration welling up out of nowhere. There was a bite to her voice, a distinctly feminine challenge. She was sitting on his front porch wrapped in his shirt, her bare thigh pressed against his leg, an infection ravaging her body and the jungle creeping close, and she could still manage to act perfectly at home and even annoyed with him.

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At home with him. At ease, as if they had known one another for all time.

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A bird screeched a warning, high up in the canopy. Monkeys sounded a call for complete vigilance. Movement in the forest ceased. There was a sudden, unnatural silence. Only the rain fell steadily. Rio was on his feet instantly, moving back into the shadows, lifting his face to the wind, sniffing the air as if scenting for enemies. He snapped his fingers, crouching low as the two clouded leopards padded silently onto the verandah, coming quickly from the house as if summoned. One lifted its lip, bared its teeth in a silent snarl. Rio hunkered down, his movement slow and careful so as not to draw attention, circled both cat's necks with his arms, his fingers massaging the fur as he whispered to them. When he stepped away, the two small leopards took to the trees.

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Rio lifted Rachael into his arms. Again his movements were unhurried, very slow. “Don’t make a sound. Not a sound, Rachael.” His lips were pressed against her ear, sending a small shiver down her spine. He moved with ease inside to place her back on the bed. Pressed as close as she was to his body, she felt him trembling, something moving against his skin, pushing against hers. It made her itch for a moment. His hands were gentle as he pulled the cover around her but she felt the tug of something sharp along her skin, as if something scratched her.

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Catching her face in his hands he stared into her eyes. “I need to know you know what you’re doing right now. I’m better out there,” he waved toward the open door. “I’m of more use to us out there. You can’t have a light, Rachael, it will just give away your position. You’ll have to make do in the dark and I’ll give you a gun, but you have to stay alert. Can you do that?”

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Rio’s voice was a mere thread of sound. Rachael stared up at him, trapped in the ferocity of his gaze. His eyes were different, more yellow than green, pupils dilated and staring. A haunting, eerie, never-to-be-forgotten stare of a wild animal on the hunt. Her heart began to pound. “Rachael, answer me. I need to know.” A flicker of worry crept into the wildness in his eyes. His expression was grim. “Someone’s here.”

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There was something entirely different about his eyes. She wasn’t mistaken. His eyes were enormous, wide, staring, an eerie calm about them, a dangerous intensity. His pupils, very round, were nearly three times as large as she thought a human eye would open, allowing him to see in the dark night. She moistened her dry lips with the tip of her tongue. Rio never blinked. Never moved his gaze from her face. His eyes looked like marble or glass, all-seeing, all-knowing, a strange haunting, yet beautiful glow to them. “You must have excellent night vision.” The words squeaked out. Silly.

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Rachael felt like a frightened child. She had a real enemy. She didn’t need to be making up supernatural beings and scaring herself. She straightened her shoulders, determined to recover. “I think they’ve found me, Rio. They’ll hurt you if you’re with me, it won’t matter that you don’t know anything.”

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“It could be anything, but we definitely have an intruder. I need to know you’re all right, Rachael. I don’t want to come back in here and find you shot yourself by accident. And I don’t want you trying to shoot me.”

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“Go, I’m fine. I’m not having any trouble seeing.” And she wasn’t. She had never had particularly great night vision, yet she seemed to be able to see much more clearly than before. Or maybe she was just getting used to the dim lighting in the forest. She only had one good hand and it was trembling badly, so she thrust it beneath the covers. Rachael wasn’t about to whine about feeling sick to her stomach from the wrenching pain of movement, not when he was going out alone to face an intruder.

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He checked the gun, put it on the bed beside her. His palm slipped across her forehead. Her skin was hot to the touch. “Stay focused, Rachael.”

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Rio was reluctant to leave her. Something told him he was replaying an old scene. He had a memory of touching her, her hair sliding through his fingers as he went into the night to hunt for an enemy. And when he returned . . . Something gripped his heart in a vise. “Rachael, be here when I get back. Stay alive for me.” He had no idea why he said it. He had no idea why he felt it, but it was an overwhelming need to warn her. Something terrible had happened, or maybe was about to happen, nothing really made sense to him anymore. There seemed to be memories in his head of Rachael that shouldn’t be there.

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“Good hunting, Rio. May all the magic of the forest be with you and may fortune be your companion as you travel.” The words came out of her mouth, were said in her voice, but Rachael had no real idea where they came from. She knew instinctively she was reciting formal ritual words, but she didn’t know what ritual or how she knew the words, only that she’d said them before.

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Rachael wiped a hand over her face in an effort to wipe away things she didn’t understand. “I’ll be fine. I can handle a gun, I have before. Just be careful.”

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Rio stared into her eyes for a long moment, afraid to take his gaze from her, afraid when he returned she’d be gone . . . or he’d find her dead, her body desperately attempting to protect their son. . . . He jerked his head back, a ferocious rage and a terrible sorrow blending together into a roiling ball of emotions impossible to understand. “Stay alive, Rachael,” he repeated abruptly. A command. A plea. He forced himself to turn away from her and slip outside.

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The change was already taking place in his heart and mind, the dangerous animal in him bursting free, fur rippling along his arms and legs, his body bending, contorting, muscles stretching and lengthening. He embraced the change, his chosen way of life, accepting the power and strength of the leopard in him, allowing it free rein there in the security of his territory. Rio stretched his arms, fingers splayed wide as his knuckles curved and claws scraped the floor of the verandah, then retracted.

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The leopard was large. It sat in absolute stillness, head lifted to scent the wind. The many whiskers acted like radar, picking up every detail of the world around him. Ropes of muscle rippled with power and strength as the animal crouched and leapt for a large branch that curved upward and away from the house. The animal moved with the wind, high under cover of the canopy. Once the leopard looked back toward the house, noted the many streamers of creeper vines and the large lacy foliage that shielded the house from prying eyes. In the darkness, it would be nearly impossible to spot unless one knew of its existence.

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The forest was alive with information, from the hum of insects and the warning cry of a bird. Rio moved quickly and silently along the wide branches, staying low, claws digging into wood as he climbed, retracting as he padded through foliage, careful not to disturb the leaves. The smaller of the two clouded leopards emerged from the heavy mist, lips drawn back in a snarl. Rio went perfectly still, crouching low, his head lifted to scent the wind.

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The intruder was not human. At once the fierce temper of the leopard rose and spread with the violence of a volcano. Rio accepted the rage and ferocity, channeled it deep in the heart of the beast. He moved with greater caution, knowing he was being stalked, knowing one of his own kind had chosen to betray him. His lip lifted in a silent snarl, revealing large canines. Ears flat, the leopard began a slow freeze-frame stalk through the lush vegetation high above the forest floor. The wind carried the scent of his treacherous rival, pinpointing the location only yards from Rio.

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Rio crept across a large branch far above the spotted leopard. It was male and large. The animal swung its head alertly, looking suspiciously into the tree where Rio crouched motionless. At once, Franz, concealed some distance away in heavy shrubbery, deliberately stepped on a small twig, snapping it in half. The sound was loud in the silence of the forest.

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The spotted leopard stilled, sank down, staring alertly in the direction of the smaller clouded leopard. Rio took the opportunity to move closer, a silent, stealthy approach. Franz had risked his life. The larger leopard would kill him easily should it find the clouded leopard. And the larger, spotted leopard was definitely in hunting mode.

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Rio moved like fluid over the tree branch, sprang silently to the branch below him, froze when the spotted leopard lifted its head to scent the wind. Fritz, several hundred yards farther from Franz, let out a low moaning cry that was carried on the wind through the interior of the forest. The spotted leopard crouched low, drawing back its lips, ears flat and tail low, in position for an attack, staring intently toward the sound.

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Rio launched himself, springing agilely from above. The spotted leopard twisted at the last moment, sideswiping with a huge claw, raking Rio’s side but not entirely avoiding the deadly puncture of canines as Rio went for his throat.

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Immediately the forest came alive with the sounds of battle, monkeys shrieking, birds taking to the air, flying fox leaping from tree to tree as the two large cats erupted into teeth and claws, rolling and ripping on the forest floor. Where there had been silence, there was now chaos, animals screaming warnings to one another as the deadly battle raged on. An orangutan, nestled for the night in his bed in the tree branches, threw a handful of leaves in disgust at the two cats as they snarled and fought in a dangerous ballet of sharpened claws and piercing teeth.

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The leopards used their weight, contorting in nearly impossible positions, bending spines and whirling around, springing into the air and lunging for throats. The battle was brief, but fierce, the snarling, ferocious roars and grunts reverberating through the trees, straight up the canopy to the ominous rain clouds overhead. The clouds answered, pouring rain down. Although the drops barely made it through the thick canopy, it was enough to quiet the shrieking monkeys and settle the birds back under cover.

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The spotted leopard rolled to break Rio's hold, racing away, taking to the branches and moving quickly along the overhead highway to escape. Deliberately the angry cat went toward the last location of the smaller, clouded leopard. Rio gave chase, sending out a warning cough, but the spotted leopard was on Fritz, grabbing for the neck with wicked teeth, shaking the smaller cat viciously. He dropped it onto the ground below and took off just as Rio launched another attack. Claws raked the spotted leopard's hindquarters. His yowl of pain sent the birds skittering again, but he kept going, digging into the branches with his claws to pull away.

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Rio dropped quickly to the ground to assess the damage to Fritz. The larger spotted leopard had delivered a grave injury, but left the smaller cat alive. Rio hissed an angry warning. He had to fight his own nature, the need to go after fleeing prey. Fight back the temper smoldering in his gut, red-hot and demanding revenge.

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There was no doubt in his mind he had faced one of his own kind, a cunning, intelligent mixture of leopard and man. This one had come to kill him. Rio knew most of his people; there were few left in the forest. Many were scattered in other countries and some chose to live as humans in the cities, but most were known to one another. Rio did not recognize the scent of his stalker, but he recognized the intelligence of the decision not to kill the clouded leopard in a fit of temper. The attack had been cold-blooded and well thought out in the short time available. The spotted leopard knew Rio would never leave the dangerously injured cat to track him. And that told Rio something else. His stalker knew he traveled with the two clouded leopards.

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He looked cautiously around, making certain to scent the wind. His cough was a demand to the tree dwellers for information. The cry came from the troupe of monkeys overhead. Rio reached for his human form, allowed the pain to engulf him as ropes of muscle and sinew contorted, contracted and stretched. He crouched beside the clouded leopard, assessing the damage to the animal. The puncture wounds were deep. He clamped his hand over the holes and applied pressure, murmuring reassurances as he did so, ignoring the deep claw marks on his own skin.

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"Franz, stay alert," he ordered as he gathered Fritz into his arms. Rio had to keep pressure on the two puncture wounds as he raced through the forest, weaving his way between the trees, leaping over fallen logs, splashing through two small swollen streams, covering the uneven terrain as fast as he could. He was built much like a leopard with muscles meant for carrying large prey. He didn't feel the burden of the clouded leopard, but in his human form, his skin was not nearly as tough as in his animal form and the forest tore up his flesh as he rushed through it.

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Rio leapt upon the wide low-hanging branch leading to his home with the ease of long practice and, balancing carefully, made his way along the maze of branches until he gained the verandah. He called out to warn Rachael, hoping she wouldn't shoot him as he shoved open the door with his hip. Fritz, nestled so close to him, turned his head to look up at him in silent fear. The small leopard's sides were heaving, straining for air, too much blood matting his fur.

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Rachael gasped, thrusting the gun beneath the pillow. “What happened? What can I do?” Rio’s face was a dangerous mask, fierce, warriorlike, his eyes alive with anger. He turned the full power of his unblinking stare on her, assessing her condition. Rachael met his piercing gaze steadily. “Really, Rio, let me help you.”

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He immediately switched directions, bringing the injured animal to the bed. “Can you sit up all the way by yourself?”

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Rachael didn’t bother with speech. She simply showed him, making certain to keep her expression serene when her heart was pounding and pain made her sick. She’d had enough practice hiding fear. The cat was badly injured and therefore far more dangerous than in its normal state. Her mouth went dry as he placed the animal in her lap and guided, first one hand, then the other to the puncture wounds. Rachael found herself with a fifty-pound leopard in her lap and her hands pressing into its neck covered in blood.

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Rio lit the lamp and brought his surgical supplies to the bed, kneeling down close to the animal’s head. “Be still, Fritz,” he murmured, “I know it hurts, but we’ll get you fixed up.” He didn’t look at Rachael, but worked on the animal, his hands gentle, steady and very sure.

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His head was bent, dark hair spilling around his face. There was sweat and blood on his skin, and he smelled wild and of wet fur. His face could have been carved from stone as he worked to save the cat. “These are deep puncture wounds, much like your leg. I sutured the lacerations on your leg but left the punctures to drain. I’ll have to do the same with Fritz. The best I can do is clean the wounds thoroughly, give him antibiotics and hope they don’t abscess. If they do, I’ll have to put in drains.”

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As Rio worked on cleansing the puncture site, Fritz opened his mouth, exposing his long, wicked canines, and yowled horribly. Rachael took a deep breath and kept her gaze locked on Rio, on his face rather than on his hands, afraid if she looked at the cat’s teeth she would do a little screaming herself.

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Franz answered Fritz, pacing anxiously back and forth in agitation. Without warning, he suddenly leapt onto the bed, nearly crushing Rachael’s legs. Pain rushed through her body, took her breath and forced a small, strangled cry from her throat. For a moment the room spun, tilted, went black.

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“Rachael!” Rio’s voice was sharp, compelling, calling her back. Rio’s arm swept Franz from the bed. “Stay the hell down,” he snarled, his voice rumbling with menace.

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To Rachael’s surprise, her hands were still in Fritz’s fur. She applied more pressure as she shook her head. “I’m sorry, I wasn’t expecting him to do that.”

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“You’re doing fine,” he said. “Can you go on?”

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“If you can, I can,” she answered.

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He looked at her then with his vivid green eyes, something she couldn't quite name swirling in the darker depths. His gaze drifted over her face, almost as if he were drawing strength from just looking at her. He turned his attention back to the cat.

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Rachael let out her breath slowly, fighting down the bile rising in her throat from the throbbing pain in her leg. She would do anything to see that look on his face. A sharing. A connection. She listened to the sound of his voice as he talked softly to the cat, reassuring it as he stitched the deep wound. She found herself stroking the fur with her free hand as the animal trembled, but stayed still for Rio's ministrations.

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Rachael waited until Rio was working on the second puncture wound. "How did this happen?"

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"There was a big, spotted leopard, a male, in the forest. He attacked Fritz. Fortunately he dropped him without crushing the windpipe."

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She looked at the deep angry scratches on Rio's body. "You went up against a leopard trying to kill your pet?"

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Swift impatience crossed his face. "I told you, Fritz and Franz are not pets. They're my friends. I didn't save Fritz, he was trying to protect me and he put himself in harm's way."

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Rachael bent over the animal in her lap, examining the chunk missing from the ear. "So this one is Fritz?"

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He nodded as he peered closely at his work. "This puncture wound is not as deep as the other one. I'm going to give him something for the infection. The leopard did this deliberately."

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"Why?" She didn't look at him when she asked. Rio had bitten the words out between his strong teeth, almost as if he said them without thought, angry at the leopard for hurting the smaller cat. She sensed that Rio was on the verge of telling her something very important.

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Rio glanced at her. "I think he was hunting for one of us. I just am not certain which. At first I thought it was me, but now I'm not so sure."

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She heard the thud of her heart and counted the beats. It was a trick she often used when she was in a dangerous situation and wanted to appear calm or when she needed more information and didn't want to react too fast. Something inside her went very still when he turned his direct, piercing gaze on her. There was something there she couldn't quite read. A swirling dangerous mixture of beast and man. Rachael knew cats' eyes contained a layer of reflective tissue behind each retina which allowed them to concentrate all possible light during the darkest nights, or in the darkest forest. Called thetapetum lucidum, the membrane acted like a mirror, allowing the light to bounce back through the retina a second time for maximum ability to see. The membrane also reflected light back in iridescent colors of yellow-green and red, both of which Rachael had observed in Rio and in the clouded leopards.

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"Why would a leopard be hunting one or the other of us, Rio?" she prompted. It didn't make sense that the large cat would care which of them he killed and ate.

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There was a long silence broken only by the sounds of the moaning wind, the steady fall of rain, Franz pacing back and forth in agitation. Rachael was certain Rio could hear the pounding of her heart.

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"I don't think he was a leopard as you know a leopard. I think he was a different species altogether." Rio's voice blended into the night, held secrets and shadows she didn't want to examine.

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Rachael didn't voice the protest welling up in her. She was certain Rio wasn't being melodramatic. She didn't think he was capable of drama for drama's sake. "I'm sorry, I'm not certain exactly what you're saying? A new species of leopard here in the rain forest that hasn't been discovered? Or a genetically engineered species?"

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"A species that's been around for thousands of years."

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She rubbed the clouded leopard's ears. "How are they different?"

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He looked at her then, turning the full focus of his strange eyes on her. "They are not animal, yet not human. They're both, yet neither."

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Rachael went very still, pulled her gaze from the power of his, her mind racing with possibilities. "A long time ago, when I was a little girl, my mother told me a story about a species of leopards. Well, not leopards, they were a species able to shift into the form of a leopard, or large cat. They had some of the attributes of the leopard, but also attributes of humans and of their own species, sort of a three-way mixture. I've never heard anyone else ever mention them until now. Is that what you mean?"

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Few things shocked Rio anymore, but his hands stopped in midair and he stared at her. "How would your mother have heard of the leopard people? Few people, outside the species, know of their existence."

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"Do you realize what you're saying, Rio? That there is such a species? I thought it was simply a story my mother liked to tell me at night when we were alone together. She always told me tales of the leopard people when I went to bed." She frowned, trying to remember the old stories from her childhood. "She didn't call them leopard people, there was another name."

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Rio stiffened, his brilliant gaze slashing at her face. "What did she call them?"

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The name eluded her as hard as she tried to remember. "I was a child, Rio. I was only a young girl when she died and we went to live with . . ." She trailed off, shrugging her shoulders. "It doesn't matter. Are you saying there's a possibility that the species exists? And if it does, why would one of them want to harm you? Or me for that matter?"

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“I’m on a hit list, Rachael. I’ve stirred up the bandits a few times, taking back what doesn’t belong to them and costing them a lot of money. They don’t like it and they want me dead.” He shrugged his shoulders and patted the cat, straightening tiredly. “Hold him a couple more minutes while I fix a bed for him.”

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“And I’ve made it worse for you by coming here, haven’t I?”

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“A hit list is a hit list, Rachael. I don’t think anything makes it worse, I’m already on it. If they track you to me, we’ll move. They aren’t going to best me here in the forest. They prefer the river, not the interior. And I have a few people who will help out if needed. I know all the local tribesmen and they know me. I’ll hear if they enter the forest.” He doused the light, plunging the room back into darkness.

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“But not if one of these leopard people is working with them,” she guessed, blinking rapidly to adjust to the change in lighting. The moon was trying valiantly to shed light in spite of the clouds and the heavy canopy of foliage, but it was a mere sliver and far away. “And if the species does exist, why haven’t they been discovered yet? They’d have to be highly intelligent.”

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“And cool under fire—cunning, careful. Burn their dead in the hottest fires possible. Find remains of any who died by accident. Band together to retrieve a body if one is taken by a hunter. The society would have to be a superior one, dependent on one another and highly skilled and secretive.”

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“Like you.” She couldn’t get the picture of his face changing, rushing at her with the muzzle and teeth of a fully grown male leopard out of her head.

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He returned to the bed, towering over her, his vivid green eyes moving over her face. “Like me,” he agreed. Rio bent and scooped up the fifty-pound clouded leopard, cradling it close to his chest.

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Rachael’s fingers curled in the bedcover. Was it possible? Was it her fevered imagination or was Rio able to shift into the form of a leopard? She looked at him crouched down beside the cat, streaks of blood on his back and sides, down the columns of his thighs, and a tear up near his neck. She didn’t care what he was. It didn’t matter to her, not when he was petting the injured cat and murmuring soft nonsense to it.

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Rachael swallowed the tight knot of fear blocking her throat. “You’re bleeding, Rio. Come here to me. How badly are you hurt?”

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Rio stood up and turned around to look at her. There was genuine concern in her voice, in the dark depths of her eyes. Her compassion touched him somewhere deep inside, somewhere he wanted to forget existed. She shook his control, and that was more dangerous than she could possibly understand. Rio shrugged his shoulders. “It’s no big deal, a few scratches.”

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Rachael studied him as he padded across the floor on bare feet. There was a slight stiffness to his normal graceful, sinuous walk. The scratches looked deep and ugly and she thought there was more than one puncture wound. “You always take care of everything and everybody before you take care of yourself. You fought that leopard, didn’t you? You didn’t have a gun with you. I doubt you had a knife. What did you do? Fight it with your bare hands?”

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Rio dragged out the medical kit and began dousing the angry looking wounds with burning liquid. Rachael sighed softly, feeling helpless. He looked tired and out of sorts and she knew the gashes had to hurt. He didn’t respond to her comments, but she was certain she was right. He had to have been involved in a vicious fight with a cat of some kind without a weapon. And it couldn’t have been a small cat. She bit down on her lip to keep her mouth closed, determined not to aggravate him with questions.

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He bent to duck his head over the tub he used as a sink and poured water over his hair. He was breathtaking, there in the dark with just the sliver of moonlight falling across him. His hair gleamed liked silken webs. Shadows from the heavy foliage stirred by the wind threw the broad outline of his back and buttocks into sharp relief and then just as quickly covered him from her sight as he washed himself. As he straightened and half turned toward her, his eyes caught the reflection of light from the moon and glowed an eerie red. The eyes of a predator. The eyes of a leopard.

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Rachael held her breath and made every effort to keep the wild pounding of her heart under control. It wasn’t just his strange eyes that could frighten her; he always carried a dangerous, untamed look about him. She was certain she was right about his eyes being different, more like a cat’s. He took a step toward the bed and she could see him more clearly, see the weariness and pain etched into his face. Immediately fear was swept aside in her concern for him.

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“Rio, come to bed.”

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He studied her expression. Soft. Inviting. Temptation. Her mouth was sinful. He had more than his share of fantasies about her mouth. Her lush body, so soft and warm and perfect for his, was an invitation he couldn’t ignore much longer. The longer she stayed in his home, the more she belonged there. “Damn it, Rachael, I’m not a saint.” His voice was harsh, deliberately challenging. He was so edgy and moody he wanted a fight with her. He wanted to go back into the jungle and sulk far away from her. If his obsession with her continued to grow, he didn’t know what he was going to do.

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Rachael did the unexpected like she always did. She burst out laughing, the sound carefree, not in the least bit frightened. “You have no worries, Rio, I am not about to mistake you for one.”

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“Well why the hell are you looking at me like that then? Don’t you have any idea how vulnerable you are right now?”

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“I think you’re the one who’s vulnerable, Rio, not me. Come to bed and stop acting so macho. You can put on your he-man face in the morning and I’ll do my best to act afraid if that’s what you need, but right now, you need sleep. Not sex, sleep.”

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“You think I need sleep,” he groused, but obediently slid into the bed beside her. She was warm and soft and everything he knew she’d be. Rio wrapped his arms around her, fit his body around hers, snuggling his heavy erection tightly against the cradle of her hips, his head against the soft swell of her breast.

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“I know you need sleep. Just lay it down for a while. If you’re worried about someone sneaking up on you, I’ll watch over you.” She could feel the silk of his hair, damp from washing, teasing her nipple. Rachael wrapped her arms around his head, cradled him to her, her fingers woven in the thick mass of hair.

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“I should check your leg after that idiot cat jumped on it.”

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His breath was warm against her breast. She felt desire pierce her like a sword. “Go to sleep, Rio, we can check it in the morning.” For the rest of the night, she would pretend he belonged to her. Her own gentle warrior, fresh from battle, a mixture of danger and tenderness she found impossible to resist.

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Six

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Rio woke before dawn. It was his favorite time of day. He loved tobury his face against Rachael’s warm breasts and just listen to the soft cries of the early morning birds and the continual symphony of the forest while he held her to him. He felt more alive, more complete in those moments just before dawn, before the household stirred to life and the day’s demands were on him. Rachael breathed so softly, in and out, warm and welcoming, her flesh a lush invitation to paradise. He knew every line, every hollow. Her body was etched deeply into his memory. He knew her form better than she knew it, and he knew every way to please her.

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Rio smiled and buried his face in the valley between her breasts just to inhale her scent. She always seemed to smell of flowers. He was certain it was the soaps and shampoo she made from the petals and herbs in the forest. His tongue swirled over her nipple, a lazy, leisurely movement. Life was perfect at dawn. He breathed her in. His Rachael. His world. There in their secret world with the light filtering in through the high canopy, Rio found strength and passion and everything he would ever need to exist and live.

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He nuzzled her breast, swirled his tongue over her tempting nipple a second time and drew soft flesh into his mouth, suckling gently. Rachael stirred, shifted to bring her body more aligned with his, to arch her back a little more to offer her breasts while her arms crept around his head to cradle him close. He loved her reaction, that first drowsy offering of her body to him. He knew when he plunged his finger deep inside her to test her readiness, she would already be hot and wet and welcoming.

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Making love to Rachael was always an adventure. They would be so tender together it would bring tears to his eyes, or they would be rough and wild and totally uninhibited. Rachael would rake his back, dig her nails into his flesh or ride him with wild abandon. Sometimes he spent an hour just loving on her, feasting on her. Her body was so familiar to him, yet he was full and hard and bursting to be inside her, so eager his body was painful. Like the first time. Like each and every time he touched her.

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His hands moved over her body, warm, soft flesh, tantalizing, tempting, a delight he could hardly believe was his. He lifted his face to hers, fastened his mouth on hers, a hard, possessive kiss that took their breath so that they had to exchange air while the world rocked around them. Her mouth was hot and sweet and achingly familiar.

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For just a moment, there in the dawn when it didn't matter, when he didn't have to have a veneer of civilization, he always allowed his wild nature to rise. Possession, jealousy, a dark predatory need to claim Rachael for his own rose up as it always did. The beast, always so close to the surface, rose with him, untamed and roaring for her, wanting her with every fiber of his being. His skin itched as he tasted her acceptance of him, ropes of muscles contracting as he dragged her closer, his thigh moving over hers to pin her beneath him. It never bothered her when the beast was so close to the surface, even if she felt the brush of fur on her sensitized skin. She always accepted him, always wanted him, always welcomed him.

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She laughed softly into his mouth as he devoured her, fed on her, kissing her over and over without restraint. He wanted her so much, wanted to be buried deep inside her where he belonged, where the world was always right. He wrapped his arms around her while her hands explored the muscles over his chest. There was possession in her touch as she skimmed his belly and found the hard length of his erection. She closed her fist over him tightly and he gasped with the pleasure and the pain of it.

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"I want to taste you this morning," he whispered. "I can't wait to feel you squirming the way you do, your fist yanking at my hair, telling me to hurry, hurry, hurry." He kissed her chin, her throat, the soft swell of her breast.

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"Oh really." Her voice was a teasing lilt. "And here I thought I was going to drive you out of your mind this morning. Can't you just imagine being in my mouth? I think it's my turn, we were rudely interrupted last time."

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Her fingers danced over him, the way only Rachael could do, teasing and stroking, small caresses designed to drive him mad. If she took him in her mouth he was going to explode, a heady, wild eruption that would make her laugh and demand satisfaction. He knew her so well, yet not at all. Rachael—his lady, his reason for existing.

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He shifted his weight and dragged her body beneath his, his knee sliding between her legs with expert precision, opening her beckoning heat to him. He settled over her, into her, pressing against her tight opening, already anticipating the pleasure he would give her. He moved away from the

temptation, sliding down, his tongue swirling in her sexy belly button, his teeth nipping at her flat stomach. His thigh pressed against hers in demand, shifting her leg to the side.

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Rachael screamed, a cry of terrible unrelenting pain, curling up in the fetal position, curling away from him. Her cry set the monkeys in the trees chattering and the birds scolding. She choked off the sound quickly, breathing deeply to regain control.

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Rio's perfect world shattered. "What the hell am I doing? Damn it, just damn it." Groaning, he rolled off her onto his back, both hands covering his face. "I'm sorry, Rachael, damn it, I'm really sorry. I don't know what happened. I swear, for a minute, I was someone else. Or you were someone else, or we were the same but different. Hell! I don't know what I'm saying." He pulled his hands from his face and looked at her, his expression grim. "Are you all right?"

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To his shock, Rachael turned back, gingerly, carefully, and tunneled her fingers in his hair. "I don't break, Rio. I could have said no to you. For a moment there, I was someone else too. I knew you intimately, belonged with you and had for a long time. I was so comfortable, so complete. I think I would have been very happy to be that other person, but my leg changed my mind for me. I'm the one who's sorry."

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"I frightened you."

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She tugged at his hair and the gesture was strangely familiar. "Did I seem frightened to you? I thought I was very cooperative. My leg hurts when I move, otherwise, I would have been all over you."

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He rolled onto his side, propping his head up with his hand. "Why, Rachael? Are you afraid to say no to me?" He couldn't quite get his breathing under control and his body was hard and painful and aching. More than anything he wanted to kiss her again, wanted her body to belong to him. Wanted her to belong to him. "I know you must feel vulnerable alone with me like this, especially injured, but I swear, I don't force myself on women."

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"Rio, you're being silly. We're physically attracted to each other. I've been staring at your body for days now. How could I not be attracted? If you tried to force yourself on me and I wasn't in the least receptive, I would have hit you over the head with something." She grinned at him. "And you already know I'm perfectly capable of it. At the moment my leg is injured and you can't tell, but I have had a bit of self-defense training. You were very vulnerable there for a time in your . . . er . . . aroused state. Bad leg or no, I could have managed to injure you."

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"When I'm with you. . ." Rio struggled to find the right words. "It's as if I've always been with you, as if I've always known you, as if I've always made love to you. I swear sometimes it's difficult for me to tell the difference between what's real and my imagination. It's crazy."

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He leaned into her, close, so that the tips of her breasts pushed against his chest. Immediately the feeling was familiar, perfect—a coming home. He

sighed. “I’m not used to being around people for any length of time, it makes me uncomfortable, but with you, I can’t imagine you not being with me.” His hands framed her face. “I want you so bad I can taste you in my mouth. I know exactly what you’re going to feel like when I’m inside you.” His fingertips slipped down her neck, over her shoulders to trace the swell of her breasts. “I know your shape, every curve, as if I have a map in my mind.”

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Rachael knew she was no thinking person when his hands were on her body, shaping her breasts, his thumbs sliding over her taut nipples sending bolts of lightning through her bloodstream. She wasn’t an ordinary woman with a chance at love. She could have a brief affair, but she would have to move on, leave him behind. Every moment she was with him endangered him.

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Her lashes hid the expression in her eyes from him, careful not to let him see the heat and fire his touch awakened in her. “I feel different. I have since I first came to the rain forest. I feel fully alive, as if something inside of me is trying to break free.” And she felt highly sexual. Ever since she had come to this house, this place, was near this man, in spite of the fever or maybe because of the fever, she was in a continual state of arousal. She burned for him, thought of him night and day, dreamed of him.

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“Rachael, you know the birthmark low on your hip? I knew it was there before I ever saw it. I know exactly how you like to be touched.” He sat up, pushed his hand through his hair in agitation, leaving it tousled and wild, as untamed as he. “How can I know those things?”

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She knew his likes and dislikes intimately too. Sometimes her fingers itched to stroke his chest, to run her fingertips down his flat belly. Teasing and caressing, her tongue swirling in the wake of her fingers until he cried out for mercy. She knew the exact note that would be in his voice, the husky ache in his tone. Just thinking of the need and hunger in his voice sent ripples of fire racing through her body.

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Rio sighed. “Let me take a look at your leg. Between the cat jumping on it and me hurting you, it probably needs a repair or two.” He looked at her, dark curly hair spilling around her face, lips slightly parted, almost in invitation. Her long lashes lifted and he was staring into her eyes, seeing her need. Seeing the same smoldering heat in her that burned so hotly in him. He swore under his breath and reached beneath the cover for her ankle, guiding her leg into the open.

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Rachael felt his fingers on her skin. There was a proprietary feeling to his grip. The pad of his thumb swept back and forth over her ankle in a small caress, each stroke sending flames dancing up her leg to the junction of her thighs. His hand slipped lower, over her foot, began a slow, heart-stopping massage.

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“It looks far better this morning, Rachael. No red streaks at all. It’s still very swollen and the two puncture sites are draining again. I’m going to take the dressing off and leave them open to drain.”

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She made a face. “How lovely. The sheet is going to be a mess.”

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“I have a couple of towels I can put under it.” His fingers tightened around her foot. “Rachael, I think we’re out of the woods and we’ve saved the leg, but it’s going to scar. I tried to repair the damage, but. . .” He trailed off, the pressure of his grip hard enough to reveal his distress at his inadequacy without actual words.

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Rachael shrugged. “I wasn’t worried about scars, Rio. Thank you for what you did. It doesn’t matter to me.”

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“Not right now, but when you’re back in your world, dancing in a slinky dress, it may make a difference.” He forced himself to say it, to think it. At once the beast rose up, fighting for control, fur threatening to burst through his skin. Wickedly sharp teeth pushing at his jaw to make room. Even his fingers curved, the stiletto-sharp claws threatening to burst out the ends.

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“I can’t ever go back, Rio,” Rachael said firmly. “I don’t want to go back. There’s nothing but death there for me. I was never happy in that world. I’d like to try here, where I feel alive, where I feel close to my mother again. It was her stories that made me come to this place. When she spoke of the rain forest, she made me feel as if I were in it, sensing its sounds and smells and beauty. I felt as if I’d walked in it, long before I ever came here.”

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“This isn’t a lark for some rich woman’s fantasy,” he said, abruptly standing. With the same casual immodesty he pulled on a pair of jeans. “There aren’t stores here, Rachael. There are cobras and wild animals that will hunt and eat you.”

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“Someone managed to put a cobra in my locked room before we traveled on the river,” she said. It was hard not to stare at him, not to see the play of his muscles beneath his skin. She could see the scars covering his body. Many of them were obviously from large cats. But there were scars from knives and bullets and other weapons she couldn’t hope to identify.

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His head snapped around, his hands stilled on the buttons of his jeans. “Are you certain the thing didn’t get into your room on its own, Rachael?”

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She shook her head. “No, the room was locked up tight. I made sure of it. I really prepared for this trip, Rio. I knew about the snakes and other unpleasant and poisonous crawly things. I took precautions.”

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Rio reached for her. “Let me help you to the bathroom.”

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“I think I can make it on my own,” Rachael said.

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He paid no attention to her protest, simply reached down and scooped her into his arms, striding into the tiny closet-sized room used for privacy. It was a primitive method, but at least Rachael had privacy. He left her alone while he went about heating water for coffee.

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Rachael leaned against the wall, holding on to keep from falling on her face. She was surprised how weak she was. The infection left her shaky. She wasn't certain she could hop her way across the floor back to the bed, let alone make it outside to the verandah as she had planned. She needed a respite from Rio's untamed masculine allure. She had no way to combat his magnetic sorcery when she was so close to him. She couldn't stop staring at him, the fluid way he walked, the way his roped muscles rippled so obviously, the temptation of his mouth, the brilliance of his vivid gaze, so often hot with hunger and need when it rested on her.

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She sighed as she drew aside the curtain and found him waiting. She should have known he would be right there when she needed him. No matter what he was doing he always heard everything, saw everything, was aware of everything.

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When he leaned down to lift her into his arms, his face brushed against her mop of unruly curls. She felt the warmth of his breath, the heat of his skin, the faintest touch of his lips skimming her temple. Rachael closed her eyes against the rush of desire. "You can't do that, Rio. I'm not that strong."

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"I can't help myself, Rachael." He cradled her against his bare chest, rubbing his chin on the top of her head. "When I'm this close to you, my body and my heart tell me you're mine. I think my brain just shuts down."

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She circled his neck with her arms, thinking her brain might be shutting down too. "I guess that's a good enough excuse. I'm willing to use it if you are." She lifted her mouth to his, the aggressor this time, biting down on his lower lip, tugging until he opened his mouth to her. Her tongue tangled with his, danced and teased, stroked and caressed. A perfect match.

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The world dropped away until there was only the silken heat of his mouth, the strength of his arms, the feel of his bare chest pressed against her. She buried her hands in his hair, held the back of his head tightly to prevent him from pulling away. They fed off each other, kiss after kiss, so hungry for one another they couldn't stop.

□□□

Franz yowled. Just once, but it was enough. Rio stiffened, lifted his head, listening to the sounds of the forest. He swore softly and pressed his forehead against hers, breathing deeply to regain control.

□□□

Rachael's fingers twisted deeper into his hair. "What is it? What do you hear?" She didn't care about her breathing. She didn't want to stop kissing him, not now, not ever. Her body was already in meltdown and she wanted relief.

□□□

"Listen. Do you hear them talking? The birds? The monkeys? Even the insects are warning us."

□□□

Rachael tried to still her pounding heart, tried to control her wild breathing to listen. It took a few minutes to separate the sounds. Strangely, she could hear individual notes, could tell there was a whisper of information. "What does it mean?"

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"Someone is headed our way."

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"The leopard?" Her mouth went dry. Rio was serious. She listened again, much more closely this time. To her astonishment, she could hear the difference in the notes the birds sang, in the way the insects carried on—more hurried in their melodies. And the monkeys shrieked to one another. It took her a moment or two to realize the monkeys were also shrieking to Rio. "They're deliberately warning you."

□□□

He set her in the overstuffed chair away from the door. "I do them favors, they do me favors. It's not a leopard, someone human. Someone they're familiar with, they've seen before." His hands lingered on her shoulders, the nape of her neck, massaging the tension out of her rather absently.

□□□

Rachael pulled the edges of the shirt she was wearing together, noticing for the first time that the buttons were completely undone. She was becoming as bad as Rio at being immodest. She allowed her head to fall back against the chair, arching her back like a lazy cat, shifting a little to ease the steady pressure building in the core of her body. Exposed in the early morning air, her skin itched. She looked down and thought, for just one second, something ran beneath the surface, raising her skin slightly, just enough to be noticeable. Then it was gone, leaving her wondering if she were so in need of a man that she was having hallucinations.

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"Rachael, how did your mother come to hear of the leopard people and this place?" Reluctantly Rio allowed his hand to drop away from her neck as he went to the window and pushed aside the blanket to peer out.

□□□

"I don't know. To me her stories were just that, stories. I don't even know if I have the stories right, Rio. I probably filled in the blanks with my own versions. Does it matter? Do you really think there's truth in the stories? In the light of day it seems a little silly to think a man could be a leopard as well as a man. Or a mixture of both. What, the head and torso of a man and the body of a leopard?" She couldn't look at him without having the impression of a dangerous cat. Without thinking of the way his face had changed from a human warrior to that of a dangerous animal.

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"Does it? Here in the forest, it seems anything is possible. You have to have an open mind if you're going to make your home here." He stood with his back to her and wondered how he was going to let her go.

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A soft one-two note, much like a songbird, reached his ears. He turned back to her. "Rachael, Kim Pang is approaching the house."

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"That's not possible, he was on the other side of the river. It was already raging, and with the storms and so much rain, it can't have gone down this fast." Just like that her world was shattered, gone, and the running started again. The lies. She turned her face away from him, not wanting him to see the sheen of tears burning in her eyes. She knew the

day would come eventually. It made her angry that she never wanted to accept it, that she pretended she would find a home.

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"Kim is capable of getting across the river in the same manner I use." He searched for the right words to make her understand. "He's the closest thing I have to a friend outside my unit."

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Rachael shrugged. "It doesn't matter. Give me time to get dressed and get out of here. Go meet him before he gets here."

□□□

Something dangerous shifted inside him. "I don't think so, Rachael. You can't even walk on that leg. If you try running around the forest with those puncture wounds, believe me, you'll pick up another infection fast. Just sit there and let me work this out."

□□□

Rio's eyes had narrowed into that glassy, focused stare she associated with predatory hunting. There was a soft underlying growl to his voice that sent a chill down her spine and the hair on the back of her neck rising. Rachael turned her face away from him, biting down hard to keep from lashing out at him. She was good at keeping her expression serene, even in the worst of times, but she still had trouble controlling her runaway tongue. She didn't need nor want him to work her problems out. People stepping into her life tended to die way too young. She didn't want to carry the guilt of another death around, thank you very much. Rachael smoldered with a mixture of anger and fear, feeling vulnerable and helpless with the injury to her leg.

□□□

She was surprised at the intensity of her emotions. Her fingers even curled as if she wanted to rake and claw and scratch something. Or someone. The need burned in her, a startling discovery she wasn't very proud of. What was happening to her? Sometimes when she lay in bed with her leg throbbing, there was something stirring inside of her, a heat and need she put down to her admiration of Rio's anatomy.

□□□

Rachael swept a hand through her hair. She had a normal, healthy sex drive, but ever since she'd arrived, in spite of the terrible injury she suffered, need crawled through her body, an ever-present unrelenting ache that refused to go away. In the middle of pain and a life or death struggle, it seemed demeaning to her that she couldn't control such an urge. Worse than that was the edgy, violent mood swings, going from wanting to lash out at Rio to wanting to tear his clothes off.

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"Rachael? Where did you go?"

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"Obviously nowhere."

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"I'm going to call Kim in."

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"What does that mean?"

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"He's a tribesman, Rachael. He knows I'm on the bandits' hit list. He signaled to me who he was and he's waiting for an all-clear signal before he comes on in."

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“Do you have to give it to him?”

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“He’ll come in fighting if I don’t. I told you, he’s a friend.”

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“In case you haven’t noticed, I need clothes. I don’t want to sit around in your shirt and nothing else in front of your friends.” She was hastily buttoning up the front of the shirt, hiding her generous breasts from his view.

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Rio didn’t comment on the quarrelsome note in her voice. He simply pulled the blanket from the bed and tucked it around her. “Kim’s father is a medicine man, very good with herbs. He taught me quite a bit, but Kim knows far more than I. Hopefully he can help both you and Fritz.”

□□□

When she didn’t look up, Rio hunkered down beside her. “Rachael, look at me.” When she didn’t respond he caught her chin and forced her head up. The last thing he expected to see was heat and fire glittering in her dark eyes. Raw hunger stared back at him with an intensity that made him groan, push his brow into hers. “Don’t. I mean it, Rachael. You can’t look at me like that and expect me to function properly.”

□□□

She had the craziest desire, no need, to squirm and rub herself all over him, much like a feline. It was a heat wave rolling through her that shook her confidence. “If I could help it, do you think I’d be making such a fool out of myself?” Scratching his eyes out seemed a better alternative than rubbing her body against his at that moment. She let him see that too.

□□□

His face was inches from hers. He was catching fire from touching her skin, feeling the crackle of electricity arcing between them. Her eyes held a challenge he couldn’t resist. Rio caught the nape of her neck, cupped the back of her head and dragged her mouth to his. There was no resistance at all. She fused with him instantly. Hot. Electric. Wild for him. Climbing into his skin, wrapping herself around his heart so tightly he felt it like a vise. Devouring him just as eagerly as he was devouring her.

□□□

It was only because they had to come up for air that he found the strength to lift his head. Rachael buried her face against his throat. “This time it was my fault.” Her lips moved against his neck. Rio closed his eyes against the shimmering fire the brushing of her soft mouth sent through his body in strong waves. He had to find a way just to breathe. He doubted if air was going to get his brain functioning again.

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The soft one-two note was closer this time. “You just drove Kim right out of my head, Rachael.” He rubbed his face in the mass of thick curly hair.

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“It’s shocking how well you know how to kiss.”

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He couldn’t stop the silly grin that spread across his face. “Isn’t it though? I shocked myself.” The smile faded and he caught her chin again. “I’m not giving you up or betraying you, Rachael. I know Kim. He won’t endanger your life, not for any reason.”

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“Money talks, Rio. Almost everyone has a price.”

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“Kim lives simply, but more than that, he has a code of honor.”

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Rachael nodded. There wasn’t much else she could do. Rio was right in that she couldn’t very well run away with her leg torn up. “Answer him then.”

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Rio didn’t look away from her, but let out a singsong note that sounded to her exactly like the birds calling to one another just outside the walls of his home. She tucked his wild, shaggy hair behind his ear, allowing her fingertips to trail over his jaw, rub over his mouth. “I’m afraid.”

□□□

“I know. I can hear your heart beating.” He circled her wrist, his thumb sliding over her pulse. “There’s no need to be.”

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“It’s a great deal of money he’ll pay to get me back.”

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“Your husband?”

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She shook her head. “My brother.”

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His hand went to his heart, as if she’d stabbed him. Almost at once his face closed down. He drew air into his lungs, let it out. There was a watchfulness in his eyes, a suspicion that hadn’t been there before. “Your brother.”

□□□

“You don’t have to believe me.” Rachael pulled away from him, leaned back in the chair and pulled the cover closer around her. The humidity was high, even with the wind blowing. Where Rio had pulled the covering away from the window, she could see thick mist curling around the foliage and creepers surrounding the house. “I shouldn’t have told you.”

□□□

“Why would your brother want to have you killed, Rachael?”

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“You make me tired. It does happen, Rio. Maybe not in your world, but certainly in mine.”

□□□

Rio studied her averted face, trying to see past the mask she wore to what was going on her mind, his brain racing with the possibilities. Had she found his home by accident, or had she been sent to assassinate him? She’d had a couple of opportunities. He’d given her a gun. It was still there, beneath her pillow. Maybe she hadn’t taken care of it because she needed him while her leg was healing.

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He straightened slowly and walked over to the stash of weapons hanging on the wall. He strapped a sheath to his leg and pulled the leg of his pants over it. A second knife was positioned between his shoulder blades. He pulled his shirt on and tucked a gun into his waistband.

□□□

“Are you expecting trouble? I thought you said Kim Pang was your friend.”

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“It’s always better to be prepared. I don’t like surprises.”

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"I noticed," she answered dryly, prepared to be angry with him over his boorish reaction to her admission. He may as well have slapped her. She had revealed something to him she had never admitted to another soul and he didn't believe her. She could tell by his immediate withdrawal.

□□□

Rio crouched beside the injured cat, his hands incredibly gentle as he examined the leopard. Her heart nearly turned over in her chest. His head was bent toward Fritz, his expression almost tender as he murmured softly to the cat. She had a sudden vision of him cradling his child, looking down lovingly, his thumb in the baby's tiny hand. He suddenly lifted his head and looked at her and smiled.

□□□

If it were possible to melt, Rachael was certain she did. His eyebrow arched. "What? Why are you looking at me like that?"

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"I'm trying to figure out what it is about you," Rachael answered honestly. His face was no boy's face. His features were tough and hard-edged. His eyes could be ice-cold, frightening even, yet sometimes when she looked at him, Rachael couldn't breathe with wanting him.

□□□

Rio's hand stilled on the small leopard. She could shake him with just a simple sentence. It was terrifying to think of the hold she already had on him, especially since he had long ago accepted he would live alone. His life was here, in the rain forest. It was where he belonged, where he understood the rules and lived by them. He studied her face. A mystery woman with a silly made-up name.

□□□

The beast roared and Rio embraced the rising temper. He didn't want to see the expression on her face, her gaze drifting over his face with a mixture of emotions, feminine and confused, a tenderness he couldn't afford. "The rules are different here in the rain forest, Rachael. Be very careful."

□□□

As always she surprised him, her laughter invading his senses and squeezing his heart. "If you're trying to scare me, Rio, there's nothing you can do I haven't already seen. I'm not easily shocked or easily frightened. I knew the day my mother died, back when I was nine years old, that the world wasn't a safe place and there were bad people in it." She waved a dismissing hand, princess to the peasant. "Save your scare tactics for Kim Pang, or whoever else you want to impress."

□□□

Rio gave the small leopard one last pat, reached out casually to scratch Franz's ears before straightening to his full height, towering over her, filling the room with his extraordinary presence. He looked very uncivilized, completely untamed and at home in the wilds of the forest. When he moved, there was a fluid grace she'd only seen in predatory animals. When he ceased all movement, he was utterly, completely still. It was intimidating, but Rachael would never admit it.

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"You'd be surprised at what I can do." He said it quietly, and there was a soft, underlying menace to his tone.

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Rachael’s heart skipped a beat, but she kept her expression serene and merely lifted her eyebrow in response, a gesture she’d worked hard to perfect. “You know what I think, Rio? I think you’re the one who’s afraid of me. I think you don’t quite know what to do with me.”

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“I know what I’d like to do.” This time he sounded gruff.

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“What did I say that upset you?”

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Rio stood in front of her feeling like he’d been felled by a huge tree. He had closed that door so long ago, his emotions raw and bruised and bleeding, and he wasn’t about to open the door for her or anyone else. He couldn’t believe it still shook him, those occasional glimpses into a past he didn’t want to remember. A different life. A different person.

□□□

Rachael watched his hands curl into fists, the only sign of his agitation. She had inadvertently touched a nerve and had no idea what it was that had done it. She shrugged. “I have a past, you have a past, we’re both looking for a different life. Does it matter? You don’t have to tell me, Rio. I like who you are now.”

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“Is that your way of subtly asking me to stay out of your business?”

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She tugged at the hair at the back of her neck, obviously used to it being much longer. “I was saying it doesn’t matter. No, I don’t want you prying into my past. I shouldn’t have told you as much as I did.” She smiled at him because she couldn’t help herself. She was acting out of character, telling things best left unsaid. She shouldn’t have hurt feelings because he didn’t want to spill his life’s story to her. She doubted he would have been hiding out in the rain forest unless something traumatic had happened in his life. He made her want to tell him everything. “I’m sorry I made you uncomfortable, Rio. I won’t do it again.”

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“Damn it, Rachael. How do you manage to do that?” One minute he could work up anger and the next she disarmed him completely. “And, by the way, how is it that you escape the mosquitoes? I only use the netting because they annoy me buzzing around, but I thought you would be covered in bites.”

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“Mosquitoes don’t find me quite as charming as you do. I noticed all the others in my group were having to use repellent all the time. I don’t think mosquitoes like the way I taste. Does it bother you that they leave me alone?”

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He nodded. “It’s a rare phenomenon. The mosquitoes don’t bother the tribespeople. Your mother knows the stories of the leopard people. Were you born here? Is your mother from here?”

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Rachael laughed again. “I thought we just agreed not to pry into one another’s business and you can’t let three seconds go by without asking questions. I’m beginning to think you have a double standard, Rio.”

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A slow, answering smile curved his mouth. “You could be right. I never thought of it that way.”

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“And all this time I thought you were a modern sensitive New Age man,” she teased.

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Franz growled, coming to his feet. At the same time, Rio leapt to one side of the door in the nearly impossible way he had of covering long distances. He signaled the cat to silence, drew his gun and simply waited.

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Seven

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The whistle came again, a soft one-two note. The gun never moved atall, remaining steady and aimed at the entrance. Rio answered, using a different combination of sounds, but he stayed motionless, simply waiting.

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“Put the gun away,” Kim Pang said and pushed open the door. He stepped into the house, his clothes torn, damp and bloody, his tough features a mask of weariness. He had obviously been traveling fast and light. There was no pack and no weapon that Rachael could see.

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Still, Rio remained in the shadows, to one side of the door. “I don’t think so, Kim,” Rio said softly, “you didn’t come alone. Who’s with you?”

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“My brother, Tama, and Drake Donovan have come as well. You were slow in answering and Drake is scouting while Tama covers me.” Kim remained very still. His gaze shifted to take in Rachael, but he gave no acknowledgment that he recognized her.

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“Tama isn’t doing a very good job, Kim,” Rio said, but Rachael could see him visibly relax, although he did not put away the gun. “Signal him to come in.” He lifted his head and coughed, a peculiar grunting cough that sounded much like that of animals Rachael had heard in the distance when she was trekking through the forest.

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Kim called out loudly in another dialect, his voice raised and harsh, but when he turned back, he was smiling at Rachael. “Miss Wilson, it is good to see that you made it out of the river alive. Your apparent demise caused quite an uproar.”

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Rachael glanced guiltily at Rio. She’d forgotten she had come to the rain forest as Rachael Wilson. Rio grinned at her, taunting male amusement that gave her the urge to do violence.

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“How nice to meet you, Miss Rachael Los Smith-Wilson,” Rio said with a slight bow. “How fortunate that Kim remembered your name for you.”

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“Oh shut up,” Rachael replied rudely. “Kim, you’re hurt. If you bring Rio’s medical kit over here, I’ll see if I can clean those lacerations.”

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“You just sit there and don’t move, Miss Wilson,” Rio said. “Kim can stay where he is, and when Tama and Drake come in, I’ll fix him up. He doesn’t need a woman fussing over him.” He was ashamed of the tightness in his gut, the knots lying heavy in his belly. The black jealousy the males of

his kind could experience. He fought down the natural inclination but couldn’t help the small, involuntary move that flushed him out of the advantage of the shadows and into the open as he placed himself slightly in front of Rachael.

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Kim spread his fingers wide as if to show he held no weapons. His brother came into the room grinning sheepishly. “Sorry, Kim, I slipped on the wet branch and nearly fell. I was so busy saving my own life, I couldn’t very well save yours.” He glanced at Rachael and then at Rio, then looked down at the gun in Rio’s hand. “Getting a little overprotective, aren’t you?”

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“Getting a little old to be slipping off a perfectly wide branch, aren’t you?” Rio countered, but he was clearly listening for something outside the house.

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With the door open, Rachael could easily hear the sudden change in the rhythm of the forest. Where there had been warning shrieks and calls and cries, now the forest once more vibrated with its natural sounds. The barking of deer, the croaking of frogs, the humming and twittering of insects and cicadas. There was always the continual call of birds, different notes, different songs, but all in harmony with the flutter of the wind and muffled and continual patter of rain.

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Franz stood up and stretched, flattened his ears and hissed, facing toward the door. Rio coughed again, the sound slightly different. “Tama, toss a pair of pants to Drake. He doesn’t need to come in and scare the hell out of Miss Wilson.”

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“Stop calling me that,” Rachael snapped. “And why didn’t Drake, whoever he is, wear clothes?”

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“He didn’t know he’d be in the company of a woman,” Rio answered, as if that somehow cleared up the question.

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Drake Donovan was tall and blond and swaggered in, dressed in a pair of Rio’s pants and nothing else but a grin. His chest was heavily muscled, his arms thick and roped and powerful, built much like Rio. His grin widened when he saw Rachael. “No wonder you weren’t answering your radio, Rio. Introduce us.”

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Rachael was suddenly conscious of her appearance, her uncombed unruly mop of hair and no makeup, with the four men staring at her. She lifted one hand to tidy her hair. Rio caught her wrist and pulled her hand to his hip. “You look fine, Rachael.” His voice was gruff. He glared at Drake as if he had accused Rachael of looking bad.

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“Hey,” Drake spread his hands out in front of him with innocence. “I think she looks great. Especially for a dead woman. Kim thought you might have drowned in the river, but I see you were rescued by our resident jungle man.”

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“Quit trying to be charming,” Rio said. “It doesn’t suit you.”

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Rachael smiled at the blond. “I think it suits you very well.”

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Rio pressed her hand tightly against his hip, as if he were holding her to him. “What happened, Kim?”

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“We were taken prisoner by Tomas Vien and his people. They were not after the medical supplies or even the ransom as we first thought.” Kim looked at Rachael. “They were looking for Miss Wilson. They had pictures of her.”

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When Rachael stirred, Rio squeezed her hand, signaling her to stay silent. “How is it you managed to get away from them?”

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Drake looked at Rio sharply, his strange eyes narrowing, but he said nothing.

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Kim glanced at his brother. “I didn’t make the meeting with my father. It was for a special ceremony my family knew I wouldn’t miss unless something happened.”

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Tama nodded. “My father was very worried. There had been talk all up and down the river about the bandits and how they were looking for someone and if anyone harbored her they would be killed. Our people were warned. When Kim didn’t return, my father sent me looking for him. I sent out a call and Drake was close, so he came along to help me track Kim.”

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“I called you on the radio.” Drake picked up the story. “I knew you’d want to know Kim was missing and help us track him, but you didn’t answer, so I was worried about you. Obviously unnecessarily.”

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“My radio is out of commission,” Rio said tersely. “It took a bullet.”

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“Fritz is injured.” Drake moved toward the small cat, but Franz paced back and forth in front of the wounded leopard and showed his saber-like teeth in warning.

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Drake made a face at the clouded leopard but moved away from the agitated cat. “So you ran into trouble.”

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Rio shrugged. “Nothing I couldn’t handle. You helped Tama pull Kim out of the bandit’s camp?” He glanced toward the snarling cat. “Franz, settle down or go outside.”

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Franz hissed in warning but curled up around Fritz, eyes staring at the intruders.

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Drake nodded, all the while keeping a wary eye on the clouded leopard. “Kim was in bad shape. They didn’t believe him that she’d gone overboard into the river. He was beaten.”

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Rachael made a small, strangled sound. Rio slid his thumb over the back of her hand in a soothing gesture.

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“They beat everyone, even the woman,” Kim reported grimly. He looked at Rachael. “They aren’t going to give up looking for you unless they find your body. Someone offered a million-dollar reward for you.”

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Rachael closed her eyes against the sudden despair sweeping through her. She hadn't considered that much money. People killed for far less. What would a million dollars mean to the men facing her?

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"That explains a lot," Rio said. He sighed softly. "Drake, my medical supplies are running a little low, but I've got enough to clean up Kim and pack his wounds."

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"I'll get the plants we need," Tama said. "We didn't stop for anything, we hurried to check on you." He left the house abruptly.

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"I appreciate that," Rio answered. He sank into the chair beside Rachael, casually shifting her, careful of her leg beneath the blanket, settling her partially onto his thigh, arranging her leg and the blanket to his satisfaction. He waved at the others to find seats.

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"What is it?" Drake asked as he rummaged through the medical bag. "What does a million dollars explain?"

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"I had a visitor last night. One of ours; one I didn't recognize. A traitor, Drake. I couldn't imagine what would induce one of ours to turn traitor, but a million dollars can go to a man's head."

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Rachael stayed very quiet, aware the information being passed back and forth was important to her. She hoped they forgot about her presence and would speak more openly.

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"How could he have been one of ours if you didn't recognize his scent, Rio?" Drake didn't look up from where he was washing Kim's wounds.

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Rachael couldn't bear to look at Kim's swollen, bruised face. He was stoic as Drake cleansed the lacerations, but as he shrugged out of his torn shirt, she saw him wince. He turned slightly and she gasped. "What did they do to you?"

□□□

Rio slipped his arm around her. "Those marks are made from caning. The bandits are known for using a cane on their victims. Tomas is notorious for it. I don't think we've brought out a single kidnap victim without evidence and tales of caning."

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Rachael turned her face into Rio's shoulder. "I'm sorry, Kim, I didn't want anyone hurt. I thought if I slipped into the river, they'd think I drowned."

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"They would have found another reason to cane him," Rio said, his fingers massaging the nape of her neck. "Tomas is sick. He enjoys other people's pain."

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"What he says is the truth, Miss Wilson," Kim agreed.

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"Rachael. Call me Rachael, please."

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"She has trouble with her last name," Rio offered.

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Rachael glared at him. “You’re just so funny. You should be a stand-up comedian.”

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“I didn’t even know Rio had a sense of humor,” Drake said, tossing a boyish grin over his shoulder at Rio.

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“I don’t,” Rio answered ominously.

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Tama hurried in, carrying several plants and roots. “These will heal you fast, Kim, and perhaps the cat too.”

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“Did you send word to your father that you found Kim alive?” Rio asked.

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“Right away. The wind carried the news. He will see the vision in his dreams and know Kim is well,” Tama answered, busily tearing strips off one of the plants and throwing shredded green stems into a pot.

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Rachael frowned as Rio nodded. “Is he saying Kim’s father will dream he’s alive and know it’s true?”

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“Their father is powerful medicine man. The real thing. I believe he knows more about the plants in the forest, poisons, and visions than any man alive. If they sent him the news, he’ll pick it up in a vision, or dream, if you prefer to call it that,” Rio explained.

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Rio didn’t sound as if he were teasing her, but she found the idea of sending news via visions a bit difficult to believe. “You don’t really think they can do that, do you?”

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“I know they can do it. I’ve seen it done. I’m not good at sending visions, but I’ve been on the receiving end. It’s better than the mail here in the forest,” Rio said.

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Drake nodded in agreement. “Visions are dicey things, Rachael. You have to be adept at interpreting them.”

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“Rachael?” Rio arched his eyebrow at Drake in warning.

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“She asked to be called Rachael,” Drake pointed out, looking innocent. “I was being polite.”

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A strange odor rose from the pot where Tama pressed leaves, petals, stems and roots from various plants into a thick paste. It wasn’t unpleasant, but smelled of mint and flowers, orange and spice. Fascinated, Rachael watched carefully, ignoring the exchange between the men. “What is that?”

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Tama smiled at her. “This will prevent infection.” He tilted the pot so she could see the brownish-green paste.

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“Will it work on Fritz?” Rachael asked. “His wounds are draining and Rio’s been worried about him.”

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“The leopard attacked him, nearly killed him,” Rio supplied. “He knew enough about me to know I’d choose to save Fritz and try to track him later.”

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“So he’s familiar with the way you hunt.” Drake sounded worried. “Not too many people know the clouded leopards go along with you when we’re pulling a victim out of the bandits’ camps.”

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Kim looked up from where his brother was applying a thick poultice to the worst of the lacerations on his chest. “Only your unit and a couple of my people, Rio.”

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“No one in our unit would betray Rio,” Drake said. “We’ve been doing this together for years. We all depend on one another. I know if I’m wounded Rio’s going to pull my butt out of there. And if I’m captured, no one’s going to rest until they get me free. That’s the way it is, Kim.”

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“And we do not sell out our friends for any amount of money,” Kim said quietly, with great dignity.

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“No, your people would never consider money over friendship, Kim,” Rio agreed. “I don’t know where this traitor came from, or how he knows of me, but he is definitely one of ours, not one of yours.”

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“He is of the forest then,” Tama said.

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Drake scowled when Rio nodded. “It would be unlikely that you wouldn’t recognize the scent.”

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“The stench is still on Fritz,” Rio challenged, “see if you can tell me who it was.”

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“Send Franz out,” Drake said. “He looks hungry.”

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“Be careful,” Rachael warned, “he attacked me. Viciously, I might add.”

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Drake’s scowl deepened. “He attacked you?”

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Rachael nodded. “And he bit me, so just be careful around him. He has teeth like a saber-toothed tiger.”

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“It wasn’t Franz,” Rio pointed out, “it was Fritz who actually bit you.”

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“Does it matter?” Drake burst out. “The animal really attacked you? You’re lucky to be alive.”

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“I want Tama to take a look at her leg after he finishes with Kim,” Rio said. He peered at Rachael’s face closely. “You’re breaking out in a sweat. Are you getting too tired, because I’ll put you back in bed. She hasn’t been up at all yet and I don’t want her to overdo.”

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“Let me see,” Tama said, looking up from where he was smearing paste over his brother’s bare back.

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It was Rio who pulled the blanket away from Rachael’s leg, revealing the swollen mass of punctures and lacerations. The two puncture wounds drained continually and it wasn’t a pretty sight. Rachael was embarrassed.

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Drake winced visibly. “My God, Rio, that must hurt like hell. Does she have an infection? We have to take her to a hospital.”

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Rachael shook her head, shrinking back into the protection of Rio’s larger body. “No, I told you, Rio, I can’t go to a hospital.”

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Kim and Tama examined her leg carefully. “She’s right, Rio. If you take her to a hospital, even under a false name, one of Tomas’s spies will hear of it and let him know. Some are paid, some fear him, some just want the association, but they will give her up to him. You cannot protect her in that environment.”

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“I don’t want anyone to risk their life by trying to protect me,” Rachael protested. “My leg is healing fine. I’m way better than I was a few days ago, ask Rio. As soon as I can travel, I’ll be on my way. I won’t have anyone risking their life for me.”

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Rio reached across her to lace his fingers through hers. “Rachael, no one is going to turn you over to Tomas, and you’re not just going to walk into the forest alone. It doesn’t work that way.”

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Rachael wanted to argue with him that it wasexactly that way, but she wouldn’t do it in front of the others. For all his relaxed appearance, Rachael felt the tension coiled tightly in Rio. She knew him, inside and out. He was a stranger, yet all too familiar. He was uncomfortable in such close proximity to the others, although she could tell he felt a camaraderie for them. Without conscious thought she moved closer to him, shifting her weight until she was nestled beneath his shoulder, fitting into his frame as if she were born there. It was a movement of protection and he felt it.

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Rio looked down at the top of her curly head. So much hair. Thick and black like a raven’s wing. Curls rioting in all directions. His fingers slipped into the thick mass, rubbed and caressed the curls, watched as they coiled around his thumb. The gesture was completely familiar, was something he did automatically for comfort, for a connection between them. He would never get used to being around people, not even those he called friend, but Rachael was different, was a part of him. Belonged with him.

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“Is your wrist broken?” Tama asked her, obviously concerned. “How did that happen? In the river?”

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Rachael looked at the makeshift splint. Her leg always hurt so much, she almost never remembered her wrist. “Rio thinks it’s broken. He splinted it, and to be honest, I hardly notice it.”

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Emotion welled up, nearly choking Rio. It took him a few moments to realize it was happiness. The warmth of joy spread through his body. It had been such a long while since he’d experienced the feeling he barely recognized it for what it was. Rachael didn’t want to tell the others that

he had been responsible for her injury. It shouldn’t have mattered to him, but it did.

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“Rio.” Drake said his name sharply. “This traitor, the one you say was here last night, he had to be looking for her.”

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“I thought he’d been sent to assassinate me, that he’d joined with the bandits for the reward, but with a million dollars at stake, I doubt if they gave me a thought,” Rio said wryly. He leaned over Rachael, a smile tugging at his mouth. “I guess you’re worth a lot more than I am.”

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“She’s prettier too,” Drake teased.

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“Well, you don’t need to be looking.”

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Kim and Tama sank down onto the floor beside the chair, pushing the blanket from Rachael’s leg to examine the wounds up close. Rachael could see the terrible marks crisscrossing Kim’s back. “It makes me sick to know they did that because of me. I know you don’t think it’s my fault, but it feels that way.”

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Kim smiled up at her. “All of us have things we are responsible for. There is little value in taking on what you can’t control. Let it go.”

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Rachael wished it was that easy. She looked away from him to stare out the window into the wild green foliage. The leaves appeared feathery, the creepers wild and twisted green ropes while orchids vied with brilliantly colored fungi for space among the other flowers growing on the thick tree trunks and branches. It was beautiful and primitive and called to something inside of her. She longed to disappear into the deepest forest, simply become something else, something untouchable and wild and free.

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She felt it first in her chest, a tightness making it nearly impossible to breathe. Then it was a fire in her stomach, muscles contracting and stretching. Heat seared her flesh, her bones, sizzled in every organ. She itched, a wave of it rushing over her so that she looked down and saw something move beneath her skin as if alive. Her hands curled involuntarily, fingers curving, and her fingertips ached and stung. She gasped and drew back from the edge of a great precipice, her heart pounding in her chest and her lungs fighting for air.

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“I can’t breathe, Rio.” It took forever to get the words out. “I need to be outside where I can breathe.”

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Rio didn’t ask questions or waste time on arguing, but lifted her immediately against his chest, rising with her as if she were a mere child instead of a fully grown woman in his arms. He stepped carefully around Kim and Tama and the pot of brown-green paste. Rachael caught a glimpse of Drake’s face, his eyes wide and shocked with a knowledge she didn’t possess before he managed to wipe the expression from his face.

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Rachael buried her face in Rio’s neck, inhaling his comforting scent, giving herself up to the strength in his arms.

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“You’re all right, Rachael,” Rio soothed, one hand stroking her hair as he sat on the small sofa on the verandah. “Listen to the forest, to the monkeys and birds. They make life seem in balance again. Listen to the rain. It has a soothing harmony.”

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“What’s happening to me? Do you know what happened? I swear I saw something moving beneath my skin, like a parasite or something.” The humidity created the illusion of a sauna. The sound of the rain was dulled and muted by the heavy canopy overhead. Her breath was coming in ragged gasps, as if she’d run a long race. Her wounded leg was throbbing and burning, her pulse pounding there in a frantic rhythm. “I don’t have panic attacks, I don’t. I’m not hysterical, Rio.”

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“I know, Rachael. No one thinks you’re hysterical. Just stay calm and when we’re alone, we’ll talk about this.” His heart was pounding as frantically as hers. The possibilities were incredible, almost unbelievable to him. He wanted time to think about it, to do a little research before he provided answers. “Just one thing, Rachael. Have you ever heard the words Han Vol Dan before? Did your mother ever say those words to you or mention them in her stories?” He held his breath, waiting for her answer, feeling as if his world teetered on the edge of an abyss.

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Rachael turned the words over in her mind. They weren’t entirely unfamiliar, but she had no idea what they meant and she was fairly certain her mother had never included them in her wild rain forest adventures of the leopard people. “I don’t know. My mother never said those words to me, but . . .” she trailed off in confusion.

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“It doesn’t matter,” he said.

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“What does that mean? Han Vol Dan? The words flow like music.”

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“It’s all right, don’t think about it right now,” Rio reiterated. “I hope you really aren’t blaming yourself for what happened to Kim. I’ve been rescuing kidnap victims for some time all along this river and in three countries. My unit is hired to go in and bring victims out. Sometimes the government contacts us because it’s a politically sensitive situation and other times it’s the family asking us to get them out. And still other times we deliver the ransom and make certain nothing goes wrong so we can return the victim to his home. In nearly every incident where Tomas and his group are involved, the victims have suffered beatings. He’s one of the bloodiest of the bandit leaders. Most consider themselves businessmen. If the money is paid, they deliver the people they’ve taken in good health.”

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Rachael shook her head. “It’s just a way of life to them? Kidnapping people? How do their families feel about what they do?”

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“Most likely they’re grateful for the money coming in. Some do it for political reasons, and those situations are much more explosive and much more dangerous to my team. And anytime we’re going after someone Tomas has kidnapped, we know it’s dangerous both to them and to us. Tomas has killed hostages even after the ransom’s been paid. His word means nothing at all, to him or to anyone else.”

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"Have you met him?"

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He nodded. "A few times. He's crazy and a bit drunk on his own power. He's been known to kill his own men for a perceived slight. He's death on women. I think he likes to hurt people."

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"I knew someone like that. He could smile and pretend to be your best friend even as he plotted to murder your family. People like that are so twisted." Already Rachael was beginning to feel better. The strange malady that had gripped her earlier was gone, leaving her trying to remember what it felt like. She just remembered being afraid. The unexplained episode made her feel slightly ridiculous, the epitome of the hysterical woman. It was no wonder Rio didn't think she belonged in the forest. "Rio, I'm sorry for acting like such a fool in front of your friends."

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"You didn't, Rachael. If you're feeling better, we'll go back inside and see if Tama and Kim can fix your leg. They're much more adept at healing than I am. Their father worked a bit with me, but they have had the benefit of his tutelage since they were little."

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She circled his neck with her arms, linking her fingers at the nape of her neck. "I think I'm becoming used to you hauling me around," she teased.

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"Well, tuck that blanket around you. I don't mind you going without underwear in front of me, but I draw the line at parading around in the nude in front of my friends. You'll give Drake a heart attack."

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"I must be picking up your bad habits," Rachael said, tugging at the blanket until it covered her bare thighs. She snuggled against his chest and wrapped her arms around his neck again, turning her head to look into his vivid green eyes.

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They both smiled. It made no sense, but neither cared. They simply melted into one another. She had no idea if she moved first or if he had, but their mouths fused together and joy burst through them. The earth shifted and rocked. Monkeys chattered noisily and a bird shrieked in delight. Prisms of color radiated through the droplets of water on the leaves and moss. Petals from blossoms overhead rained down on them as the wind shifted slightly, but neither noticed. For that moment there was only the two of them, locked in their own world of pure feeling.

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It was Rachael who pulled back first, smiling because she couldn't help herself. "You have an amazing mouth."

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He had heard those words before uttered in that same voice, that same teasing, slightly awed tone. He had felt her fingertip tracing the outline of his lips before. He clearly remembered sweeping away the dishes and laying her on the table, wild with need, wanting her so badly he couldn't wait long enough to get her to the bedroom.

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Rachael's fingers tangled in his hair, a gesture that always turned his heart over. Sometimes he felt as if he lived for her smile. For her kiss.

For the sound of her laughter. He leaned close until his lips were pressed against her ear. “I wish we were alone right now.” His tongue made a small foray, delving into shadows, his teeth nipping gently. Her breasts pushed against his chest, soft tempting mounds, her nipples taut peaks. He had known her body would react to that small tease of his tongue.

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“It’s just as well we aren’t,” Rachael pointed out, trying to keep her brain from melting along with the rest of her body. It had to be the humidity. She could testify she’d never quite felt so sexy and so wanting to entice and tempt a man as she did Rio. She stared into his eyes, his strange, beguiling eyes, and felt as if she were falling into him.

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A leopard growled a warning, then gave a soft grunting cough from inside the house. Rachael and Rio blinked, trying to shake off the enthrallment they seemed to be under.

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“Rio, you’d better tell your little friend to back off, or he’s going to get a surprise,” Drake called.

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Rachael was shocked at the gravelly menace in Drake’s voice. Rio stiffened, snapped out an instant command to Franz and the clouded leopard burst from the house. He raised his lip at Rio, his ears flat, his teeth exposed, tail switching back and forth.

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“He looks really angry.” Rachael couldn’t quite suppress the note of fear in her voice. “It’s amazing how big he looks, and his teeth are downright scary.”

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Rio stepped back to give the cat room. “All leopards have tempers, Rachael. They can be very moody and edgy, even the smallest brother. Franz is naturally upset and he doesn’t tolerate company very well.”

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“He should be used to me,” Drake snapped. “The little runt threatened me. If he managed to bite me, I’d stretch his hide between two trees.” He stood in the doorway glaring at the clouded leopard. His eyes were brilliant and focused, almost glassy. There was an aura of danger emanating from him. His hands gripped the railing of the verandah, fingers curled tightly around the wood.

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Rio slowly set Rachael onto the overstuffed sofa, never taking his eyes from Drake. There was sudden tension in Rio’s body, although he appeared as relaxed as ever. His smile didn’t quite reach his eyes. Rachael could see he was just as focused on Drake as Drake was on the cat. Neither man moved a muscle, so still they seemed to become part of the forest, blending into the shadows. Clouds moved overhead, darkening the skies. As the wind blew and foliage and creepers feathered back and forth the shadows grew and lengthened. A few raindrops managed to penetrate the heavy canopy and splashed on the railing of the verandah.

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The sound of wood tearing was loud and unnerving. Long splinters of wood fell to the floor of the porch to lie in curls. Rachael stared at them in surprise. Franz hissed and, facing Drake, backed away as he slowly slunk toward the largest tree branch. As if his back legs were springs, the clouded leopard launched himself into the canopy and disappeared.

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Drake remained motionless, watching the leaves quivering, and then he took a deep breath, let it out and glanced at Rio. “Back off, man, the little runt deserved to be kicked.”

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“Fritz was attacked by a leopard, Drake. Franz is a little on edge. You could have given him a break.”

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“I don’t understand,” Rachael interrupted. “I thought you two were friends.”

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Rio immediately dropped his hand onto her shoulder. “Drake and I understand each other, Rachael.”

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“Well I don’t understand either of you.”

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Rio laughed softly. “It has something to do with bad-tempered cats. Come on, let’s get that leg taken care of.”

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“You mean put that homemade brownish paste on it?” Rachael sounded horrified. “I don’t think so. I’ll take my chances with the care you gave me.” She stared at the railing behind Drake. There were fresh claw marks in the wood and she couldn’t remember them being there earlier.

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“Surely you aren’t going to be a coward,” Rio teased, picking her up as if nothing had happened. He didn’t glance at the claw marks or seem to notice them. All the tension was gone as if it had never been.

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“Maybe we could mix a few more petals in with it and change the color,” Drake suggested, preceding Rio into the house. “Tama, she doesn’t want your healing concoction. Can you change the color to princess pink?”

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Rachael made a face at Drake. “I’ll go without it, regardless of color.”

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Kim smiled at her. “It works, Miss Wilson.”

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“Rachael,” she corrected, trying to look dignified when Rio placed her on the bed. She was already tired and wanted to just lie down and sleep for a while. “How fast does it work? And does it hurt?”

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“Your leg already hurts,” Rio pointed out. “It won’t make the pain worse.”

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Rachael curled up, drawing her leg up as best she could to protect it from any voodoo concoction Tama had whipped up. “I’m a modern sort of woman. The kind that goes with modern medicine.”

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“Haven’t you ever heard the phrase, ‘when in Rome . . .’?” Rio teased.

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“Yes, well, we’re not in Rome and I doubt if their medicine is that particular shade of green.” Rachael glared at him, slapping his hand away as Rio tried to pull her leg out for inspection. “Back off if you don’t want to lose that hand!”

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“Is she always like this?” Drake asked.

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“She gets worse. Don’t put a gun in her hand.”

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“That was an accident. I had a high fever.” She shoved Rio’s hand away again. “I’m not getting near that stuff. You sure turn bossy when your friends are around.”

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“Stop squirming around. I want Kim and Tama to see what they can do.” Rio sat on the edge of the bed, casually leaning his weight across her hips so she couldn’t sit up. “Just do it, Tama, don’t pay any attention to her.”

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“What did she shoot?” Drake asked.

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“The radio.”

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Drake laughed. “Fortunately I brought mine. You can have it and I’ll pick up another. We’re going to have to go after Kim’s do-gooders and get them out of Tomas’s camp. That was the real reason we came, you know, not to rescue you, Rio.”

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“Kim’s do-gooders?” Rachael echoed, feigning outrage. “When I’m feeling better, you’ll be taking that back.”

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Rio tried to ignore the black jealousy swirling in his gut. He might come from a primitive species but he didn’t have to act like it. He could be civilized. It shouldn’t matter that Rachael smiled at Drake. And maybe it didn’t. But it did matter that she teased him. He wanted that particular note in her voice to be reserved exclusively for him. He reached inward, searching for a calm center, a place he often went to conquer the part of him that lived by forest rules. Air moved through his lungs. He breathed in and out, determined not to sway from his chosen path. It was all important for him to be in control.

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He felt the touch of her fingers. Feather-light. Barely there, the smallest of connections. Her fingers twisted in the waistband of his pants, knuckles pressing against his bare skin creating instant heat. It was a small gesture, but he recognized her need for comfort, for reassurance. And that brought him instant relief.

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“Rio, are you going to go after Don Gregson and the others?” Rachael had planned her escape so carefully. She had planned to live her life alone. She hadn’t even been that afraid, yet now everything seemed different. She didn’t want Rio to leave her.

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“We can’t leave any of those people with Tomas,” Rio answered with aheavy sigh. “I don’t think we have a choice in the matter.”

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“This isn’t going to be like the other times,” Drake cautioned. “We’ve always done the smash-and-grab and gotten them out of the country while we scatter into the forest. The reward money changes everything.”

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Rachael could feel four pair of eyes on her. She kept her face averted. She should have known the reward would be too large to ignore, especially in countries where people had very little. “Money talks. That’s the motto in my family.El dinero pavimenta la manera. ”

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“Money paves the way,” Rio translated. He had heard the phrase before, but the origin eluded him. He glanced at Drake, arched an eyebrow in inquiry. “Interesting motto for a family.”

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Drake shrugged and shook his head. He thought he’d read the motto before, perhaps in the papers, but he couldn’t remember anything about it.

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“Yes, well, I have an interesting family. Sooner or later, they’ll send a representative to bribe your government officials if they haven’t already. I’ll have to leave the country fast.” She tightened her fingers around the waistband of Rio’s pants. If he was going to lie across her and hold her down while Tama smeared his foul-looking concoction over her leg, he may as well be of use. Deliberately she brushed her fingertips over his skin, hoping it was a punishment.

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“You can’t leave the country now, Missy.” Tama shook his head. “Tell her Rio. The bandits will close the borders. They have spies all up and down the river, along the borders, everywhere. Most of the people are afraid and just want the bandits to leave them alone. With the reward so high, they’ll have more help than usual. It will be better to just hole up and wait until the storm blows over.”

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Kim nodded his agreement. “My brother speaks the truth, Miss Rachael. There are good people up and down the river, but that much money would bring prosperity to an entire village. It would be easy to justify such a small thing as passing information along. Better you stay unseen in the forest and wait until it is believed you perished in the river.”

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Rachael went very still beneath Rio. She studied the four men carefully. “I suppose you’re right, Kim. It would bring prosperity to an entire village. The government would want the money. Any of you could probably use it too.”

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Rio’s hand went to the nape of her neck, his fingers beginning a slow massage as if to comfort her when they both knew there could be no comfort. Not with the kind of money being offered to betray her.

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“You have nothing to fear from my people, Miss Rachael,” Kim said.

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She smiled at him without really looking at him. “Keep telling yourself that, Kim, and sooner or later you’ll be disappointed. People who love you will betray you for less. Money buys everything from food, medicine and education to freedom and power. People kill each other for fifty dollars. Even less than that. Anyone in this room might want that money, and who could blame them? I’m a stranger to all of you.”

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Rio sat up, adjusting her pillows into a more comfortable position. “No one in this room will betray you, Rachael. Drake and I have prices on our

heads. If we tried to betray you to any of the bandits, they would kill us on sight. Kim and Tama have no need of money."

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Rachael's dark eyes met Rio's gaze in challenge. "I'd be willing to bet you wouldn't have to deal with any of the bandits. If you give me up to a government official, you'd most likely get your reward."

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Rio wasn't going to continue to argue with her. And he wasn't going to admit, even to himself, that her suspicion bothered him. He met her eyes steadily. "I'm sure you're right, Rachael, but for all you know I'm wanted by the government too. You said yourself I was running away from something or I wouldn't be here."

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Rachael couldn't pull her gaze away from Rio's stare. He was always direct and focused. Always intense. She felt as if she were falling into the depths of his brilliant green eyes. He was sheer black magic, a product of voodoo and love potions. She was a grown woman with a price on her head. She didn't have flights of fancy and she didn't fall head over heels just because a man had a killer body.

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Rio unexpectedly leaned very close to her, his lips against her ear. "You're doing it again. You can't look at me like that. It's going to get you into trouble someday."

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Drake cleared his throat. "Why in the world would someone put up a million dollars to get you back?"

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Rachael continued to look at Rio. She saw only Rio. His weathered face, the lines etched there from too many missions, too many decisions he didn't want to make. Eyes that held so much focused intensity. Eyes that could be as cold as ice or burning with such heat she caught fire. Eyes that were a vivid green instead of the yellow-green she'd seen so often.

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"Well, that is the question, isn't it?" Rachael murmured. "What have I done? What did I steal? Because no one would put up that kind of money without a just cause."

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"You forgot the most important question. What do you know?" Rio amended.

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Rachael took a deep breath, turned away from his all-seeing stare. "I thought you all had to go rescue the others."

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"It isn't that easy. Tomas moves his camp and moves his prisoners all the time. They have tunnels in the fields they drop down into. The cane fields can cover a maze of tunnels that go for miles," Rio explained.

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"Rat holes," Drake said. "They have so many bolt-holes it takes time to find them and pinpoint their location."

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"And just about the time we have a fix on them, the prisoners are moved again," Rio added. "We have to move carefully, especially with Tomas. Drake and Tama were able to get Kim out because no one expected a rescue so soon. This series of storms are some of the worst we've experienced in

years. The last thing anyone would think was that Kim's family would know something happened and go after him using one of our people to aid him."

Rachael was too exhausted to do anything but lie back on the pillows and think. She hated to admit it, but the strangely colored concoction Kim and Tama had smeared on her leg had definitely taken away much of the pain. She glanced down at her leg and nearly laughed. Her calf and ankle were still swollen nearly double the normal size and now appeared as if she were wearing a brownish-green sock. The two puncture wounds continually drained, which added to the entire effect. "Lovely," she murmured.

"I think so," Drake said, grinning at her with boyish charm.

Rio waited for the sudden surge of black jealousy that seemed to be a curse hanging over his species, but surprisingly it didn't come. He could feel the brush of Rachael's fingers along his back, the way she tugged absently on the waistband of his pants. It was such a small thing, but it was familiar and comforting. He felt confident and secure in his relationship. Rio smiled and shook his head. He had to keep reminding himself he didn't have a relationship with her. He reached behind him to capture her hand. "I swear, Rachael, I have flashbacks around you."

They stared at one another, completely in tune at that moment. Their smiles were slow and genuine, smiles of complete understanding, spreading warmth through them both.

Drake cleared his throat to draw Rio's attention. "And you always thought it was a myth. Rachael, my dear, I don't think you have to worry about anyone turning you in for money or for anything else. You've come home where you belong."

"Do you have any idea what he's talking about?" Rachael asked. But she could see it on Rio's face. He knew exactly what Drake was talking about. And she saw something else. Just for the briefest of moments she saw hope and happiness in Rio's eyes. It flickered there and was quickly covered up. "You do know."

"Drake has a thing about old legends. He believes in fairy tales. I don't," Rio answered gruffly.

Drake nudged him. "But you're beginning to. What about Maggie and Brandt? Are they a myth? You just don't want to admit when you're wrong." He turned his attention to Rachael. "Rio's stubborn. No one's ever been able to do a thing with him. Good luck is all I'm going to say."

Rio groaned. "Don't believe him, Rachael. He always has more to say. If we were lucky he'd shut up now, but it isn't going to happen."

Kim and Tama nodded in agreement, laughing aloud as they did so.

Rachael was very aware of Rio's thumb sliding intimately back and forth over her wrist. "Is that true, Drake?"

“Lies, all lies,” he denied, clutching his heart. “And they call themselves my friends. I risk my life for them and this is how they repay me.”

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“Poor thing,” she commiserated, trying not to laugh. Drake and Rio were such powerful, dominant-looking males, yet at that moment they looked like two boys laughing over a silly joke together. Rachael had all kinds of questions, but she put them aside until she could be alone with Rio.

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“Rachael’s tired,” Rio said. “We should let her rest while we decide what we’re going to do about finding this lost group of do-gooders.” He saw her swift frown and hastily retracted. “Kidnap victims.”

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Drake laughed again. “I always wondered what could make you politically correct. It isn’t a what, it’s a who.”

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Rachael watched the four men go out onto the verandah, leaving her with Fritz. They closed the door, but she could hear the low sound of their voices. Somehow it was reassuring to hear them as she drifted between waking and sleeping. Rain was intermittent. There would be the murmur of the wind in the trees, the flutter of leaves and the continual sound of insects and birds, of troupes of monkeys chattering back and forth as they moved through branches. The sounds crept into her dreams, familiar and soothing. The humidity was never oppressive, but rather heightened her senses, making her aware of the curves of her body, of her nerve endings, of her sexuality. She felt drops of sweat running down the valley between her breasts.

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Rachael closed her eyes and Rio was there, bending his dark head toward her body, his tongue swirling over the swell of her breast, sending a shiver down her spine. Her body tightened in anticipation. He looked at her and her breath caught in her throat. There was so much love there. So much devotion. She felt tears welling up. She knew him so well, every expression, every line. When he was tired or happy or angry. She wrapped her arms around him, held him to her while they listened to the wind and rain beating softly at the window.

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Rio tapped at the window, wishing he’d thought to pull the blanket aside so he could see Rachael. He was certain she would fall asleep fast. Her leg was healing, but very slowly. He counted them lucky that she hadn’t lost it. “Tama, thank you for mixing up the herbs to heal Rachael’s leg. I was worried I might not be able to save it. She was pretty sick for a while.”

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“You know most of the healing plants,” Tama replied. “This is a mixture my father uses when we must heal quickly without much pain while traveling through the forest and rivers. The river can be dangerous to open wounds. This puts a sealant over it to prevent parasites or bacteria from getting under the skin.”

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“Don’t worry, Rio, I made certain I left the puncture wounds open to drain,” Kim added. “Are you going to tell us how that happened?”

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“Not to mention, you look a little worse for wear yourself,” Drake pointed out.

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Rio put his hand on the window, spread his fingers as if he could touch her. He felt her calling to him. There was no sound, but he knew she was there in his mind, maybe in his skin, reaching for him, separated only by the thin walls. “I took a couple of minor hits, nothing big, getting our last vic out. And I had the little run-in with the leopard. If you come across anyone with damage from a big cat, let me know. He’s got to go for treatment somewhere.”

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“You think he was after you or after the woman?”

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“I thought he was sent after me at first. He was definitely tracking, but now I think maybe it was Rachael all along.”

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“The reward?”

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Rio’s fingertips drummed on the window. “I don’t think he meant to take her out of here. I think he was going to kill her.”

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Drake winced visibly. “One of ours? We don’t kill women, Rio, especially one of our women and she is. You know she is.”

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“I don’t know anything at this point.” Rio leaned against the railing and looked at his friends. “Since she’s been around I’m in a perpetual state of confusion.” He grinned a little sheepishly.

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“Who is she, Rio? Where’d she come from?” Drake asked.

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Rio shrugged. “I don’t know. She doesn’t talk about herself very much.” He rubbed his hands together and looked out into the darkened interior of the forest. “I remember her. I remember everything about her. Sometimes when I’m with her, I can’t tell the difference between the past and the present.”

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“Does she remember you?”

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“I think she does sometimes. I see it in her eyes. And she admits to being just as confused as I am.” Rio shoved both hands through his hair. “What have you heard, Kim? Did anyone in the camp give you any information on her?”

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“I’m sorry, Rio. They want that money and they’ll turn the forest inside out to get it. Whoever is offering the reward wants her badly.”

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“She said they wanted her dead,” Rio admitted, “but nothing else. She didn’t say why and she obviously believes they’ll keep coming.”

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“Anyone offering a million dollars is serious,” Drake concluded.

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Kim shook his head. “Not dead, Rio. They are not to kill her. If she is harmed in any way, the reward will not be paid. I heard Tomas talking to his men. He repeated it several times. They are not to harm her.”

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The wind blew steadily through the leaves, turning them from dark to silver as the rays of diffused sunlight burst through the canopy. Rio straightened from where he was leaning against the railing, paced restlessly the length of the verandah before returning to stand in front of Kim. “You’re certain of this?”

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Kim nodded. “Tomas said she was not to be harmed or they wouldn’t get the money. He was adamant.”

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“Rachael said they were trying to kill her. Could she be wrong? She said a cobra was put into her room right before they went upriver. And she left the States under false papers in order to disappear because someone wanted her dead.”

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“Do you think she’s lying to you?” Drake asked.

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Rio paced a second time, turning the idea over in his mind. Finally he shook his head. “I think she believes someone is trying to kill her. And she doesn’t panic easily, so it isn’t hysteria. If Rachael says someone wants her dead, I have to believe her. It’s possible we’re dealing with two separate factions. Someone is willing to pay a great deal of money to keep her alive. They’re making a big fuss openly, going to the government demanding they find her, and someone else. Someone much quieter who is working to keep her silent. That person is hiring assassins to make certain she doesn’t talk.”

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“That’s a jump, Rio,” Drake said.

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“I know it is, but it’s possible. I believe her when she says someone is trying to kill her. Why would a woman like Rachael try to disappear into the rain forest?”

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“She’s close to the Han Vol Dan, Rio. You felt it just as strongly as I did. She’s very close. Maybe it draws our people back to the forest.”

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“Maybe. I asked her if she heard those words before and she couldn’t remember. She said they weren’t unfamiliar, yet she had no real knowledge of them.”

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“It complicates things,” Drake said. “It’s a dangerous time for everyone. I’m leaving here tonight. I don’t dare stay around when she’s so close.”

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“Did you feel it, Kim? Tama?” Rio asked curiously. “You’ve been around our people many years. I practically grew up with you.”

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“I’ve never been close to anyone during the time of the Han Vol Dan,” Kim admitted. “I’ve heard of it, of course. Our elders speak of such things, but to my knowledge, no one other than your people have witnessed such an event.” He looked to his brother for confirmation.

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“I know of no one,” Tama said. “But I did feel the pull of the woman. I thought it was the close proximity. She is very sensual.”

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Rio winced, but he was used to the open, direct nature of his friends. He felt the churning in his stomach, a sure sign of danger. “Yes she is, at least I find her so. It is best if you all leave until this time passes. Drake is right. It’s dangerous to all of us.”

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“I’ll leave the radio, Rio. We can scout around, pick up the trail, and when we have something, we’ll let you know. You won’t be able to leave her unless this time passes.”

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“We run the mission the way we always run it,” Rio objected. “If we start changing things, someone is going to get killed. Let me know as soon as you have something and I’ll be there.”

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Kim and Tama rose together as if in silent communication. Drake stepped off the verandah to the wide branch.

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“Give my regards to your father, Kim,” Rio said. “May all the magic of the forest be with you and may fortune be your companion as you travel.”

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“Good hunting to you always,” Tama replied.

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“Stay alert, Rio,” Drake added as the two tribesmen descended carefully to the forest floor. “I’ll put out the word about the leopard, but you know he’ll be back if he took a contract. It is ingrained in us to never stop. You’ll have to kill him.”

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“Damn it, Drake, don’t you think I know that?”

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“I know how you are. I just want you to watch your back.”

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Rio nodded. “You don’t have to worry about me. Say hello to the others.”

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“You going to bring Rachael to meet everyone soon?”

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“I want to give her time to adjust. Time for us to adjust.” Rio hesitated. “I haven’t been around anyone for more than a couple of hours at a time. Even within the unit, I work alone. I don’t know if I can fit someone into my life and make it work.”

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Drake grinned, but there was no humor touching his eyes. “I’d be the last man to tell you how it’s done, but I wish you the best of luck.” He started down the tree branch, then turned back. “Don’t throw it away, Rio. Not when it’s handed to you like this. Most of us will never have the opportunity.”

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Rio nodded and watched the three men disappear into the shadows of the forest. He stood for a long while breathing in the crisp, clean air, the fragrance of flowers and rain. From habit he raised his head and sniffed the air, scenting the wind. He relied on his own resources to give him advanced warnings of impending danger, but the animals in his territory always aided him.

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He coughed, a series of grunts, sending out the word to be carried near and far, from the smallest creature on the forest floor to the honeybees

building their giant combs high in the canopy. Wings fluttered overhead, an orangutan moved slowly through the branches looking for better-flavored leaves and butterflies swarmed over the masses of flowers on the tree trunks. Everyone went about their business, unafraid when there were no intruders in their realm.

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Rio opened the door. At once the wind rushed into his house, swirling around, sending the mosquito netting dancing. Rachael lay asleep, her black hair spilling across the pillow. The wind tugged and teased at the silky strands so that her hair moved, beckoning to him. He pulled the door closed and resisted the temptation of lying down beside her. If he were going into action again so soon, he would have to clean all his weapons and make certain he had emergency kits stashed along every escape route.

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Rachael ate very little and stayed quiet, stroking Fritz's fur whileshe watched Rio work. He had more guns and more knives than anyone she'd ever met, and she was familiar with weapons. He used the same care cleaning as he did fixing up wounds, meticulous and steady, not missing a single detail. She watched as he took several sets of clothes and small medical kits along with some of the guns and put them in weatherproof packs.

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"What are you doing with those?" Curiosity finally got the better of her. Rachael was comfortable with silences and with being alone, but not like Rio. He seemed perfectly fine going hours without saying a single word.

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Rio glanced up and blinked, as if he'd just noticed her. In truth he'd been aware of her every move. He was nearly hypnotized by the sight of her fingers stroking the cat's fur. "I stash the packs along my escape routes in case I'm out of ammo, weapons or need medical supplies. It can be very useful."

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"And the clothes?"

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"Comes in handy if I need a change," he answered glibly.

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"I see. Are you going to tell me why your friend Drake acted so strangely around the cats and why it didn't bother you? I expected, just for a moment there, for him to suddenly erupt into violence. I think you expected it too."

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"Drake has lived in the forest for most of his entire life. We're very primitive here. We react to things in nature. It sounds a little strange, but if you're here a long time, you'll understand." His hands stilled on the knife he was sharpening. "I want you to stay a long time, Rachael."

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His gaze was direct as always. Rachael couldn't have looked away if her life depended on it. His voice was so low she almost didn't hear him. For a moment she couldn't breathe, her chest so tight from a mixture of hope and fear. She almost blurted out her first thought. She wanted to stay—needed to stay. Had never wanted a man the way she wanted him. But death was poised over her head and it didn't care who happened to be in the same vicinity.

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"With me, Rachael. I want you to stay here with me."

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"You know I can't, Rio. You know why." Her fingers curled so tightly in the clouded leopard's fur, Fritz lifted his head and looked at her with his lip curled.

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"Then at least want to stay with me. If you could, would you want to be with me?" She belonged with him. He knew it with every breath he took. Knew it with every fiber of his being. How could she not know? Not feel it? It was so clear to him.

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Rachael pulled her hand away from the cat and dragged the cover to her chin. A small protection, but it made her feel in control. Rio stood up in his lazy, languorous way, the one that always reminded her of a feline. Without hesitation he lay down beside her, fitting his body around hers, careful to keep from touching her leg.

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The blanket was between them, but Rachael felt his body right through the thin weave. When she took a breath, she took him into her lungs. "You don't know me any more than I know you. We can't just pretend we don't have pasts, Rio, as much as we'd like. I'm not the woman you seem to remember in your dreams, and you can't be the man I remember. Things like that aren't real."

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His fingers tangled in her hair. "How do you know they aren't real? How do you know we weren't together in a past life? Your hair felt just like this, but it was long, to your waist. When you braided it, the braid was nearly as thick as my forearm. I know the sound of your laughter, Rachael, but more importantly, I know what makes you laugh. I know what makes you sad. I know that you have an aversion to monkeys. How would I know that?" He wrapped her curls around his fingers and buried his face against the silken mass.

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"I must have said something, maybe when I had such a high fever. I was probably rambling like crazy."

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"Just the opposite. You were so closemouthed most of the time, it scared me. Sometimes you were barely breathing."

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She laughed softly. "I was afraid you were giving me truth serum."

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"So I could conduct my interrogation." He lifted his head, his green eyes blazing at her. "Are you afraid of me, Rachael? Are you afraid I'll betray you for the money?"

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She studied his face feature by feature and found she was shaking her head before she could stop herself. "No, I'm not afraid of that."

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"Then talk to me. Tell me who you are."

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She lifted her hand to his face, traced the tiny lines around his mouth. "You tell me who you are, Rio. Let me know you before you ask questions of me. I see suffering in your face. You've seen betrayal, you know what it is. And you came here for a reason. Tell me what it is. Why do you have to live in this place?"

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"I choose to live here, Rachael, I don't have to live here. There is a difference."

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"You've been here for some time. Do Kim and Tama live far away from other people? Does Drake?"

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"No, Kim and Tama live in the village. Most of the time if their people move, the entire village moves. They still have longhouses when they're traveling. Drake lives near a village for our people."

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"Who are your people, Rio? Why don't you want to be close to them?"

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"I've always been happier on my own. I don't mind a solitary life."

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Rachael smiled and snuggled deeper into her pillow. "You aren't willing to tell me anything at all about yourself. Even in friendship there has to be give-and-take, trust between two people. We don't have that between us."

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"Then what do we have?" Rio knew she was right, but he didn't want to hear her say it. He wanted things to be different, but if he told her the things she wanted to know there was no chance for them.

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"I'm so tired, Rio," Rachael said softly. "Can we do this tomorrow? I can't seem to stay awake no matter how hard I try. I think you keep putting something into that drink you're always telling me is so healthy."

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She wanted to drop it. He recognized the signs. She was adept at avoiding topics he didn't want to discuss. And what was the point?

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Rio lay listening to her breathing, his body so hard he felt that just one more brush against her skin might be the last straw. He would shatter into a million pieces. Sleeping on the floor away from her wouldn't stop it. Cold showers didn't help. The house was too small for the two of them to share unless they were together, and sleeping in the bed next to her and not touching her was just plain impossible.

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Intellectually he knew it was because she was close to the Han Vol Dan and she was affecting him with her ripe scent. He wanted to blame it on that, the age-old call of female to male, but in truth, he wanted her in so many other ways. She made him happy and he didn't even know why. He didn't care why. He wanted her in his home. At his side. With him. It was fairly simple as he saw it.

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Women. They always managed to complicate the simplest issue. He sat up, careful not to disturb her. He would get no sleep if he didn't slip out into the night and run. The farther and faster the better.

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Rachael hoped she was dreaming. It wasn't a frightening nightmare, but it was disturbing. Not so much the images, but the idea of it all. She could see herself, stretching her body, arching her back, in the throes of sexual need. Not just a wanting—a craving, an obsession. The need was so strong she could think of nothing but finding Rio. Being with Rio. Rio's

hands touching her, stroking her body, driving into her with wild abandon. There was heat and fire and still she wasn't satisfied. She could see her body rippling with pleasure, her body sleek and moist. Rio rolled over, pulling her on top of him, and Rachael threw back her head, thrust her breasts in invitation as she rode him frantically. She turned her head to look back at the sleeping Rachael, her face contorting as fur rippled over her body.

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Rachael shook her head, stirred drowsily, wriggled a little to find the warmth and reassurance of Rio's body. He wasn't there. She turned over, careful of her injured leg. She was definitely alone in the bed. The house was dark, not unusual, Rio never lit a lamp, preferring to pad around the house barefoot, in the nude. He seemed to have such an affinity with the night, preferring that time to any other. Nothing in the shadows affected him or frightened him. He never really seemed to sleep deeply. The few times she woke in the dark, he was already alert, the change in her breathing enough to awaken him.

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She lifted her head and studied the room. The mosquito net hanging over the door swayed like a dancing ghost in the wind. The door was open. Rio had gone on one of his many midnight adventures. He always came back more relaxed, the tension gone from his body. He was usually covered in sweat and would walk softly over to the basin to wash. Rachael loved watching him. She should have felt guilty, a voyeur, but she didn't. She simply feasted her eyes on his body, watched the ripple of his roped muscles and appreciated the fact that he was so intensely male.

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Something shoved at the mosquito netting. A large dark head thrust its way into the house. Rachael froze, her heart in her mouth. Fritz snarled, hissed and rose to back unsteadily toward Rachael. She reached out her hand to the little clouded leopard, touched the fur as he slunk beneath the bed, still hissing. Rachael didn't take her gaze from the huge, heavily muscled animal pushing his way through the flimsy mosquito net into the house.

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The leopard was the largest wild animal she'd ever encountered. It was a male, weighing close to two hundred pounds, pure muscle, exotic black fur from its head to the tip of its tail, its eyes a vivid yellow-green. The leopard swung its head this way and that, peering around the room, ignoring the small snarling cat as if it was beneath its dignity. It stepped fully into the house, the tail switching from side to side. It rubbed its shoulder against the chair and sink, all the while staring at Rachael with far too much intelligence in its eyes.

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She moved her hand very slowly, bringing it into the bed, sliding it under the pillow to find the reassuring metal of the gun. Curling her fingers around the grip she pulled it in slow motion toward her. Beneath the bed, Fritz snarled loudly. "Hush," she whispered, trying to keep her voice low so she didn't trigger the leopard into an attack.

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To her amazement, the little cat went silent. The black leopard continued rubbing its body along the furniture, all the while staring at her. She lay still, unable to look away. As the animal approached her, Rachael forgot to bring the weapon up to aim. The animal didn't use a slow stalk,

it simply padded over to her, rubbing the length of its body along the bed. It rubbed its head along her arm, the fur soft and unbelievably luxurious. Her breath caught in her throat. She had to fight an impulse to bury her fingers in the fur, to rub her face in the neck and shoulder of the animal.

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The leopard began a slow systematic rub of her body with its head, chin and cheeks, rubbing down her shoulder and across her breasts. It stretched across the bed to rub her stomach and the junction between her legs, took its time rubbing over her good leg and, after sniffing her wounded leg, was careful as it rubbed its way back up her leg to her head.

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The leopard's breath was warm against her skin as it nudged her shoulder, giving her the impression the animal wanted her to scratch it. The gun slipped from her hand to rest on the blanket and she sank her fingers into the thick fur. It was daring and nearly overwhelming, a wild and crazy impulse she couldn't control. She traced the darker shadow of rosettes buried in the dense black fur with her fingertips. Tentatively, she began to scratch the leopard's ears and neck, became bold enough to scratch along its broad chest. She could see several scars in the fur, indicating the cat had been in more than one fight, but the animal was a magnificent specimen of its kind. Muscles ran like steel beneath the fur, wrapped around the body in every direction. She should have been terrified at being in such close proximity, but the night took on a surreal quality.

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Up so close she could see the whiskers were very long, and were on the upper lips, cheeks, chin, over the eyes and even on the inside of the leopard's forelegs. The hairs were embedded in the tissue with nerve endings that transmitted continual tangible information much like a radar system. During an attack, the leopard could extend the whiskers much like a net in front of the mouth to help it assess the prey's body position in order to administer a lethal bite. Rachael hoped the continual rubbing against her was a signal for her to scratch harder and not that the animal was becoming aggressive.

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Fritz stuck his nose out from under the bed and her heart pounded in fear for the small wounded cat. The larger leopard merely touched noses, rubbed the top of the clouded leopard's head with his own. Then it stretched languidly, scraped the floor around the bed and repeated its rubbing over Rachael's body with its head before padding across the room to the kitchen area. It stood on its hind feet and raked its claws continually down the wall, leaving long, deep grooves in the wood. Exactly like the other grooves. It dropped back to the floor, turned its head to look at her once more with its focused stare, then, unhurried, padded out of the house into the darkness.

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## Nine

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Rachael wiped the sweat from her eyes and stared at the claw markson the wall. She hadn't been dreaming. A huge leopard had been in the house, walking around as if it owned the place. It had looked at her with its eerie stare. The animal had rubbed up against the bed, against her skin, against her entire body, not once, but twice, against the furniture and had just stretched full length to rake its enormous claws down the kitchen

wall, leaving behind telltale grooves embedded deep in the wood. She couldn't have imagined such a beast any more than she could imagine the claw marks.

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"Just when you think it's safe to go back into the jungle," she whispered aloud, afraid if she spoke too loudly the cat would return. "Rio? Rio, where are you?"

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The door was open to the night, the mosquito net blowing gently in the mild breeze. The rain was a soft fall in the distance. Rachael sat up, taking care not to jar her leg. She had more strength, but her leg was swollen and painful even with slight movement. Dragging on Rio's shirt, muttering as it snagged on her broken wrist, she threw back the cover. The gun fell to the floor with a clatter, the noise loud in the stillness of the night.

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With a little sigh, Rachael fished around for it, reaching with her fingertips, trying to spare her leg until she was forced to move. There was no sound, but she felt the impact of his eyes. At once she could breathe easier. Rachael looked up to find Rio's wide shoulders filling the doorway. She was used to the fact that he rarely wore clothes in the house. That his body was as hard as a rock. That there was something dangerous and different about him she couldn't quite put her finger on. But she would never get over the sure power of his eyes.

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"Aside from the fact that you left the door open and a leopard decided to visit, you have to stop taking these midnight strolls. Hasn't anyone ever told you the forest can be dangerous at night?" Rachael curled her fingers into the blanket, making a fist, wishing she could jam it in her mouth and shut up for a change. Could she sound any more ridiculous lecturing him about the dangers of the forest when he knew far better than she? It was just that she'd been so afraid and the relief of having him back safe and unharmed was overpowering.

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Rio sauntered fully into the room, totally nude but as confident as if he were wearing a three-piece suit. "I'm not about to let anything happen to you, Rachael. I should have closed the door when you were alone in the house, but I was right outside." His gaze moved over her face, a moody, edgy examination. "Were you trying to get out of bed?"

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She forced a soft laugh. "Rachael to the rescue. I was going to put the leopard in a choke hold if it attacked you."

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He stared at her for a long moment before a slow smile spread across his face. Her heart did a funny little flip.

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"What a thought, Rachael. I have this visual of you wrestling with a leopard and it's enough to turn my hair gray."

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She loved his hair. Shaggy and untamed but shiny clean, like silk. "Rio, put some clothes on. Honestly, you're making life very difficult for me."

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“Because I’m always in a state of arousal around you?” His words were low, velvet soft. The impact was physical. Her body simply dissolved into liquid heat.

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She couldn’t help but see him—unashamed, natural, alone. He looked so alone standing there like a Greek god, a statue of the perfect male, with roped muscles and penetrating eyes and a sinful mouth. She wanted to be feeling absolute lust. Nothing else, just good old-fashioned lust. A fling that would burn hot and burn out leaving only ashes and good wishes and freedom behind. It didn’t help that she’d been dreaming strange, passionate dreams about making wild love with him.

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How did she know she could drive him mad by simply running her fingertips up his thigh? How did she know his eyes would change, gleam like bright emeralds, hot and bright, consuming her with desire? She had seen tears in his eyes. She had heard his voice husky with passion. She shook her head to clear her thoughts, to free herself from the strange memories that were hers . . . yet not hers.

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“While I’ll admit you’re more than tempting, and distracting, I’m not in shape to feel very sexy, Rio.” It was a blatant lie. Rachael had never felt sexier in her life. She sighed heavily. “It scares me when you go off like that. I’m really afraid something might happen to you. It’s not like I’m in any shape to go charging to the rescue.”

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Rio could only stare in silence. Her admission made him feel helpless and vulnerable. No one worried about him. No one cared that much if he made it back to his house at night. He fully expected to die in a fight someday and he doubted if more than a handful of men would mourn his passing, and that would be a brief salute to his marksman abilities. Rachael looked at him with the world shining in her eyes. A gift. A treasure. And he was certain she was completely unaware of it.

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“I’m sorry I frightened you, Rachael,” he murmured softly and shut the door on the night—closed the door on his freedom. “I had some things to think about. I went for a run.”

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“Yes, well, while you were gone, we had a little visit from your friendly neighborhood leopard. Fortunately it was on its best behavior so I didn’t shoot it. You may notice I’m choosing humor and bravado rather than classic hysteria. Although I thought long and hard about the hysteria.”

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He could feel the grin forming. It started in his gut and spread warmth through his body. “I appreciate the sacrifice. I’m not certain what I’d do with hysteria. It may be beyond my coping abilities.”

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“I seriously doubt anything is beyond your coping abilities. Did I upset you earlier? Is that why you couldn’t sleep?”

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Rio crossed to the basin as he always did after his nightly disappearances, his muscles flowing like water as he moved through the house without a whisper of sound. He remembered to light a candle, knowing she liked the scent of it. The flame flickered and set shadows dancing on the wall. “I thought a lot about what you said, that I wasn’t willing to

tell you about myself. Maybe you were right. I love the way you look at me. I haven't ever had anyone look at me the way that you do. It's hard to think of giving that up, or taking a chance of never seeing it again because you won't look at me the same way after I talk to you about who and what I really am."

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She always did the unexpected. Rachael laughed softly. "And you must have forgotten who you're talking to, Rio. The woman with the million-dollar price on her head. Has it occurred to you, I'm a pariah in society?"

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"I know exactly whom I'm talking to," he said.

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Rachael stretched her leg out in front of her, careful not to jar it. She had to use both hands, even the broken one, in order to ease her leg fully off the bed. Blood rushed, causing pins and needles to add to the throbbing pain. That immediately drew his attention. Rio half turned, a small frown on his face. "Are you going somewhere?"

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"Just stretching. I thought you could make me one of those drinks. I'm getting addicted to them. What do you put in them, anyway? Just for future reference, you understand." She straightened her shirt, pulled at the tails to try to cover her bare thighs. The edges were gaping open over her breasts and she awkwardly tried to button it with one hand.

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Rio dragged on a pair of jeans before crossing over to the bed. "The drink is made from fruit nectar and whatever fruit I happen to harvest that morning." He hunkered down beside her and reached for the edges of the shirt—his shirt. It looked completely different on her. His knuckles brushed her full breasts. He could feel warmth and velvet-soft flesh. His knuckles lingered, deliberately rubbed gently. He hadn't planned to take advantage, it just happened. He couldn't resist the temptation. He looked up at her face, his fingers curled around the edges of his shirt.

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Rachael was instantly trapped in the vivid intensity of his gaze. She fell, tumbled, dropped into his gaze. Leaned into him in invitation. His mouth took possession of hers, a fusing together, wild and tumultuous, neither quite in control. His fingers moved between her breasts, sliding the button aside to allow his hands to cup the soft weight. She gasped, arched into his palm, pushed closer, her body every bit as sensitive as in her catlike dream. She needed his touch, ached for it, dreamed of it. Was familiar with it. His mouth was pure male, driving every thought from her head so that she simply wound her arms around his neck and held him to her.

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His lips blazed a trail of fire from her mouth to her chin. His teeth nibbled, moved lower to her throat, his tongue swirling along her skin just to taste her. Rachael cried out when his mouth settled over her breast, when his fingers tangled in her hair, when he spread a blazing fire through her body.

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"Why did you have to put your jeans on this one time?" Rachael complained, her voice breathless. "Just this once, wouldn't it be all right to forget everything and just be together?" The ache and the need were raw. She heard it and knew he did too.

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“Damn it, Rachael.” His tongue swirled over her taut nipple. He rested his forehead against her sternum, his breath warm on her breasts. “Did you have to make me think? If I take advantage of you while you’re injured and you can’t walk away, how are you going to feel tomorrow when you have to hear everything I have to say?”

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His hands cupped her breasts, thumbs stroking, his mouth hot and moist and filled with passion as he suckled, just one more time. His body was so full and painful he moaned, an involuntary protest against the tight material covering his erection.

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Rachael tugged at his zipper, thankful he wasn’t wearing his button-fly jeans. “Take them off, Rio.”

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He reluctantly left the haven of her breasts to stand so he could drag off the jeans and kick them aside. He was standing between her legs, and Rachael simply leaned into him, her hands cupping his testicles and her mouth sliding over his erection. Hot silk surrounded him, gripped him, her tongue dancing and teasing. The rush hit him like a fireball, nearly blew out the top of his head. She was doing something with her fingertips, stroking and caressing until he thought he’d go out of his mind. He heard a sound escaping his throat, something between a growl and a groan, but he couldn’t stop it.

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“Rachael,sestrilla, you’re killing me.” He didn’t want her to stop, but if she didn’t he was going to disgrace himself. There would be no chance to satisfy her. He put his hands on her shoulders to press her back. “If we’re going to do this, we’re going to do it right.” Even as he said it, even as he meant it, her tongue was doing a dancing foray over the head of his penis, teasing and driving him out of his skull. The breath slammed out of his lungs and he fisted his hands in her hair, his hips thrusting helplessly.

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That was Rachael. Teasing and laughing, her breath hot with passion as she drove him out of his mind. She loved their sex life, was every bit as adventurous as he. Just looking at her could make him crazy and when she was like this . . . Rio groaned again and shook his head to clear it of memories. He wanted this to be here and now. This Rachael, this Rio—not the ones from another time and place.

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He tugged at her hair and she lifted her head, her dark chocolate eyes laughing joyfully. His heart performed a series of somersaults. He pushed her back on the bed, lifted her leg carefully, dragging blankets, shirts and everything else he could find to prop it up for her. The shirt fell open to allow him to see her luscious body. Her skin was a miracle, soft and inviting.

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“You’re sure, Rachael. Be sure,sestrilla, there is no going back once we do this.” His heated gaze drifted possessively over her body, drinking her in, even when he wanted her to be certain of what she was doing. Whatever past life they had together was urging a passionate and heated union. “I want this to be us. You and me and no one else. Not past or future, but the two of us in the present.”

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She reached her arms up for him, locked her hands behind his neck as he carefully lowered himself into the cradle of her hips. Her body was as welcoming as the look on her face. As the wonder and joy in her eyes. Rio buried his face in the warmth of her throat, closing his eyes to absorb the feel and texture of her skin. Of her heat.

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"I know whatsestrilla means, Rio. You are calling me beloved one. I have no idea of the language. But I know the word." She held his head to her, feeling the trembling in his body. He was enormously strong, with roped muscles, yet he trembled in her arms. It amazed and humbled her. She swept her hands over his back, careful to keep the makeshift splint from rubbing against his skin. She knew the exact line of his back, but the scars were unfamiliar. She traced each one, committing them to memory.

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His full erection was heavy and thick, pressing against her moist entrance, but he simply lay in her arms, holding her to him while she explored his body. She felt his mouth move against her throat and her heart began to pound in anticipation. She couldn't stop moving as flames licked at her body in the wake of his tongue. He worshipped her, taking his time when they both were already on the edge of insanity. His hands and mouth touching and tasting until she had tears in her eyes and lifted her hips in urgent need. He was incredibly gentle, tender even, so careful of her injured leg, yet there wasn't a spot he missed on her body, leisurely feasting on her as if they had all the time in the world. His breath was warm on her stomach as he gave a series of little nips down to the tangle of dark curls.

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"Rio, it's too much."

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"It's never too much." He breathed the words against her, his finger pushing deep into her so that her muscles clenched around him and she cried out with pleasure. "This is the two of us, Rachael. The way we're meant to be." He bent his head and replaced his finger with his tongue.

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She clutched the sheets for an anchor. Her body exploded, rippling with life, with pleasure, nearly sending her off the bed. Then his mouth was fastened to hers and he was lifting her hips, surging into her. He was thick and full and thrust through her orgasm, sending shock waves of fire through her body.

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"More, Rachael, take me deeper, take all of me." His voice was hoarse and he tilted her hips as he thrust deeper, wanting to bury himself inside her body, inside her sanctuary. He wanted to share her skin, her heart, her very soul. "That's right,sestrilla, more, take all of me." He could have wept tears of joy. Everything in him remembered, knew he had come home. He felt her shift, just that tiny bit, felt her take him deeper into her tight sheath. Her muscles gripped and clung and performed an amazing tango of heat and fire on his body. He found a perfect rhythm, surging deep, thrusting hard, immersing, losing himself in a paradise he thought lost to him.

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He knew instinctively, or maybe it was a past life together, exactly how to please her. He knew what she wanted, what made her gasp and moan and

cling to him. He wanted their first time together to be a memory for both of them. He forced his body under a semblance of control to give her complete satisfaction, driving her up and over the edge again and again until she cried out for mercy. He wanted to give her the perfect joy she gave to him.

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Rachael dug her fingernails into Rio's back, desperate to hold on, to take him with her when she was flying so high. Lights burst behind her eyes. Her body shuddered with pleasure. She felt him swelling even more, growing larger, harder, exploding with life and joy, his growl of sheer pleasure mingling with her own cry.

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They lay in the heat of the night, their scents mingling, their hearts racing. Rachael traced one long scar just over his left shoulder with her fingertip while wave after wave rocked her. "How did you get this one?"

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He couldn't move, sweat beading his body. He settled into her, shifting slightly to take some of his weight off of her. "That one was a knife. I was pulling a sixteen-year-old boy out of Tomas's camp and the kid panicked and ran from me before I could stop him. A guard nabbed him and swung a machete at him." He nestled his face closer to the warmth of her breast. "That's where this scar came from." He showed her his arm and the deep scar running along his forearm. "I was able to save the kid, but a second guard knifed me from behind during the fight. That wasn't my most shining moment."

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Rachael lifted her head enough to press her mouth to his forearm, her tongue swirling over the long scar. He tasted as if they'd just made love. "And this one?" She reached lower, deliberately sliding her fingertips over his firm buttocks to rest in the small white concave over his left hip. "How did you get this one?"

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"A bullet." He grinned, his breath teasing her nipple into a hard peak. "Obviously I was running."

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"Well at least you were showing good sense."

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"There were more of them then there was of me. I walked into a hornet's nest that time. I was only scouting, looking for signs, and walked right into them. It seemed the right thing to do was to leave since I didn't have an invitation." He leaned into her breast and suckled, just for a moment because she wasn't opposed to the idea. His laughter was muffled. "I've improved my running times since then."

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Just the pull of his mouth on her sensitized breast sent her body into another orgasm. He was still locked deep inside her and velvet-soft muscles gripped and clenched tightly, adding to his own pleasure.

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Her fingertips avoided the raw wound on his hip and went to the myriad of deep slashes on his back. "And these?"

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Rio went absolutely still. Even his breath caught in his lungs. He waited a heartbeat, listened to the air moving in and out of her lungs. Slowly he

lifted his head to look down at her. “Those scars came from a few fights I had with a big cat.”

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Her dark eyes moved over his face. He could see her taking it in, accepting it. “A cat like the other night. A big leopard. Not Fritz or Franz.”

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“Not Fritz or Franz,” he confirmed. Very gently he separated from her, easing his body from hers, rolling over to take his weight completely from her. He lay staring up at the ceiling. “A very large, fully grown male leopard.”

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Rachael could feel the stillness in him. The waiting. There was something he needed to tell her, but he was extremely reluctant. She reached for his hand, laced their fingers together. “Have you ever noticed how much easier it is to say things you need to say, but don’t want to say, in the dark?” Her fingers tightened around his. “You know you’re going to tell me, so just say it.” She waited, her heart accelerating. She had a flashback of his face changing, of fur and teeth and eerie glowing eyes. The longer she lay in the dark waiting, the more she was afraid.

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“I murdered a man.” Rio said it softly, his voice so low it was barely audible. She heard pain, stark and raw in the ugly confession.

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For a moment she couldn’t breathe. It was the last thing she expected him to say. The last thing she expected of a man like Rio. It didn’t fit with the man who cared for his leopards first. It didn’t fit with the way he always put her first. “Rio, defending yourself or having to defend others by taking them back from a man like Tomas is not murder.”

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“It wasn’t self-defense. He didn’t have a chance against my skills. I hunted him down and I executed him. It was not government sanctioned and the laws of my people didn’t sanction such an act. I wish I could tell you I was sorry he’s dead, but I’m not.” He turned his head to look at her. “Maybe that’s why I can’t forgive myself. And it’s why I live apart from the others of my kind.”

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A weight seemed to be crushing her chest. “Were you arrested and charged?”

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“I presented myself before the council of elders for judgment, yes. We have our own laws and courts. I was charged with murder. I didn’t deny it. How could I?”

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Rachael closed her eyes, tried to block out his words.Murder. Murder. Hunted him down and executed him. The words echoed through her mind. Flashed at her like a neon sign. “But it doesn’t make sense,” she murmured aloud. “Murder doesn’t fit with your personality. It doesn’t, Rio.”

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“No?” There was amusement in his voice, a twisted, humorless, sarcastic mocking that made her flinch. “You’d be surprised at what I’m capable of doing, Rachael.”

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“Did you go to jail?”

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“In a way. I was banished. I am not allowed to live among my people. I do not have the benefit of the elders’ wisdom. I am alone, yet not alone. I am close to them, yet always apart. My people cannot survive in jail. There is only death or banishment for a crime as grave as mine. I was banished. My people do not see me, or acknowledge my existence. Well, other than the unit I run with.”

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She listened to his voice. There was no note of self-pity. No plea for compassion. Rio stated a fact. He had committed a crime and he accepted the punishment that went along with it. She let out her breath slowly, struggling not to judge too quickly. It still didn’t make sense to her.

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“Are you going to tell me why you killed him?”

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“Whatever my reasons are, they weren’t good enough to take the life of another. Revenge is wrong, Rachael. I know that. I was taught that. I knew it when I hunted him. I didn’t even give him the chance to draw a weapon so I could claim self-defense. It was an execution, pure and simple.”

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“Is that what you were thinking when you killed him?”

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There was a silence. Rio’s thumb slid over the back of her hand. “No one ever asked me that. No, of course not. I didn’t look at it that way, but I did know the council would either decide to put me to death or banish me when I returned and told them what I’d done.”

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Rachael shook her head, more confused than ever. “You hunted this man down, killed him and then returned to your people and confessed you’d done it?”

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“Of course. I wouldn’t try to hide something like that.”

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“Why didn’t you keep going, head for another country?”

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“I’ve lived apart from the forest, apart from my people, I never want to do it again. I chose this life. It’s where I belong. I knew I would have to go before the council when I chose my path, yet I stayed on it. I couldn’t stop myself. I still cannot mourn his passing.”

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“What did he do to you?”

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“He killed my mother.” His voice roughened. He cleared his throat. “She was running, much like I do at night, and he stalked her and killed her. I heard the shot and I knew. I was some distance away, and by the time I reached her it was too late.” Abruptly he released her hand and was on his feet, pacing across the room to the kitchen as if movement was the only thing that could keep him from exploding. “I’m not making excuses, I knew better than to take his life.”

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“For heaven’s sake, Rio, hekilled your mother. You must have been crazy with grief.”

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He turned around to face her, leaned one hip against the sink. “There’s more to the story, of course there always is. You’ve never asked me about my people. You’ve never once asked why our laws are different than the human laws.”

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Rachael sat up slowly, pulled the edges of her shirt together and began awkwardly to button it. She suddenly felt vulnerable lying on his bed with barely any clothes and his scent permeating her body. “I am fairly certain Tama and Kim answer to the laws of their tribe. We’re all subject to whatever laws govern our country, but out here, I doubt the government knows exactly what goes on. The tribes probably deal with most of their own troubles.” She kept her voice very calm, her expression serene. It wouldn’t help either of them to show she was suddenly very afraid.

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Rio moved. It was a small, subtle movement, but distinctly feline. A supple shifting of his body so that he seemed to flow like water, then become perfectly still. His eyes dilated wide, the color changing from vivid green to a yellow-green. At once his gaze was marblelike, glassy, an eerie, focused, unblinking stare. A reddish cast gave his eyes an evil, animalistic quality. He turned his head as if listening. “I can hear your heart beating too rapidly, Rachael. You can’t hide fear. There is a sound to it. A smell to it. It’s in every breath you take. Every beat of your heart.”

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And it was killing him. He’d allowed her to get under his skin. He’d known all along he would have to tell her the truth. Rachael had been traumatized by something in her life. She’d seen and lived with violence and he suspected she had tried to escape. He had to tell her the truth, show her the truth—he couldn’t live with himself if he didn’t. But his heart was being ripped out of his chest and the rage that was never far from the surface welled up to choke him.

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It had taken him time to realize she made him laugh, made him cry, made himfeel. She brought life to him. Almost from the beginning she made him feel alive again. He couldn’t imagine going back to an empty house. He forced himself to tell her the truth, although it was terrifying. Rio had never been truly afraid in his life, yet now he stood to lose something he never thought to have. Fear fed the anger swirling in his belly so that he wanted to rage at her.

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Rachael nodded, swallowed the tight knot of fear threatening to suffocate her. “That’s true, Rio. But you mistake what I’m afraid of. It isn’t you. It isn’t what you say. Do you think it’s all new to me? That I’m so shocked by your confession? I’m not afraid of you. You’ve had every opportunity to take advantage of me. To kill me, or rape me, or use me in some way. You could have easily taken me to the authorities for the reward money. I’m not afraid of you. Not Rio the man.”

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He came closer, filling the room with dangerous power. It emanated from every pore. There was no whisper of sound when he walked toward her. He moved with the flowing grace of a large jungle animal. Ropes of muscle rippled beneath his skin. He leaned closer to her. She could hear the breath in his lungs, the low, threatening growl rumbling in his throat.

Rachael refused to be intimidated, refused to look away. She stared at him with one eyebrow raised, daring him.

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Muscles contorted, knotted, his large frame bent and he dropped to the floor on all fours, still watching her, never blinking, never once looking away, holding her gaze captured in the blazing intensity of his. She saw his skin lift as if something alive ran beneath it.

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"And what if Rio isn't a man?" His voice was distorted, rough. He coughed, a strange grunt she'd heard before.

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A chill ran down her spine. She stared in horrified fascination as his body stretched and lengthened, as fur rippled over his skin, as his jaw lengthened into a muzzle and teeth erupted in his mouth. The leopard was black with whorls of darkened rosettes buried deep in the luxurious fur. It wasn't the first time she found herself face-to-face with the beast.

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Rachael recognized the fact that she was breathing far too fast. The leopard was inches from her, his yellow-green gaze holding hers. Waiting. There was a nobility, a dignity about the animal as he waited. Her hand shook as she reached out to touch the fur. The animal snarled, exposed the wicked canines, but she touched him. Connected to him. It was instinctive and the only thing she could think to do under the circumstances.
"Fainting is out of the question," she murmured softly. "I've tried it and it just doesn't work for me. I've never figured out how other women manage it. If you were trying to shock me, believe me, you've succeeded beyond your wildest dreams."

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Even as she uttered the words, she wasn't altogether certain they were the truth. There had been signs. She hadn't wanted to believe them. It seemed too far-fetched. Surely scientists would have discovered them by now, yet he stood there, staring at her with his wild eyes, his hot breath in her face. He was unmistakably a leopard. A shape-shifter. The thing of myth and legend.

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"Why do you want me to be afraid of you, Rio?" She bent her head toward his, ignoring his snarl of warning. She rubbed her face over the dark fur. "You're the only person who ever looked at me for myself. You gave me acceptance even when I didn't deserve it. What is so terrible about what you are? I know people far more terrible." Tears burned behind her eyelids. It wasn't as if she could stay with him. "I guess this answers the question why you run around naked in the forest. You like to go out at night as a leopard, don't you?"

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It was useless to hide from her in animal form. When he looked into her eyes there was no horror at his revelations. He could read sadness there. Rio shifted back to his human form and sat on the floor beside the bed. "I'm neither human nor animal, but a mixture of both. We have traits of both species and some of our own."

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"Can you assume another form?"

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He shook his head. "We are both leopard and human at the same time and only take one form or the other. This is who I am, Rachael. I'm not

ashamed of what I am. My people are few, but we play an important role here in the rain forest. We have honor and commitment, and our elders are wise in things beyond modern science. While it's true we have to be careful to remain undiscovered for obvious reasons, we contribute to society in many ways."

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There was pride in his voice, but she could see wariness in his eyes. "Tell me what happened to your mother, Rio." She could live with, be friends with and be the lover of a shape-shifter, but she could not live with a man who murdered people. She'd done that, and she would never do so again under any circumstances.

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He raked his fingers through his hair, wreaking havoc so that his shaggy hair was more tousled then ever. Locks fell persistently over his forehead, drawing attention to the brilliance of his eyes. "I thought you'd run the minute you knew what I was."

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Her smile was slow and more sensual than she knew. It nearly stopped his heart. "Well, I might have, but I can't exactly win any races at the moment."

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Her smile was contagious, even then, when she could rip the heart out of his chest and change his life forever. He found an answering smile tugging at his mouth. "I'll admit I thought of that when I decided I'd better tell you. It stacked the odds just a bit in my favor."

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"Smart man." Rachael stroked back the strands of hair falling across his forehead. "Tell me about it, Rio. Tell it to me the way it happened, not how other people saw it."

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Rio felt the familiar pain, the anguish rising the way it always did when he thought of that day. He rubbed his suddenly pounding temples. "She loved the night. We all do. It's beautiful, the way the moon plays over the trees and the water. We're so much more alive. All the cares of the day disappear when we take the form of the leopard. I suppose it's a form of escape, running along the branches and playing in the river. Our people love the water and we're all good swimmers. She went out alone that night because I was working on the house."

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"Where was your father?"

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"He died years earlier. It was just the two of us. She was used to being alone. I'd been gone on and off for a few years getting an education, so neither of us gave it much thought. I heard the warning first, the animals, the wind. You've heard it, you know what I'm talking about. I knew immediately it was an intruder. Human—not one of our people. Few people come this far into the interior unless it's a tribesman and I could feel from the animals it was someone different, someone dangerous to us."

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Rachael eased her leg onto the floor, needing to stretch out. Immediately Rio helped her, his hands gentle as he took her foot carefully from the bed. To Rachael's astonishment, his hands were shaking. "Thank you, that feels better. I'm sorry, please keep going."

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Rio shrugged. “I raced after her, but it was too late. I heard the shot. Sound travels a great distance at night. When I reached her, she was dead and already skinned. He’d taken her pelt and left her like so much garbage on the ground.” He closed his eyes but the memory was there. Already the insects and carrion were moving in. He would never forget the sight as long as he lived. “We can’t take chances with the bodies. We burn them and scatter the remains over distances. I did what I had to do and all the while I could feel the black rage in me turning ice cold. I knew what I was going to do. I planned it carefully while I took care of her. I couldn’t bear to think about what I was doing, the burning of her body, so I planned out each step as I worked.”

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“Rio, she was your mother, what did you expect to feel?” Rachael asked gently.

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“Grief. Not madness. He didn’t kill a woman, he killed an animal. It’s acceptable in society. It isn’t legal, but it’s still acceptable. He didn’t deliberately kill a human being—and in a sense, he didn’t. We’re taught that mistakes can occur and we have to be prepared for them. Each time we take our alternate form, we are taking a chance by running free. Poachers often enter our realm, I knew that. I was taught that. So was my mother. She took the chance just as I do nearly every night. It was her decision and her risk. That’s what we’re taught by the elders, and they’re right. We aren’t supposed to look upon it as murder. We’re taught to view it as an accident.”

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“I’m not certain that’s entirely possible, Rio. Admirable maybe, but not very likely when it comes to one’s family.”

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He touched her mouth. That tempting, beautiful mouth so ready to defend him. There had been no one to defend him all those years ago. He’d been a hothead, rage riding him hard. Defiance his only weapon. “I don’t believe in an eye for an eye.” He looked down at his hands. “I didn’t even back then. I know my killing him didn’t accomplish anything. It didn’t bring her back. It didn’t make me feel better. It certainly changed my life, yet I still can’t bring myself to be sorry that he’s dead. Do I wish I hadn’t done it? Yes. Would I do it again? I don’t know. Probably. It was like a sickness inside of me, Rachael, a hole burning in my gut. I tracked him and found his hunting camp. Her pelt was hanging on the wall to dry. There was blood, her blood, on his clothes. I learned how to hate. I swear, I’d never even felt such an emotion before. He was drinking, celebrating. I didn’t even give him a chance. I didn’t say anything at all to him, I didn’t even tell him why.” He looked up to meet her eyes, wanting her to know the truth about what he was. What he’d done.

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“I think I was afraid to tell him, afraid I’d see remorse or regret. I wanted him dead and I simply ripped out his throat. Her pelt was hanging on the wall behind him.”

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Bile rose in his throat, just as it had all those years ago. He had been physically ill, over and over, yet he had dragged the pelt from the wall and burned it as he was taught before returning to the elders to tell them what he’d done.

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“You condemn yourself for going after the man who killed your mother, yet you make your living pulling people out of dangerous situations, using your skills as a marksman to free them.”

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“It isn’t the same thing as defending my life or the life of someone else, Rachael,” he said. “If I’m sent out to bring someone home, back to their family, I believe anyone in the scope of my rifle put themselves there by kidnapping and threatening the life of another. It isn’t the same thing at all.”

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Rachael shifted her weight, bent forward to circle his neck with her arms in an effort to comfort him. Something whizzed past her ear so fast it hummed, thudding into the wall, sending splinters in all directions.

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Rio reacted instantly, wrapping his arms around her and dragging herto the floor, his body covering hers. The movement jarred her leg, sent pain radiating up her thigh and through her stomach so that she wanted to scream. It was only then that she heard the boom of the distant rifle reaching them. At once a series of spits peppered the room, tearing up the wall and showering the room with splinters of wood. Rachael jammed her good hand into her mouth to keep from crying. Her leg burned and throbbed. It felt as if it might have burst open but she couldn’t move with Rio’s weight on top of her.

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“Stay down,” he hissed. “I mean it, completely flat on the floor, Rachael. Don’t you move, not for any reason.” His hands were moving over her, inspecting her for damage. “You aren’t hit, are you? Tell me.” He was shaking with rage. It welled up like a funnel cloud, dark and twisted and ferocious. The bullets hadn’t been aimed at him, the marksman had gone after Rachael. There were no lights on in the house and the blanket was over the window. The flickering candle was the only light and it had been enough for the marksman to take his shot. It told Rio they were dealing with a professional.

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“It’s just my leg, Rio.” Rachael did her best to be calm. Screaming wasn’t going to help the pain and Rio’s weight had her flattened like a pancake on the floor. “I can’t breathe very well like this.”

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Fritz had been under the bed. With the bullets whining so close he emerged, snarling and spitting. Rachael risked her skin by catching the cat to prevent it from exposing itself to the gunfire. The cat’s head spun around, saberlike teeth rushing toward her. Rio was quicker, pinning the animal and hissing a command. Fritz grew quiet and lay beside Rachael.

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“Ungrateful wretch,” she said pleasantly.

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Rio ignored her comment, sliding his hand over the bed until he found the gun. It was automatic to check the load. “The clip is full and one’s in the chamber.” He thrust the weapon into her hand. “Stay down and behind the bed.” He rolled over, found his jeans and dragged them on.

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Rio propelled his body forward using his elbows, staying on his belly as he made his way across the room to his guns. Carefully he inched his hand up to drag the cache of weapons to him. Almost immediately bullets spit into the wall above him. He rolled over, strapping a knife to his leg. “I have to go out there, Rachael.” His next stop was the sink where the candle was. Any professional would know he would want to douse that small light. He used a water bottle from his pack on the floor, taking aim carefully and spraying the candle until the flame went out leaving behind a small trail of smoke. Another spray of bullets peppered the wall and sink.

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“I know. Is there another way out besides the door?”

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“Yes, I have several. I’ll use the one toward the back, farthest from his line of vision. Don’t move around. He’s probably got night vision glasses and he knows the layout of the house.”

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“How could he know that?”

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Rio didn’t know the answer to her question. At the moment it didn’t matter. He scooted back to Rachael and laid one of his knives on the floor beside her fingertips. “You’re going to have to use that if he gets close to you.”

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“Do you want me to shoot at him and distract him so you can get out without him seeing you?” Rachael offered.

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Her voice trembled and he could hear the note of pain she was trying so hard to hide from him. With his acute sense of smell he picked up the scent of blood. The crash to the floor had caused some damage to her leg and he knew it must hurt. He leaned into her, caught her chin and brought his mouth to hers. He put everything he had into that kiss. His anger and fear, but most of all his passion and hope. He didn’t want to admit to love, he barely knew her, but there was tenderness and something that tasted of love. “Don’t try to help me, Rachael. This is what I do and I’m better working alone. I want you safe, here on the floor when I get back. If he comes in, use the gun. Keep firing even if he goes down. And if he keeps coming and you run out of ammo, use the knife. Keep it low, in close to your body, and thrust upward to the soft parts of his body when he’s close.”

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She kissed him back. “I appreciate Lesson 101 in weapons training. Come back to me, Rio. I’ll be very upset with you if you don’t.” In spite of the fact that she was terrified and trembling uncontrollably, she forced a smile. “I’ll be right here, on the floor, clutching the gun in my hand, so whistle to let me know it’s you coming through the door.”

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He kissed her again. Slower. Thoroughly. Savoring the taste of her, appreciative that he had her. “May the fortunes be with you, Rachael.” He began to crawl, staying on his belly, rolling the last few feet. The pantry wall seemed solid enough, but a small section, no more than a crawl space, low to the floor was removable. He pried the boards loose and slipped through, taking the time to replace the section of wall in case his enemy shifted form.

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The night was warm. The rain had momentarily stopped, leaving the trees dripping and intensely green, even in the darkness. He slipped into the foliage, ignored a large python coiled around a thick branch only feet from his home, and moved quickly along the network of branches high above the forest floor. Often he was forced to allow the leopard form to emerge partially, so his feet could grip the slick wood and he could leap from branch to branch easily.

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He knew the general direction of his enemy, but it was a big area. In human form he didn't have quite as many receptors to allow him to locate the enemy precisely, but his leopard form was highly vulnerable to the long-distance rifle. Rio was certain the intruder would be expecting the leopard. He had the advantage of knowing every branch, every tree. The animals were used to his presence and would never give away his position as they would that of the intruder. The wind didn't betray him, carrying the scent of his enemy to him, taking his scent and drawing it away.

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He recognized the smell of the assassin. It didn't matter that he had taken human form, there was no doubt in Rio's mind the attacker was the same one who had hurt Fritz. He had obviously trained as a sniper and was good at guessing where his target would be. Rio slowed his progress, sacrificing speed for stealth.

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The foliage just down and to his left swayed slightly against the wind. His enemy was moving in closer to the house, changing position on the chance Rio had a bead on his line of fire. Rio paced along above him, high in the branches, waiting patiently for a glimpse of the man. He eased his rifle into position, peering through the scope. His adversary never exposed so much as a part of his arm, staying in heavy flora, allowing the shrubs and flowers and leaves to keep him invisible.

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Several trees to the right of the house, Rio caught sight of a pair of eyes glowing through the foliage. He knew immediately that Franz had been drawn back to the area by the gunfire. The small clouded leopard was making his way home along the upper highway made of a network of branches. The leaves swayed. Rio swore eloquently, lifting the rifle to his shoulder and squeezing off several rounds into the heavy shrubbery where he was certain the intruder had settled in for his next chance at a shot. Rio coughed loudly, a grunting cough of warning, pinning the intruder down with a multitude of bullets to keep him from getting off a shot at Franz.

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The small cat leapt back, disappeared completely, fading away as their kind could so easily into the thick fauna. Rio shouldered his rifle and took off through the trees, changing directions quickly, going up and into higher foliage, careful to keep from shaking the brush.

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He'd given away the fact that he was outside the house, taking away any advantage he would have had. It was a game of cat and mouse now, unless he had scored a hit on a target he couldn't see and he very much doubted if that had happened. Rio stayed absolutely still, lying prone in the tree, his eyes sweeping the area continually. The intruder had to have moved. No one could have stayed in the spot without taking a hit, but he was a professional and he hadn't given away his direction.

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Rio worried about Rachael, all alone in the house with the injured clouded leopard. He had no idea if she had the patience it took for the kind of waiting a sniper often had to contend with. It could take hours to flush out their intruder. He should have checked her leg before he left her. He had visions of her bleeding to death there on the floor waiting for him to return.

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His eyes never stopped moving restlessly, sweeping the forest in a continual pattern. Nothing moved. Even the wind seemed to die down. The rain began, a soft patter falling on the dense canopy overhead. Minutes went by. A half an hour. A snake crawled lazily along a branch several feet from him, drawing his attention. Several leaves fell from the nest of an orangutan as it shifted its weight to nestle deeper into the branches of a tree. The movement, several yards from him, drew his attention.

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Almost immediately Rio noticed the branches of a small shrub, just below the tree where the orangutan nested, started to quiver. It was low on the ground, an unusual choice for one of his kind. Rio watched carefully and saw the bushes move a second time, just a slight shiver, as if the wind passed by. He eased his rifle into position, careful not to make the same mistake. Back farther into the ferns and shrubs, he could make out the bruised and torn petals of an orchid scattered on top of a fallen and rotten trunk.

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Rio remained unmoving, watching the area closely. Time passed. The rain fell in a steady rhythm. There was no more movement in the thick shrubbery, but he was certain the sniper lay in wait there. Several nocturnal flying squirrels leapt into the air, fleeing a tree directly across from Rio. They chattered and scolded to one another as they landed, clinging to the branches in a neighboring tree. Twigs and petals cascaded in a small shower onto the rotten log and shrubbery below. Rio smiled. “Good Franz,” he whispered to himself. “Good hunting, boy.” His eyes never left the forest floor.

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A boot heel dug a short groove in the vegetation as the sniper shifted to get a glimpse of the treetops over his head. Rio squeezed off three shots in rapid succession, spacing each bullet up the line of the body just as the intruder realized he was exposed. The sniper screamed as he rolled over a small embankment, then abruptly was silent.

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Rio was already running along the branch highway, changing position, closing in on his target. He coughed twice, dropping flat both times to distort the sound, signaling to Franz to circle around and stay under shelter, then he was up and running again, covering as much ground as possible before the sniper could possibly recover.

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Rio was far more comfortable stalking prey from the treetops, but he began to make the descent to the lower reaches, using thick branches to move quickly from tree to tree, careful to keep to cover as he did so. He dropped to the forest floor, landing in a crouch and going completely motionless, blending into the deeper shadows of the forest.

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He was silent, scenting the wind. Blood was a distinctive odor, unmistakable in the air. Drops of rain penetrated the canopy and splattered onto the rotting vegetation. A bright green lizard raced up the trunk of the tree, the motion drawing his attention. A red splotch smeared a lacy fern embedded in the bark. Rio remained still, his gaze relentlessly sweeping the terrain searching for any movement, any sign of the intruder.

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Several short barking calls signaled a herd of adult barking deer nearby. Something had disturbed them enough to cause them to sound the alarm. Rio leapt onto a low-hanging branch and gave the grunting cough of his kind to alert Franz. The enemy was wounded and on the run. There was more blood in the thick needles and leaves on the ground where the sniper had rolled, but it wasn't arterial blood.

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Rio made another careful sweep of the branches above and around him. He sighed as he bent and picked up a boot. The man had taken just enough time to wrap the wound to staunch the flow of blood, drop his rifle and clothes and had taken to the trees, using his leopard form to escape. It was much faster and more efficient to rush through the branches than to try to run wounded, weighed down with clothes, weapons and ammunition. Running down a wounded leopard at night was madness. Especially one of his own kind who had all the cunning and intelligence along with special training.

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Rio scouted thoroughly, knowing leopards often backtrack and stalk their prey. Once he found blood smeared along a tree branch, and another time it was a bruised and twisted leaf, the only two signs marking the passing of the large cat. Franz joined him, scenting the air, snarling, eager to give chase. Rio was much more cautious. They were chasing a professional, a man capable of changing form. Like Rio, he would have planned several escape routes. He would have stashed weapons and clothes along the routes and he would have set traps ahead of time for the possibility of pursuit.

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Rio wanted to make certain the sniper hadn't doubled back, but he didn't want to leave Rachael for too long when he didn't know the extent of damage to her leg. He dropped a hand to the top of Franz's head, a gesture of restraint. "I know. He's come at us twice now. We'll hunt him later. We've got to move our wounded, boy." He scratched behind the upright ears and resolutely turned back to gather the clothes and weapons the sniper had left behind. He doubted if he would find an identity, but he could learn something from them.

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He made his way back toward the house, Franz beside him, taking his time to make a more thorough inspection of the floor and trees in his realm. He found the blind where the sniper laid waiting for just such an opportunity as Rio lighting a candle might give him. The shifting of shadows against the thin woven blanket was enough to give a marksman a chance of hitting a target. He stopped just a few steps from the verandah, breathing deeply, allowing the knowledge that Rachael could have been killed to wash over him.

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He felt sick, his stomach churning. The sweat that broke out on his body had nothing to do with the heat. The wind rarely touched the forest floor. It was always uncannily still there, the dense canopy shielding it, yet

high in the trees, the wind whispered and played and danced through the leaves. The sound was soothing to him, the rhythm of nature.

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He could understand the laws in the forest. He could even understand the necessity for violence in his world, but he couldn't imagine what Rachael had done to deserve a death sentence. If one of his people had contracted to kill a woman in cold blood, he knew the assassin would never stop until the deed was accomplished. His kind was single-minded, and the ego of the male would now be bruised. The slow, smoldering anger would flair into a dark, twisted hatred that would spread until it became a disease. The male had missed twice and both times Rio and his clouded leopards, two lesser beings, had interfered. It would be personal now.

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He stepped onto the verandah. "Rachael, I'm coming in." He waited for a sound. For a sign. He didn't realize he was holding his breath until he heard her voice. Tense. Frightened. Determined. So Rachael. She was alive.

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Rachael was still in exactly the same position on the floor as when he had left. The fact that she trusted his expertise lifted his spirits even more. She looked up at him, sprawled out, his shirt barely covering her bottom, her legs splayed half under the bed, her hair tousled and wild, spilling around her face, and she grinned at him. "Nice of you to drop in. I took a little nap but was getting hungry." Her gaze moved over him anxiously, obviously inspecting for damage. Her grin widened. "And thirsty. I could use one of those drinks you're so fond of making."

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"And maybe a little help in getting up?" He found his voice was husky, almost hoarse, emotion catching him off guard. Fritz lay curled up at her side and the gun and knife were on the floor beside her hand.

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"That too. I heard shots." There was a little catch in her voice, but she managed to keep the smile on her face.

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He knew he loved her. It was the undaunted smile. The joy in her eyes. The anxiety for his safety. He would never forget that moment. How she looked lying on the floor, blood seeping out of her leg, his shirt twisted around her waist exposing her luscious bare rump and her smile. She was so beautiful it took his breath away.

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Rio hunkered down beside her, carefully inspected the damage to her leg. "We got lucky this time, Rachael. I know it hurts, but it isn't that bad. I'm going to lift you up and it's going to jar you some. Let me do the work."

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She was always surprised at his enormous strength. Even after the revelation of what he was, she was shocked at how easily he lifted her and set her back on the bed. She couldn't help herself. She had to touch him, map his face, run her fingertips over his chest just to feel for herself he was alive. "I heard shots," she repeated, demanding an explanation.

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"I winged him. He's one of my people, but I don't recognize his scent at all. I've never met him. We aren't the only ones. Some of us live in Africa, others South America. Someone could have imported a . . ." he trailed off.

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"A hit man?" She supplied.

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"I was going to say sniper, but that works. It's possible. We hire out to take back kidnap victims. We make it a policy not to mix in politics if it's at all possible, but sometimes it's inevitable. Our laws are fairly strict; they have to be. Our temperaments are not suited to everything and we have to keep that in mind always. Control is everything to our species. We have intellect and cunning, but not always the control needed to govern those things."

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"He was after me, wasn't he?" Rachael asked.

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Rio nodded. "Kim left the medicine for your leg and I'm going to reapply it. We have to leave here. I'm going to take you to the elders. They'll protect you there better than I can here."

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"No." Rachael said it decisively. "I won't go there, Rio. I mean it. I won't go—ever. Not for any reason."

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"Rachael, don't go stubborn on me. This man is a professional and he knows where you are. He probably knows you've been injured. He came far too close to killing you for my peace of mind."

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"I'll leave if you want me to, but I'm not going to your elders." For the first time he heard a bite in her voice. It wasn't edgy or moody, it was sheer temper. Her dark eyes flashed fire, nearly throwing sparks.

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"Rachael." He sat on the edge of the bed and pushed back the mop of curls falling in all directions. "I'm not abandoning you. It's safer for you. He's going to come back."

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"Yes, I know he will. And you'll be here, won't you. Alone. By yourself. Because your idiot elders are happy enough to take the money you earn risking your life to do whatever it is you do with your little unit. You give it to them, don't you?" She glared at him. "I've seen how you live, and I can't see you having a huge bank account stashed somewhere. You give it to the others, don't you?"

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Rio shrugged. She was furious. Anger was radiating from her. Her body shook with it. His fingers tunneled in her thick mass of hair. He didn't know why, maybe to hold her in place when she looked capable of flying at the elders. "Some of it. I don't need it. The money is used to help protect our environment. Our people need it, I don't. I live simply, Rachael, and I like my life. What I keep I use for weapons or food or medicine. I just don't have that many needs."

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"I don't care, Rio. They're hypocrites. They banished you. You aren't good enough to live near them, but they'll take your money and they'll let you risk your life to protect their other men while they do their jobs. It stinks and I want no part of them. And if you need another reason, I'll just be followed there and bring more trouble to them. I'm not going. I'll leave and the hit man will follow me, and you'll be safe."

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Laughter welled up out of nowhere. He simply leaned forward and took possession of her mouth. Her beautiful, perfect, sinfully delicious mouth. She sank into him, melted, her body pressing against his, robbing his mind of actual thought. Rio wrapped her up in his arms, hungrily devouring her, kissing her over and over because she was alive and she looked at him with that look. Because it angered her that the elders had banished him and she was so ready to defend him even when he didn't need defending. Because she made his blood sing and his body as hard as a rock.

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Bolts of lightning ripped through his bloodstream. Flames danced over his skin. There was a roaring in his head and he knew he was wholly alive again. It didn't matter that he didn't know her past. He knew what she was made of, the strength of her, the fierce protective nature. Her courage and fire mattered to him. She had given him acceptance, when his own people couldn't accept what he had done.

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Her hand crept around his neck. She lifted her head and looked at him. "I can't stay with you, Rio, and it breaks my heart. Why did I have to find someone who is so kind and gentle?"

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"Only you would describe me as kind and gentle, Rachael." He kissed her again. "And we can work things out."

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"You mean you can hunt this hit man down and kill him." She shook her head. "I'm not going to let you do that. You hate what you did, killing the man who took your mother's life. You think it's so wrong of you because you can't be sorry he's dead. Rio, you're sorry you killed him. I know you are. You may not be sorry that he's dead, but you regret the way his life was taken. You aren't going to do it all over again for me."

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"It isn't for you."

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She smiled at him and pushed back the hair tumbling onto his forehead. "Yes it is. It won't matter what excuse you come up with for both of us, I'll always know it was because of me and you'll always know it too. My troubles have nothing to do with you and you shouldn't ever have been made a part of them."

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"I bested him twice. He was forced to run and he was wounded. He'll have to come after me. Whether you're here or not, he'll have to come after me."

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"He isn't paid to come after you. Hit men work for money. They don't have very much in the way of feelings, Rio, at least not that I've ever seen. If you pay them, they do the job. It's simply business to them."

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"You're talking about human beings," he pointed out. "I'll make you something to eat while we discuss this. I'm serious, Rachael, he'll come here to take me out before he ever makes another attempt on you."

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Rachael watched him cross to the cupboards. There was total conviction in his voice. "I wasn't going to bring up the differences between us, but now that you mention it, I've considered one of two problems a relationship might encounter. There's the whole crossing species thing. You didn't ask

me if I was using birth control, Rio. Did it occur to you that if I became pregnant there might be a problem?”

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Intent on making soup, he didn’t turn around. “There wouldn’t be a problem, but I knew you couldn’t conceive. Not the way we made love.”

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“Really? Why is that?”

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“Because you’re one of us.”

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Rachael lifted an eyebrow and regarded the broad expanse of his back. “How intriguing. Why didn’t I know this? You’d think my parents would have given me the information. Not that I’d mind running free in the forest though, that would be fun.”

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He did turn around then and there was no answering amusement on his face. His expression was grim. “No, you won’t go running in the forest, Rachael. Not now, not ever.” The smoldering anger was back, a fierce black roiling that swept through him like a dark tornado.

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Rachael’s eyebrow shot higher. “Nice to know ahead of time there seems to be a double standard in your society for women. I already come from one of those societies, Rio, where women are second-class citizens, and I didn’t particularly enjoy it. I don’t intend to join another one.”

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“My mother wasn’t second-class, Rachael. She was a miracle to anyone lucky enough to know her. And running free in the forest cost her her life.”

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“It was a risk she took, Rio. You take it all the time. I took a risk when I let go of the boat and slipped into the rising river. It was my risk to take. In any case there’s no point in arguing, I’ve never shifted into any other shape but this one. Well, sometimes my weight goes up and down a bit and as I get older I think it’s redistributing and maybe changing my shape, but that’s not what you mean.”

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“You’re one of us, Rachael. Drake knew it and so did Kim and Tama. You’re close to the Han Vol Dan. It’s why you get edgy and moody.”

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“Edgy? Moody? I beg your pardon! I donot get edgy and moody. And if I do, it’s only because I’m stuck in this bed.”

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“Maybe that wasn’t such a good description. I’m trying to be discreet.”

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“Well forget discreet and just say it.”

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“All right. But don’t get mad at me. You’re close to the change and with it you’re experiencing a powerful sexual drive, much like a female cat going into heat.”

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She threw the pillow at him. “I hardly think I’m acting like a cat in heat. I didn’t go after every male in the room.”

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“No, but they wanted to go after you. It can be a dangerous time. You’re putting out signals, both scent and body signals.”

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“You are crazy.” Rachael glared at him. “Are you trying to tell me you made love to me because I was putting out some kind of scent?” His back was to her again but she saw his shoulders shake. “If you dare laugh, I’m going to let you know exactly what a woman getting hot entails.”

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“I wouldn’t think of laughing.” Sometimes lying was the better part of valor and the only way to save a man’s butt. “I made love to you because every time I look at you I want you. Hell, I want you now. I can’t think straight when I’m around you, but you already know that.”

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Rachael tried not to be mollified by what he said, but it was impossible not to be pleased. She rather liked the idea he couldn’t think straight around her. “Seriously, Rio, why would you even consider I’m any other species other than human?”

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“I’m being serious. I’m certain your parents were exactly as I am. I think the stories your mother told you were all the stories told to our children to teach them their heritage. You must have heard your father call your mothersestrilla and that’s how you knew the meaning of the word. The language is ancient and used only by our people, but it is universal to all of us no matter what part of the world we reside in. So even if your parents were born and raised in South America as I suspect, your father would have called your mother that at some time.”

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“I can’t remember my father. I was very young when he died.”

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“Do you have memories of the rain forest?”

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“Dreams, not memories.”

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“The humidity doesn’t bother you and the mosquitoes don’t go near you. You aren’t afraid in the silences or the stillness. Hell, Rachael, I walked in here as the leopard and you didn’t even flinch.”

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“I flinched. There was definite flinching. You’re darned lucky I didn’t die of sheer fright.”

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“You were petting the leopard. You couldn’t have been that afraid.”

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“The soup is beginning to boil.” She made a face at his back. Maybe she hadn’t been as afraid of the leopard as she should have been. “Who wouldn’t pet a leopard given the chance? It was a perfectly natural thing to do. I considered fainting, but I’m not very good at it so I thought I’d make the most of the opportunity.And, ” she continued before he could interrupt, “you have two leopards for pets, who knows if the big guy was part of the family. He walked in like he owned the place.”

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He grinned at her. “I do.”

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“Well, I’m not in heat.” She tried not to smile back at him. It was difficult when he was standing there, leaning one hip lazily against the sink and looking incredibly sexy.

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“A man can always hope.”

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She managed an elegant sniff of indignation, taking the mug of soup he handed to her. “How long before the hit man comes back?” It was a much safer subject.

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“He could be holed up a couple of miles from here. It depends on how badly injured he was. He was moving fast and thinking the entire time.”

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“Which means it wasn’t that bad.”

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“That would be my guess. Franz is scouting and I’ve sent out a couple of other friends, not human in case you were wondering. They’ll raise the alarm if he shows himself within a couple of mile radius. If he’s smart, he’s laying low waiting for us to settle down.”

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Rachael’s heart jumped. “You mean you think he’ll be coming back tonight? Why aren’t we getting ready to get out of here? I can make it. It’s silly to just sit here and wait for him to shoot at us.”

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“We’re not just waiting for him, Rachael. We’re fortifying ourselves and preparing for battle.”

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“I don’t want to battle anyone. You know the old fight-or-flee adage? I believe fleeing is the smart thing to do. There must be one of the native huts I read about where we can go.”

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“He’s a walking radar system, Rachael. He can track us, no matter where we go. If you don’t want to shelter with the elders in the village then we have to face him.”

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Rachael shook her head sadly. “Everywhere I go, I bring death.” She looked away from the door. “I’m sorry, Rio, I really am, that I brought this man into your life. I thought I could escape.”

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“It was his choice to take this job. Eat your soup.”

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Rachael sipped at the broth cautiously. It was very hot but she found she was suddenly hungry. “I’m still trying to get used to the idea that leopard men actually are real, not a myth, and you want me to believe I’m a leopard woman.” She laughed softly. “It can’t be real, but I saw it with my own eyes.”

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“I’ll be happy to demonstrate for you.” He wanted to get her to his safe house as quickly as possible. She wouldn’t be happy with the move, and he was certain it would hurt her leg, but he felt they had no choice. The sniper wouldn’t wait long. If Rio had been the hunter, he would have already been making his way slowly, patiently, back into position for the kill.

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Rio dragged his large pack out. He kept it filled with necessary items for a quick getaway. He added extra shirts for Rachael. He cut the seam of a pair of his old jeans up to the knee. “I’m going to have you put these on.”

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“Lovely. I like the look. Are we going walking in the moonlight?” She set the soup on the small end table and held out her hand for the jeans. Her gaze met his steadily, but he saw her swallow hard. The prospect of trying to walk with the injury she’d sustained was daunting.

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“Yes. Let me help you.” He eased the material over her swollen ankle and calf. Her courage shook him. He expected a protest but as usual, Rachael was game.

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She broke out into a sweat while dressing. “I’m out of shape.”

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“We’re not going to talk about shapes again, are we?” He teased, needing to find a way to take the pain from her eyes. He ran his fingers through her hair. The silken strands were damp. “Are you going to be able to do this?”

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“Of course. I can do anything.” Rachael had no idea how she was going to stand up and actually put weight on her leg. Even with Kim and Tama’s green-brown brew smeared in globs over her calf, her leg was throbbing. She was certain when she looked down to inspect the damage she would see arrows piercing her flesh. She handed him the soup mug. “I’m as ready as I’m ever going to be.”

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He handed her a sheathed knife and the small gun. “The safety’s on.” He shouldered the pack, reached down for the fifty-pound clouded leopard. “We can’t leave you behind, Fritz. I have a feeling our friend is going to be feeling vindictive. You’ll have to stay out of the house.”

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The cat yawned but stayed on his feet when Rio set him on the verandah. “Go, little one, find a place to hide until I return.” He watched the small leopard limp onto a branch and disappear into the foliage. Rio looked back to see Rachael struggling to her feet. “What in the hell do you think you’re doing, woman?”

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“I think it’s called standing but I seem to have forgotten how,” she answered, sitting on the edge of the bed. “It’s the green gunk you put on my leg. It’s weighing me down.”

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“Rachael, I’m going to carry you. I don’t expect you to walk.”

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“That’s silly. I’m weak more than anything else. It isn’t that painful. Well, it’s painful because the swelling hasn’t gone down yet.”

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He gathered her into his arms. “I spent all these years alone. No one ever argued with me.”

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“And now you have me,” she said with evident satisfaction, settling into his body. “Do you have any idea where we’re going? I thought you said he could track us.”

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"I did say that, didn't I?" He was already moving through the network of branches, far faster than Rachael considered safe.

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Despite the heavy pack and her additional weight, Rio wasn't even breathing hard as he landed on the ground and began to jog, weaving through the trees back toward the river. She buried her face against his neck, trying not to cry out with each jarring step.

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The roar started softly, a muffled, distant sound that quickly began to gain in strength. Rachael lifted her head in alarm, suddenly afraid of where he meant to take her.

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Eleven

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The forest appeared stately, the majestic trees rising like great cathedralpillars all around them. Smaller trees were scattered everywhere, creating a patchwork effect of silvery leaves, explosions of color and dark patches of bark. Staghorn ferns hung from trees, the vivid green prongs rustling in the slight wind as they hurried by. Moonlight filtered through the chinks in the canopy, casting flecks of light here and there on the wet forest floor. Rachael caught glimpses of leaves in every shade of red, iridescent greens and blues, anything to increase the refraction and absorption of light into the leaf pigment.

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Rachael clung to Rio as he jogged through the forest. The dark never seemed to bother him. He moved at a sure, steady pace. She heard deer bark the alert signal of predators in the area as they passed, causing Rio to swear under his breath. Two very tiny deer burst out of the bushes ahead of them and raced into the undergrowth.

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The roar of the river grew. The continuous croaking of frogs added to the din. Rachael's stomach lurched crazily. "Rio, we have to stop, just for a minute. I'm going to be sick if we keep going."

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"We can't,sestrilla, we have to reach the river. He can't track our scent in water." Rio continued moving over the thick, wet vegetation on the forest floor. It was dark and damp with small pools of water here and there. These and forest wallows didn't slow him down. He avoided the unnatural pile of leaves and twigs signaling the nest of the resident bearded pig. Ticks carrying anything from tick fever to scrub typhus were often abundant in the nests and Rio took care to stay away from them.

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Rachael concentrated on the forest rather than her discomfort. Twice she caught glimpses of large deer with thick horns, the samba deer, largest in the forest. It was dizzying to be rushed through the forest at night. There was an eerie feel to the way the canopy swayed above them, continually changing the patterns of light through the trees. Plants and fungi covered tree trunks so that plants appeared to piggyback on top of one another, creating a lush environment. Every now and then Rio gave a soft, grunting cough, alerting the animals to his presence in the hopes the nightjars wouldn't raise an alarm as they darted overhead catching insects on the wing.

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The roar became louder. Rachael realized they'd been traveling at an angle upriver to meet the flooded banks. She put her mouth to Rio's ear. "You're not taking me to your elders, are you?"

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He heard the little catch in her voice. "I want the sniper to think I am."

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Rachael didn't answer, comforted that he wasn't abandoning her. They were slogging through the swamps, climbing carefully over the myriad of tree roots extending out from the base of the trunk creating little mini cages. Water lapped at Rio's knees. The look of the forest changed as they neared the river's edge. More light was able to penetrate the canopy, and many of the trees were smaller with crooked trunks and branches that draped low to hang over the water.

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"Aren't there alligators and other reptilian things here?" Rachael asked. The roar of the river was deafening. The moist heat curled her hair even more, creating a mass of springy whorls and spirals. She had avoided the mangroves and swamps as much as possible along with all the other members of the group bringing medical aid. The edges of the river could be as dangerous as they were beautiful.

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Rio waded out in the fast-moving water. "We're going to swim, Rachael. Hopefully Tama's potion will protect your leg from any further infection. I'm going to tie you to me, in case you get swept away by the current."

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"Are you crazy? We can't swim in this." She was horrified. In the dark, the river appeared swifter and more frightening than it had during the day. Or maybe without bandits rushing out of the forest it seemed more dangerous.

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"We have no choice if we're going to get you to safety, Rachael. As long as he knows where you are, we're handicapped. He's mobile and we aren't. I swear, I won't let anything happen to you."

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She stared into his face. Into his eyes. Studied his firm jaw, the tiny lines etched into his rough features. Rachael lifted her hand and traced one small scar down low near his chin. "Lucky for you, I'm a heck of a swimmer." She smiled at him, trusting him when she hadn't trusted anyone for as long as she could remember. "My name is Rachael Lospostos, Rio. It isn't really Smith."

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"Somehow I knew that already." He kissed her upturned mouth gently. "Thank you. I know that wasn't easy for you."

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"It's the least I could do when I got you into this mess." Her dark eyes glinted with amusement. "You can kiss me again though. If I drown, I want to take the taste of your perfectly lovely mouth with me."

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"You know you're distracting me. If we get eaten by an alligator, it's your fault."

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“I heard they don’t like fast-moving water,” she said and fastened her mouth to his. They merged instantly the way they always did, sinking into one another and spinning away from the world.

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Rio struggled to remember where they were and the danger they were in. She had a way of sweeping away sane thoughts and replacing them instantly with urgent hunger and need. Very carefully he lowered her feet into the rushing water, reluctantly lifting his head as he did so. It was the only way to breathe and keep his sanity and wits.

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“I’ve got you, Rachael.” His arm around her waist steadied her as he looped a rope around her and secured it around his own waist. “I’m not about to lose you. We’re going to wade out where the water is moving faster, lift our feet and travel downstream with the current. We don’t want anything to let him know what direction we’re going. A leaf, the bottom of the river near the banks disturbed, anything at all can be a clue. We’ll travel downriver for some time.”

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“Let’s do it then.” She didn’t want to lose her nerve. She grinned at him. “At least I know you’re not attracted to me because I look great.” She swept a hand through her hair and took the first step. Her injured leg, even with the support of the water, didn’t want to take her weight so she stretched out full length and began to swim.

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Rio went after her, pride welling up at her courage. The moonlight fell across her face as she swam, and he watched the beads of water pour off of her. She used sure, strong strokes, cut cleanly through the water, almost as silent as he was. There it was again, that strange disorienting feeling of familiarity. He had been swimming with her before. He had seen an exact image, he knew the moment she would turn her head and take a breath of air.

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The current was stronger in the center of the river and took them both with little effort, carrying them downstream. Rio caught her hand and held tight as they both bent knees and lifted feet to avoid rocks and snags as they were swept along. It was a dizzying experience, looking up at the night sky after so many days seeing nothing but canopy overhead. Stars, scattered across the dark backdrop, glittered like gems in spite of the clouds. The rain fell lightly, a fine mist, more than an actual shower so that Rachael turned up her face to feel the spray.

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The river wasn’t nearly as ferocious as when it was raging in the storm. There were no dragging undercurrents trying to pull her down. Rachael found she rather enjoyed the experience after lying in bed for so long. Rio stayed very close to her, hovering protectively, which made her feel cherished, something she’d never experienced. It was like a dream. Neither spoke as sound traveled great distances at night on the river.

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They were swept around a bend and down a mini waterfall. Abruptly, Rio caught her around the waist and put his feet down. He struggled against the current, walking in the waist-deep water, dragging her with him. Rachael couldn’t help him, other than to try to stroke strongly in the direction he wanted to go. Even with Rio’s incredible strength, it was a

battle to reach the small waterfall. He put his mouth against her ear. “Wait just a moment, I’m going under.”

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She held her breath as he disappeared. She felt the tug of the rope around her waist, but she was able to hold against the pull of the water. It seemed minutes before he rose up out of the water. She sighed with relief and flung her arms around him.

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Again he put his mouth against her ear. “You’ll have to hold your breath and duck underwater, we’re going to swim through a tube.”

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She nodded to show she understood and went with him, allowing the swirling water to close over the top of her head. It was impossible to see anything and she didn’t even try, hanging on to Rio with all her strength. He pulled her through a small channel, a tube beneath the water. She felt the walls brushing against her shoulders and when she reached above her she could feel the roof inches from her head. She fought back claustrophobia, concentrating on the unexpected feelings she had for Rio to get her through. She detested small enclosed places, and swimming in the dark waters through a tunnel she’d never seen was a true test of her trust in Rio.

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How had she come to feel such faith in him in such a short time? It didn’t feel like a short time. She felt the tug on her body indicating she could stand. Rio wrapped his arm around her waist to help her out of the water. Her head broke the surface and she opened her eyes. It was pitch-black. The waterfall was a loud echo matching the continual sound of running water.

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“Where are we?”

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“It’s a cave. You have to wade through water and keep your head low for a short distance and then we’ll get you settled. I made the tube and hollowed out most of the entrance to the chamber. The chamber was a great find. It seemed a good place to escape to if I was seriously wounded.”

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She caught the small bit of pride in his tone and smiled. “It sounds lovely. I’ve always thought being a troll’s lover was incredibly romantic.”

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There was a small silence and then he laughed softly. “I’ve been called many things in my life, but troll is a new one.” He swung her into his arms. “I’m going to carry you across the threshold.”

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“Lovers don’t get carried,” Rachael reminded. His ear was close to her face so she leaned forward and nibbled. “Only brides do.”

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“Well then, consider yourself married. And stop doing that thing with your teeth because I’m having one hell of a reaction to it.”

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“That sounds like it has possibilities. But I’ve been thinking. Why wouldn’t some horrible reptile have discovered your handiwork and made a little nest inside your cave? If I were an alligator I’d be happy to use

your hideaway. And if you came to visit, all to the good. Meals are hard to come by sometimes."

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He laughed. "You have no faith, woman. I put in a plug to keep the creatures out. I unfastened the locks and opened the door, that's why we were in the tube so long."

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"You didn't close the door."

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"I'm taking you to high ground first. That's the gentleman in me."

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She nuzzled his neck. "I do appreciate it, Rio, I really do, but in this one instance, I'll be happy to sort of stand here while you go back and secure the tube. I'm not ready for visitors yet, especially reptilian ones."

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Rio caught the little tremor in her voice. "I'll do that immediately, Rachael. We're already in the cavern. Fortunately we're back far enough and the cave opens up into a wide chamber here so we can light a lamp. I brought several with me over a period of time." He set her down on a flat surface.

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Rachael waited anxiously while he lit one of the lamps and hooked it above their heads for maximum coverage. She looked around her. The chamber was fairly large. Roots protruded and water dripped continually from several walls. There was no sign of alligators. Rio had quite a supply of items in the cave.

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There was a large plastic container she assumed was waterproof inside a cage of roots. She could see there were several blankets and one of his many medical kits inside. She was sitting on a flat slab of stone. It was the only rock she could see in the entire cave. The floor around the walls was damp, but most of the water ran back toward the river. Rio had hollowed out a ditch to keep the water from dampening the floor of the cave.

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"So what do you think?" Rio returned, soaking wet, sweeping his hair back with careless fingers. "Not too bad."

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"I think it's wonderful," Rachael said. She was soaked and uncomfortable. She looked down at the shirt and realized it didn't do her much good. As wet as her shirt was, it was nearly transparent. "If you don't mind, I'd like to get out of these clothes. You should too, Rio."

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"I've got a few things packed in waterproof bags for us," he said. He opened the container and rummaged through the supplies until he found a towel.

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Rio knelt beside her and unbuttoned the shirt, dragging it off her wet skin and tossing it aside. "Come on,sestrilla, stand up so I can get rid of these jeans."

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His voice was gentle, tender even. Rachael allowed him to help her up, leaning into his body as he peeled the material from her hips. He wrapped

the towel around her and began rubbing the drops of water from her skin. She swayed with weariness and it embarrassed her. He was the one who had jogged through miles of forest with her in his arms. He had been the one to use his strength to keep them from being swept apart in the river. And he was as soaked as she was.

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"I've never met anyone like you," Rachael said. "Sometimes I'm not certain you're real."

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Rio wrapped her in a dry shirt. "I have my good side," he teased. "Unfortunately, it just doesn't come out that often." He laid a mat on the slab of rock and covered it with a thick sleeping bag before helping her to sit down. Rubbing the thick mass of curls, he studied her leg. "The green gunk held up. We want to get that off the puncture wounds in case they still need to drain."

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"It does feel better," Rachael said. "I'll have to remember to tell Tama he's a miracle worker."

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Rio made certain she was comfortable before he peeled off his own clothes and rubbed the towel over his body.

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"How long do you think we'll have to stay here?" Rachael asked.

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"I'm going to use the rest of the night to hunt the shooter. He's leaving his own trail and he was injured. It will be easier for me to find him. I'll know you're safe and won't worry about him circling back and finding you alone in the house. Franz is already scouting for me. He'll pick up the trail, and he knows how to stay out of sight."

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Rachael's eyes widened in shock. "You can't do that, Rio. Not after what you told me."

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"He's hunting us. The only way to stop him is to go after him. Did you think we were going to live in a cave for the rest of our lives?"

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"No." Rachael wanted to pull the covers over her head. There was no way to shield Rio from her past. "But before you go out and risk your life maybe you'd better find out who you're risking your life for."

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"I know who you are."

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"No you don't. You have no idea who my family is."

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"I don't need to know about your family, Rachael. We'll talk about it when I get back. Wait here for at least forty-eight hours. If something goes wrong, head upriver toward Kim and Tama's village. Ask them to take you to the elders. The Han Vol Dan is your first changing. You can't allow it to happen until your leg is strong enough to stand up to the change. You'll have problems with sexual feelings. Emotions will continue to heighten, the heat, the need, the edgy, moody feelings you can barely control. You have to stay in control, especially if you haven't gone through the Han Vol Dan. The combination of the two passages can be explosive."

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"Do you know how completely ridiculous that sounds? If I was watching a movie, I'd burst out laughing."

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"Except you know what I'm saying is true. You've felt the animal roaring to get out. I've seen you come close to the change."

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"Why wouldn't my mother tell me? In all the stories she told me, she never once mentioned I could assume another form."

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"I don't know, Rachael, but I'm certain you're one of us."

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"And if I'm not?" Her dark eyes moved over his face. "If you're wrong, would that mean that we can't be together? Are you allowed to be with someone that isn't a part of your people?"

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His palm cupped her face, his thumb sliding over her skin. "I've been banished,sestrilla, no one can tell me what I can or cannot do." He leaned down to kiss her. "I'm coming back for you."

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"You'd better come back for me. I don't want to wrestle alligators by myself." She tried not to cling to him, although she wanted to hold him to her. There was nothing she could say or do to stop him. Rachael knew how stubborn he could be. It was impossible to argue with him when he made up his mind to do something. She shook her head to clear her thoughts. Whatever past they may have had seemed to intrude at the worst times. She knew him. She knew what he was like. "Just go, now, while it's dark. Remember, if you're right and he followed us, he could already be searching the riverbanks to see where we came out."

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"You're upset."

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"Of course I'm upset. I'm stuck here with this stupid leg and you're going to risk your life to stop this hit man." She shoved her hand through her hair, angry and near tears. "Don't you realize he'll send another? And one after that? And another and another? He'll never stop."

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Rio nodded. "I figured as much. It doesn't matter, Rachael. We'll take them one at time and if necessary, I'll have a little talk with him."

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Her face drained of all color. "No. No, promise me, Rio. You can't ever try to get near him. Not for any reason. You can't hurt him. And you can't try to see him."

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The anxiety on Rachael's face twisted at his insides. "Rachael, I'm coming back."

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"I know you will." He had to. She couldn't stay in a cave beneath the riverbank forever—unless he was with her. She might be able to live anywhere with him. The thought was frightening. She'd never considered that she might want to spend her life with someone. A lifetime seemed a long time to want to be with someone, yet, if she could have him, she would want more than one lifetime with Rio.

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Rio forced himself to turn away from her, from the look on her face, so lonely, so vulnerable, so much pain in her eyes. He didn't dare gather her to him, he'd never let her go. He waded away from her.

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"May all the magic of the forest be with you and may good fortune be your companion as you travel." Her voice was rough with raw pain. "Good hunting, Rio."

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He stopped, keeping his back to her. He had glimpsed pain in her before. Knew the signs of trauma and betrayal. Was familiar with rage born of helplessness. The anguish went deep and left scars. He couldn't look at her. Her suffering was harder to bear than his own. "I don't know anything about love, Rachael. Meeting you was unexpected, but everything about you makes me happy. I'm coming back for you."

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He continued to wade out into the water. She was crying. Her tears would be the end of him. He'd rather face the entire bandit camp than face her tears. There was no way to change what he had to do. He couldn't comfort her. There had been violence in her life. He recognized the signs. He could only hope that by doing what was necessary he didn't lose his chance with her.

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Rio went under the water, swimming through the narrow tunnel he had painstakingly scooped out and shored up with an artificial tube. It had taken several years to find the chamber and secure an entrance. He had several places scattered around the river and forest he could use if necessary. His people were a secretive, cautious species and he had learned over the years the value of preparation.

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Once under the small falls, he swam underwater to the center of the river and allowed it to sweep him farther downstream. He didn't want to leave tracks or scent for the hunter after he'd taken such careful precautions to keep Rachael safe. It was a risk leaving her in the chamber injured as she was. She had the weapons and light and food for several days, but still she could easily panic being underground. They were arboreal, preferring the high branches of the trees to the ground.

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Rio spent many hours lying perfectly still, backup for his men. The others entered the camps to retrieve the victims. He remained outside from some vantage point, a marksman few could surpass, the last line of defense for his unit. He was used to the solitary life, living alone the way he did and carrying out his job, but unlike the leopard, his species were not meant to be alone. They mated for life and beyond. Rachael was certain to have a difficult time alone.

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He exited the water a mile downstream from the waterfall, shifting into his animal form, happy to feel the full strength and power of his kind. He lifted his muzzle and scented the wind. At once he was flooded with information. He stretched languidly before springing easily over a fallen trunk. Dawn was beginning to break in the forest.

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The thick, haunting mist shrouding the forest began to lift, slowly evaporating as the warmth of the sun penetrated the clouds. A chorus of birds began, each trying to outdo the other as the strange music rang

through the trees. The range went from melodious to harsh, even tuneless, as they all called to one another flitting from branch to branch. A burst of colors as birds took to wing signaled morning in the forest. Gibbons joined in, claiming territory with gurgling cries and whooping yells.

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The leopard ignored the noisy flapping and whooshing of birds with great wings as he leapt into the lower branches of a nearby tree to make use of the overhead highway. The forest had stirred to life and Rio utilized the noisy chatter, hurrying through the trees back toward his home in the hopes of picking up the scent of the hunter. Rio made his way quickly back upriver, listening for calls of warning or sudden silences that would indicate an intruder was stalking through the territory of the pigtailed macaque. Timid and shy, the macaque would often leap to the forest floor and run when disturbed, another sign of trouble.

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It was the barking of the deer that alerted him first. The short, harsh calls were used to warn members of the herd among the trees as tail flipping couldn't be seen through the heavy shrubbery and thick tree trunks. Rio snarled and sank low on the branch, going completely motionless in the way of his kind. The hunter had just become the hunted.

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Because he wasn't high up in the canopy, the leaves of the tree he was crouched in remained still, unaffected by the wind. The sunlight filtered through the breaks of foliage overhead to dapple the leaves and forest floor below. That provided more concealment for him, a natural camouflage. Insects buzzed around him; a green fence lizard shifted its color from bright green to dark brown as it settled against a branch just a few feet from him.

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A bearded pig grunted and crashed through the shrubbery beneath his tree, startled by something. Spring-loaded muscles bunched in anticipation. The tip of his tail occasionally switched, the only thing to move. Piercing yellow-green eyes smoldered with fire and intelligence. The leopard waited, frozen in place. The spotted leopard, a fully grown male, emerged cautiously, pushing its head through a multitude of ferns. The animal limped as it padded across the forest floor, snarling at the troupe of gibbons screaming foul things at him from the safety of the canopy. Twigs and leaves rained down as the monkeys threw things in defiance. The spotted leopard maintained his dignity for a few moments, then in the mercurial way of their kind leapt into the lower branches with flattened ears and exposed teeth. The gibbons erupted into a wild, terrified frenzy, rushing through the trees in every direction in an effort to get away.

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Rio never moved, not even when the evil eyes, two spots lost in a pattern of spots, appeared to be staring right at him. Rio locked in on his prey. His yellow-green stare became focused, all tension gathered in his eyes. With great patience, he waited and watched, completely motionless. The intruder leapt back to the forest floor, a silent lift of his lip indicating his contempt for the gibbons. Cushioned feet allowed him to move in silence over the thick vegetation.

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Rio stretched out on the branch, a slow belly-to-branch stalk, using incredible muscle control. He crawled forward a few inches, froze and repeated the crawl, going from cover to cover—gaining inches, then feet,

pacing above the spotted leopard. He reached the end of the branch. The spotted leopard moved silently just below him, unaware of Rio stalking him from above.

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The intruder took one step. Another. Hesitated, opening his mouth wide. Rio sprang from above, hitting him hard, sinking canines deep, puncturing the fur-covered throat, while razor-sharp claws dug deep in an effort to rip and tear. Rio wanted the battle over as fast as possible. Fights between leopards were extraordinarily dangerous.

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The spotted leopard was game, twisting with its flexible backbone, raking with extended claws, bucking hard to try to throw the larger cat off. Rio held on grimly, determined to end it. The roars and grunts echoed through the forest, a vicious battle between two dangerous foes. Overhead the birds took flight, calling warnings in every language they could. Squirrels and lemurs chattered and scolded. Monkeys screamed in panic. Flying fox took to the air along with the birds so that the sky seemed alive with wings.

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The spotted leopard shook and twisted and snarled, raking at Rio, trying to eviscerate or cripple him. He couldn’t shake the black leopard off; the canines remained buried in the nape of his neck, the jaw pressure enough to snap bone. It was over quickly, the surprise attack giving Rio the edge he needed in the fight. The spotted leopard gasped, suffocating, the throat crushed. The black leopard held him longer, making certain it was really over before dropping the cat on the ground.

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Rio shifted into his human form, staring at the leopard regretfully. They needed every member of their species alive. Each leopard they lost was a blow to their survival. There had been no labels in the clothing the sniper had left behind, no means of identification. Rio had no idea which country his enemy had come from, or why one of his kind would choose to betray his people with such an act, but he was certain this one had not been born anywhere near his village.

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Did that mean that Rachael’s people knew what she was and that she was under a death sentence? They had strict rules they all lived under. The laws of the forest were for the common good of their species. If she had committed some crime against her people, it was possible they would send hunters after her.

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Rio rubbed his hand over his face. If that were the case, her elders could appeal to the elders of his village to carry out the sentence for them. Rio was already under banishment. He doubted if the elders would stick up for his mate, especially if she wasn’t known to them and under a legitimate sentence of death. He swore as he shifted back into the shape of a leopard to drag the carcass up into the high branches of a tree. He had no choice but to burn the leopard to preserve the secrets of their species. He had to find his nearest stash of supplies fast. Leaving the body of a leopard was extremely dangerous so he had no choice but to cache the body until he returned.

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His mind raced with the possibility of Rachael’s people condemning her. She admitted her own brother had taken out a contract on her life. It made

sense, although he couldn’t imagine what Rachael could have done to warrant a death sentence. He moved swiftly through the forest, ignoring the warning cries of the gibbons, still panic-stricken from the fierce fight that had ensued. Birds fluttered overhead, darting in and out of the trees. Deer crashed ahead of him, scattering as he leapt from branch to branch, occasionally taking to the forest floor and leaping over rotting tree trunks.

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The wind shifted slightly, a tiny breeze where ordinarily the uncanny stillness in the air gave nothing away. Rio came to an abrupt halt. There was another in the forest close by. He recognized the scent of the leopard. The birds and gibbons and even the deer had been warning him, but he’d been so distressed over the thought of Rachael being under a death sentence, he hadn’t picked up on it.

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Fortunately, he was close to his pack. The box was buried nearby, in the cage created by the buttress roots of a large dipterocarp tree. He had marked the fruit-bearing tree with a small symbol. Using his claws, he dug up the box quickly, listening now to the news of the forest. The second leopard was approaching quickly, obviously catching his scent.

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Rio shifted to human form, strapping on weapons as fast as possible, his expression grim. Only after his guns were checked and his knives concealed did he drag on the clothes and attach the small medical kit to his belt. Feeling the impact of the leopard’s focused stare, he whipped around, rifle up and ready, finger on the trigger.

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“You’re up early, Drake.” His voice was pleasant, relaxed, casual even, but the barrel never wavered from dead center on the cat’s brain and he didn’t take his finger from the trigger.

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They stared at one another for a long moment. Drake’s form contorted, lengthened, muscles reshaping to form the man. He glared at Rio. “You want to tell me why you’re still pointing that thing at me?”

□□□

“You want to tell me what you’re doing here?”

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“I spent most of the night tracking you and that rogue leopard. You, I lost, he wasn’t as good. You wounded him and that made it easier for me to track him.”

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“Why?”

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Drake frowned. “You tick-ridden son of a bearded pig. I decided to go back to guard your butt out of concern for your well-being. By the time I got back to your place, you and Rachael were gone and I had to track you through the forest. It was slow going when I realized the sniper was tracking you as well. He lost you a few times and I stayed behind him, wanting to see what he did.” Abruptly he stopped and glared. “Damn it, Rio, put the rifle down. It’s not only insulting, it’s annoying.”

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Rio slung the rifle over his shoulder. He kept his hand free, ready to go for his knife even while he grinned at Drake. “I am not tick-ridden.”

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“That depends on who you ask. Where’s Rachael?”

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The smile faded from Rio’s face. “Did the elders send you, Drake?”

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“What is wrong with you? Why would the elders send me to protect your sorry butt, Rio?”

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Rio didn’t smile. His eyes gleamed with piercing intelligence, smoldered with danger. “Did they send you after Rachael?”

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Drake frowned. “I never made it back to the village. I went with Kim and Tama upriver toward their village, but changed my mind and doubled back. As far as I know, the elders have never heard of Rachael. And if they have, they certainly don’t know she’s with you. Tama and Kim would never say anything. You know them. You know they could be tortured and they’d never say anything. What’s this all about?”

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Rio shrugged. “He was one of us. Not our village, I doubt if he was born in this country, but he was one of us. Why would he hire out to kill one of his own kind? A woman at that?”

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“We aren’t a perfect species, Rio, you should know that.” The moment the words escaped, Drake shook his head. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean it that way. There have been a few rumors over the years. A few going after money, women, power. We aren’t immune to those things, you know.”

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“I guess not. I appreciate you watching my back, Drake. Sorry for the reception.”

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“The pitiful reception. I trust you got him.”

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“He’s dead. He left his clothes behind last night and there was nothing in them, not even a label. I needed matches.”

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“You haven’t told me where Rachael is. You didn’t leave her alone, did you?” Drake sounded anxious.

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“She’s fine. She has a couple of guns and a few knives. She’s handy with a stick too. I’ll tell her you were expressing your concern.”

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A slow grin spread over Drake’s face. “You’re jealous, Rio. You’ve been bitten by the green-eyed monster. I never thought it would happen, but you fell like a tree in the forest.”

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“I’m cautious, Drake. There’s a difference.”

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“I think you just tried to insult me, but I’m laughing too damned hard to care. Where is this mystery man? You go get your lady and I’ll take care of the mop-up. I’m heading back to the village to call up the unit. We’re going in after that church group.”

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“Who’s guarding your worthless butts, Drake?”

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Drake shrugged. “Conner is a crack marksman. He isn’t you, but he’ll handle it.” He held out his hand for the matches.

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“I don’t like it, Drake. Breaking up the unit is a bad idea.”

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“What’s the alternative? You can’t leave Rachael alone. Unless you bring her to the village. You know that would be risky. You two belong together. I don’t know how well that’s going to sit with them.”

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Rio handed him the matches. “I’m heading home, Drake, call me on the radio when you’re going in.”

□□□

Twelve

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Rachael leaned against the cavern wall for support as she put weighton her injured leg. Surprisingly, the pain she expected didn’t flood her entire body. The puncture wounds had stopped draining. She felt strange, itchy. Something crawled under her skin. Her body seemed foreign to her—sexual, intensely feminine. She could barely stand the feel of the shirt against her skin and slipped the buttons open, wanting to be free of the slight weight of it. She would have torn it off of her but it retained Rio’s scent.

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She inhaled sharply, drew him into her lungs, into her body, and held him there. Her breasts ached unexpectedly, nipples tightened and her feminine sheath wept for him. She burned. There was no other way she could describe what was happening, her skin burning with need, her body unable to stay still. She turned to the cavern wall and placed her hands high over her head, curled her fingers into the dirt wall and raked downward, leaving behind deep grooves.

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Rachael felt his breath on the back of her neck and she stiffened, but didn’t turn around. His arms slipped around her body, his hands cupping the soft weight of her breasts, thumbs sliding over her aching nipples. His body, wet and naked, pressed against hers. She recognized the feel of him instantly, the hard frame, the thick, rigid erection pressing against her bare buttocks. Rachael closed her eyes and breathed his name with relief. “Rio.” She rubbed her bottom back and forth against him, nearly purring like a contented cat. “I’m so glad you’re safe.”

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Rio kissed the nape of her neck, his teeth nipping her skin, teasing her senses. His hands stroked and caressed her breasts, while his mouth nudged the collar of the shirt aside. She allowed the shirt to slip from her arms, arcing into him, bending forward to push tightly against him. His hands left her breasts to explore her body and she almost sobbed with the intensity of pleasure. A single sound tore from her throat when his hand teased the curls at the junction of her legs, pressed into her heat.

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There was a strange roaring in her ears, anxiety, hunger and need. His finger slipped inside her and at once her muscles clenched and gripped. She couldn’t help pushing back, riding his hand on the edge of control. She wanted him inside her, wanted him deep, thrusting with hard urgent strokes.

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He pressed her forward to rest her hands against a shelf. She could barely breathe with wanting him,needing him inside of her. He pressed tightly against her entrance, his hands on her hips. Rachael couldn't wait, wanting to take him deep, thrusting back as he surged forward. Her joyous cry of relief and welcome echoed through the cavern.

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Rio tightened his hold on her, throwing his head back, desperate to hold on to control. She was hot velvet, gripping him as tightly as a fist, the friction fiery, sending flames along his nerve endings. The tango was wild and fast, a coming together so fast and hard it was feral, a ferocious joining neither could stop.

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Rachael pushed back again and again, wanting more, always more, ravenously hungry for his body, a voracious sexual appetite that could only be assuaged by his deep, hard thrusts, creating fire. Creating heaven. She wept with the beauty of it, with the absolute perfection of their joining. He filled her as no other could, his body completing hers. Sharing hers. He rode her hard, thrusting deeper and deeper, but she still wanted more. Craved more. She felt her body tightening, heat rushing, gathering into a terrible force. He seemed to swell inside of her, thickening until she was exploding, imploding, fragmenting into a million pieces, and her body rippled with waves of pleasure. She heard her voice, his voice, husky growls of ecstasy ripping through a throat in a tone that was not hers, could never be hers, yet wasn't his either. They blended together, united.

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Rio bit her shoulder, a teasing bite he couldn't help, kissing her skin, the line of her back. Anything he could reach. He wrapped her up in his arms, just held her while he tried to recover his ability to breathe. Every moment that he was with her made him feel more alive. He thought running in the forest was the most freeing feeling, but being with Rachael gave him something else, something he couldn't quite put a name to, but he never wanted to do without. Slowly, reluctantly, he eased his body from the haven of hers, a wide smile on his face.

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Rachael sagged to the floor of the cavern as if her legs simply collapsed. Rio eased her down onto the sleeping bag. To his horror she burst into tears and covered her face with her hands. He stared down at her helplessly, astonished that she would be sobbing as if he'd broken her heart.

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"Rachael. Damn it. You didn't even cry when Fritz nearly tore your leg off. What's wrong with you?" He sat down beside her and clumsily put his arm around her shaking shoulders. "Tell me."

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It was the first awkward movement Rachael had ever seen him make and it comforted her when she thought there could be no comfort. "I don't know myself like this. It frightens me, the way I feel for you. The way I think about you. I don't even know my own body anymore. I like sex, Rio, but I'm not driven by sex. I'm a thinking person. I like to think about things from every angle. When I'm with you, like this, I disappear completely and there's only how it feels. How you feel."

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He pulled her to him, pillowing her head on his shoulder when she wanted to hold herself stiffly away. “How we feeltogether, Rachael. It’s being one person, in the same skin, our minds in the same place. It’s how we are together. Why would you be afraid of that?”

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“I can’t fall in love with you, Rio, and you can’t love me. If we just wanted to have sex and it was pleasant or even fireworks, it would be fine, but this is different. It’s so much more. It’s like an addiction. Not to the sex, that’s only a small part of it. I feel like I have to be with you. That you’re in some way essential to my life, to my reason for existing.” She shoved her hand through her hair, lifted her head from his shoulder and glared at him. “I wish it was a past life that makes me want you so much, but I can’t even blame it on that. Love shouldn’t be so all-consuming. I’m not an all-consuming person. I’m not.”

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“Are you trying to convince me or yourself? I never thought about loving someone, Rachael. I wish I could tell you how I know we’re destined to be together, it sounds so stupid even when I say it to myself, but I know we’re meant to be man and wife. I can’t imagine waking up in the morning and not having you beside me. Hell, I don’t even have all that much to offer you. I have a risky job, a people who won’t welcome me into their village, let alone their lives, and that would certainly spill over to you and our children, but it doesn’t matter. I know I have to find a way to make it worth it to you to stay with me.”

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“Are you even listening to me? Does any of this make sense to you? Because it doesn’t make a bit of sense to me. What do you know about me other than I have a million-dollar price on my head? And some leopard man is running around trying to kill me. And I may or may not be part of a species I didn’t know existed until a couple of days ago. That’s it. That’s what you know, yet you’re ready to spend your life with me. Is that normal, Rio? Do you think people really react that way?”

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“What’s normal,sestrilla, and why does there even have to be a normal for us? If you aren’t one of my people I still want to share your life.” He touched her tear-wet face. “This should never happen, not because you think you’re falling in love with me.”

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“Don’t sound happy about it, Rio. Do you think it’s going to end happily? How can it? They won’t stop with one killer. They’ll send another and another until one of them kills you or me or both of us.”

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He kissed her. It was the only thing he could think to do, tasting her tears, feeling her terror. Not for herself but for him. She melted into him the way he was coming to know, every bit as hungry as he was. Feeding on his mouth. Committing to him with her body when she wasn’t ready to do so with words. And that was all right with him. He tasted her complete acceptance of him. Felt it in her response. She simply surrendered everything she was into his keeping and just as wholly made her own demands.

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Rachael leaned her head against his chest with a small sigh. “I’m not going to think about it anymore, Rio. Let’s just see where it all takes us.” She rubbed his jaw with the heel of her hand. “Did you find him?”

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"He was not from our area. I'm guessing South America. He was definitely one of our species. Have you ever been to South America, Rachael?"

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"You're not very good at sounding casual when you really want to know something, Rio," she reprimanded. "I was born in South America. I spent the first four years of my life there. We immigrated to the United States. My father, well, he's really not my birth father but to me he was my father, was born in South America and lived there most of his life, just as my mother had, but he had a lot of family in the United States."

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"You have a stepfather?"

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"Had. He's dead. He and my mother were murdered. And he was my father as far as I'm concerned. I loved him very much and he treated me as if I were his own flesh and blood. My brother too. He couldn't have been better to us."

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There was defiance in her voice. She stirred as if she wanted to get away from him. Rio began to repack the boxes carefully, trying not to look at her so it would be easier when he asked her questions. "Rachael, is it possible you did something to anger the elders of your people? Maybe inadvertently committed a crime against your people that might earn you banishment or the death penalty?"

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She looked up sharply, eyes flashing fire, but Rio only glanced at her and then away, deliberately not engaging in a staring match. "I don't have people. I'm not a different species."

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"How do you explain your ability to see in the dark? The fact that mosquitoes avoid you? Your heightened sexual awareness and the different emotions you've been experiencing?" he asked gently as he snapped the lid on the box and replaced it in the cage of roots.

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"There are perfectly acceptable explanations. My good eating habits could account for great eyesight and lack of mosquito bites. And you're responsible for my heightened sexual awareness and my moods. You parade around naked half the time, what do you expect?"

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He grinned at her. "Getting a little moody on me now, aren't you?" He held out his hand. "Let's get out of here."

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"Where are we going?"

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"Home. We're going home. I'm going to teach you how to live here, Rachael, and whatever happens, we'll just deal with it."

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She took his hand, weaving her fingers through his. "You do realize I haven't got a stitch on."

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He leaned forward to press his lips against her breast, his tongue teasing her nipple. "I did notice, yes. I've got clothes in a waterproof bag so we can get out of the river and be dry."

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“Isn’t it daylight? Someone might see us.”

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“Most people along the river aren’t going to care whether we have clothes on or not.” He drew her breast into the warmth of his mouth, his hands moving over her body with possession, with desire. He pressed a kiss against her throat, her chin, the corner of her mouth. “Let’s get you home. I have a bathtub.” He turned off the lamp, plunging the cave into darkness.

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“No, you don’t. I looked for a bathtub.” She found his hand. “You’re trying to bribe me and it isn’t going to work.”

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“You didn’t look in the right places. I have a tub I fill with hot water when I want to soak an injury. Most of the time I use the cold shower, but I’ve got a tub.”

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The water swirled around her ankles, rose to her calf. “My brother did things, bad things, Rio.” There in the blackness, underground where no one could overhear them, she confessed. “I can’t go to the police because they’d arrest him. I’d never do that to him. I love him. So I had no choice but to leave.”

□□□

He recognized the enormity of her confidence in him. He slipped his arm around her waist. “What kinds of bad things, Rachael?”

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She shook her head, the silken curls brushing against his bare skin. “Don’t ask me anything more about him. If it wasn’t for him, I would have been dead a long time ago. I owe him so much. You have no idea what we went through. I’m not going to betray him. I can’t.” She took a breath. “I’m not lying about the elders, Rio. I don’t have any elders that I know of, alive or dead, to issue a death sentence for an imaginary indiscretion. I would tell you if there were.”

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“I believe you,sestrilla .” He touched her to let her know they had to go under the water and swim through the narrow tube. He went first, trying to figure out what she could have done to make her brother want her dead. Especially when she obviously loved him. He heard it in her voice. The smoldering anger of his kind, always so dangerous and unpredictable, swirled in his belly as he swam. It didn’t make sense that the man didn’t love her back. Who wouldn’t love Rachael?

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They broke the surface together, just under the falls, hoping the water would screen them from sight should anyone be close by. Rio went back under to secure the heavy mesh over the tube. Rachael waited, staring at the opposite bank through the pouring water of the falls, subconsciously counting to herself until Rio emerged beside her. She put her arms around his neck and pressed her body close to his. “I should never have told you.”

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“You can tell me anything. I told you about my mother.”

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She kissed his throat, trailed little kisses up his jaw. “And I still think your elders stink. They didn’t recognize how courageous you were in going to them and admitting what you’d done.”

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"It wasn't courage. It was what she taught me. I chose to do something and I had to take the consequences. It was her rule and one I respected." The joy burst through him like a rainbow of colors. Rachael had a way of making him feel worthwhile. Feel like someone special and amazing. He tied the rope around her waist and waded out into the fast-moving current. "We have to swim to shore. The current will take us a bit downstream but we have to angle for the other side of the river."

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She nodded to show him she understood. This time when she put her foot down in the water, she could rest her weight briefly on it. It was a good sign that she was finally healing. She had taken a close look at it in the cave and there would definitely be scarring, but at least she had the leg.

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They were swept downriver even as they swam strongly toward shore. Rio reeled her in close to him and fought his way to the shore, dragging her along. He managed to catch a low-hanging branch and easily pulled himself up onto it, lifting her out of the water with his incredible strength.

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Rachael clung to the tree branch, her feet still dangling in the water. The bark was rough on her bare skin and for some reason she was suddenly self-conscious of her nakedness. She looked around and saw only monkeys staring at her.

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"If I get a leech on me, even one, I'm going to be upset," she promised. "And make those monkeys stop staring. They're making me feel naked."

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"You are naked." He laughed as he pulled her completely from the water, holding her close to his body, her breasts mashed against his chest. "And you're ruining the romantic ambience."

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Her eyebrow nearly reached her hairline. "Romantic ambience? What are you going on about?"

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"I hardly think leeches should enter into a romantic walk through the forest, especially when your body is incredible sexy and bare at the moment." He cradled her in his arms and leapt to the ground, landing softly.

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She circled his neck with her arms and looked up into the trees. It seemed as if a thousand eyes were staring at them. "Rio. The monkeys really are staring."

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On the riverbank they were much more exposed. She had spent the last two weeks in a small house in the forest, beneath a heavy canopy. Her only relief had been an underground cavern. The rain began, a soft steady drizzle that washed the river water from their skin as he carried her through the bogs and swamp to the edge of the forest. The wind touched their faces, flitted playfully through the leaves in the trees. All the while the gibbons, macaques, an orangutan, and various species of birds watched them.

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"I'm not making it up. They're staring."

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“They should be staring. I’m about to show them how good certain things in life are.” There was wicked amusement in his voice. And something else—a note that rasped over her skin and sent heat spiraling through her body.

□□□

“I don’t think so, you pervert. We are not putting on a show for those voyeurs.” Just his voice could melt her body. The look in his eyes was her undoing. His eyes burned with desire, hunger, even as she could see the teasing challenge in his expression.

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“Next you’re going to be telling me some strange story about how you go into heat and need a female.”

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He shifted her, sliding her legs around his waist so that her wet channel was positioned over the head of his penis. “Not any female, Rachael, you.”

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She tightened her hold around his neck, lifted her body so he could suckle her breast. Just that easy she was hot and wet and needful. He did things with his tongue, stroking and dancing and teasing until she couldn’t stand it and she began to slowly settle over his thick erection.

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“Oh, yeah, that’s what I want,” he said, his breath hissing out of his lungs. “Arch back and ride me, nice and slow, take your time.”

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She leaned back, turning her face to the sky, to the warm rain and slowly slid her body up and down his. The rain fell on her face, droplets trickled between her breasts, down her stomach to sizzle in the heat of their joining. She smiled up at their audience, wishing them all the pleasure in the world. Wishing them the joy and freedom of a sensual relationship.

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“You’re so beautiful,” he gasped the words, shocked at how the light fell across her face, revealing the intensity of her pleasure. It heightened her natural beauty. She was so uninhibited with him. So uncaring that he could see how much she wanted him, how much she enjoyed his body.

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She laughed softly. “I’m only beautiful because you make me feel that way.” Lightning sizzled in her veins. Fire raced over her skin. She controlled the pace, deliberately moving slow, taking him deep, gripping tight with her muscles.

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Rachael had no idea how Rio managed to make the world a place of sunlight and paradise when she’d lived in the shadows for so long. The rain fell softly, enhancing brilliant color in every direction, scattering rainbow prisms across the sky. Or maybe it was behind her eyes. It didn’t matter. There was only Rio in her world and he was all that mattered.

□□□

She felt his body gathering power and strength, she felt her own tightening in anticipation. Then they were spinning out of control on a dizzying ride, clinging to one another for safety. The leaves overhead whirled in a kaleidoscope of colors and shapes. Patterns of light and dark flecked the ground. It was necessary to share breathing as they kissed, hands moving over sensitized skin in a kind of worship.

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Rachael laid her head on his shoulder, holding him close to her. Their hearts beat out a wild, frantic tattoo even as the rain continued to fall softly. “I love it here, Rio,” she murmured, her lips against his throat. “I love everything about this place.”

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“You came home,” he answered, slowly lowering her feet to the forest floor.

□□□

The pack was stashed high up in the tree in case of flooding. Rio went up the trunk quickly and tossed her clothes, shoes and a towel. Rachael found herself laughing. “This is a crazy way to live. Have you ever had the monkeys steal your pack?”

□□□

“Not yet. They are very respectful of my things.” He glanced upward at the animals as the gibbons moved through the trees foraging for food before he dropped down beside her.

□□□

Rachael dressed quickly in the shelter of a large tree. “It’s so much quieter.”

□□□

“The birds are busy looking for food. Fruit, nectar, insects, they don’t have much time to call back and forth, although you’ll hear them occasionally. During midday, there’s often a bit of a lull in the chatter.” He buttoned his jeans and reached over to straighten the tails of her shirt. “You always look so cute in my clothes.”

□□□

Her eyebrow shot up. “I’ve never been called cute. Elegant, but not cute.”

□□□

“That’s right. You’re a rich lady. You wear designer clothes.”

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“How did you know they were designer clothes, jungle boy?”

□□□

He grinned at her. “I get around. You’d be surprised where this jungle boy has been.” He leered deliberately.

□□□

Rachael laughed, then sobered, her gaze drifting over his face. “Nothing about you would surprise me, Rio.”

□□□

Just like that she managed to put a lump in his throat. “Come here and let me carry you.” He held out his hand.

□□□

“I’d like to try to walk, even for a short distance. It feels so good to be managing a bit on my own.” Her fingers found his and clung.

□□□

Rio brought her hand to the warmth of his mouth, pressed a kiss into her palm. “Just a short distance. You haven’t been able to bear any weight on the leg and I don’t want you to overdo it. Tama’s potion will only help so much.”

□□□

“I know.” Her ankle and calf were throbbing, but she was never going to admit that to him, not if she wanted to walk on her own. He had a stubborn jaw, and his eyes could go from shimmering fire to ice cold in a heartbeat. Rio was a man who could get bossy very quickly given the right

circumstances. She smiled to herself and took the first step, tugging at his hand. “I can’t wait for a hot bath, come on.”

□□□

He frowned but he went with her, keeping a watchful eye on how she walked. “Out here, Rachael, you always have to be alert to your surroundings. The birds are going to sound a warning and you have to notice, you have to hear the different notes. They’ll call to you, and depending on what frightens them, you can pick up what’s intruding into our neighborhood.”

□□□

“I’ve caught it a couple of times.” She tried not to limp. Walking on her own seemed a miracle to her. She looked around at the trees laden with fruit. Everywhere she looked color exploded. The massive tree trunks came in all colors and were covered by life-forms. Lichen, fungi, fern and orchids grew on the trunks. Creeper vines hung down everywhere. At first there was quite a bit of light, the shorter trees along the river allowing the sun to blaze down, but as they went deeper into the interior, the taller trees sheltered them with denser canopy.

□□□

“Look at these tracks, Rachael.” Rio crouched down to study the myriad of tracks near a shallow pool. He touched a larger paw print with four distinct toes. “This is clouded leopard. Probably Franz watching our backtrail. They started following me when I went to work, even when I crossed borders, so it was safer to train them. I couldn’t stop the silly things from following me everywhere.”

□□□

“Are you worried about Fritz?”

□□□

“No, he’s had wounds before. He knows how to hole up in the forest. He’ll come back when it’s safe. I didn’t want him at the house alone. If the spotted leopard found him, it would have killed him just out of sheer meanness. Look at this one.” He pointed to a very small track much like the clouded leopard track. “This is a leopard cat. They’re about the size of a domestic cat, usually reddish or yellowish coats with black rosettes. This was a busy place this morning.”

□□□

“What’s that strange track? It looks like it has webbing on the feet.”

□□□

“That’s a masked civet. They’re nocturnal.” He looked up at her. “Are you ready for me to carry you?” He straightened slowly. “Or do I have to pull rank and give you an order? You’re limping.”

□□□

“I didn’t realize we were in the military.”

□□□

“Anytime we’re under a death threat, we’re under military rules.”

□□□

Her laughter rose to the forest canopy, blended with the continuous call of the barbet, a bird that seemed to love the sound of its own voice. “Are you making up rules as we go along?”

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“It was quick thinking on my part. Aren’t you impressed?” He swung her into his arms. “I want to know a little more about your mother’s family. Did you meet your grandparents?”

□□□

“I don’t remember hearing of my mother’s parents at all. My brother spoke of our birth father’s parents. He said we went to visit them in deep jungle once. They gave him treats and my grandmother rocked me. But they died around the same time as my father. He was on a trip and he never came back.”

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“And then your mother took you away?”

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“I don’t honestly remember, I was so young. Most of what I know is what my brother told me. After my father died, my mother took us to another small village on the edge of the forest. She met my stepfather. His family was very wealthy and they had a lot of land, a lot of power where we lived. We were there for some time and then he moved us to the United States.”

□□□

Rachael looked around her, drinking in the scents and sights of the rain forest. It was truly beautiful with thousands of varieties of plant life in every color. Butterflies were in abundance, sometimes covering trunks of flowering fruit trees, adding to the explosion of color everywhere she looked. The forest seemed alive, leaves swaying, lizards and insects continually on the move, birds flitting from tree to tree. It was teaming with life. Termites and ants vied for territory near a large fallen tree.

□□□

“We lived in Florida on a huge estate. It was such beautiful and wild country in the mangroves and swamp. We had humidity and lots of alligators.” She brushed back his hair. “No one turned into leopards.”

□□□

“There were no big cats in the area? No signs of big cats?”

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Rachael frowned. “Well of course there were rumors of panthers, the Florida panther in the swamps, but I never saw one. There are rumors of Bigfoot in the Cascades but no one actually has proof of Bigfoot. There aren’t any cats in my family.”

□□□

“Did your brother spend a lot of time in the swamp?”

□□□

Rachael stiffened. It was more a shift of her body, but Rio was so in tune with her he felt her slight withdrawal. She averted her face and looked upward at the feathery foliage, the bright red fungi and fruit draping heavily on the tree. Antlerlike fungi and cups of brilliant color covered the trunks. Large mushrooms grew around the bases and made fields of large caps inside the buttress roots.

□□□

“The humidity in Florida isn’t as intense, but it can be oppressive to some people. It doesn’t rain nearly as much either.”

□□□

“Did he go into the swamp, Rachael?” He kept his tone low, gentle even. Rachael wasn’t a woman to be pushed. She trusted him with her life, but she didn’t trust him with her brother’s life. He couldn’t push her too hard. She’d walk away first.

□□□

“My brother is a long way away from here, Rio. I don’t want any part of him here, not even his spirit. Don’t bring him into this place.”

□□□

Temper rode him hard and he was silent as he walked quickly through the patches of light and dark, heading deeper into the forest. It took him a few minutes to work it out. “You don’t want him in our place. My place. You don’t want him anywhere near me.”

□□□

“He doesn’t belong here, Rio. Not at all, not with us.” Rachael looked down at the splint on her wrist. She probably didn’t belong with Rio either. She’d been lucky enough to meet him, but she didn’t want him in danger.

□□□

“Sometimes,sestrilla I feel like I’m trying to hold water in my hand. You flow right through my fingers.”

□□□

Rachael looked at him with her dark, liquid eyes. Sad eyes. “I can’t give you what it is you want.”

□□□

“Before my father died, Rachael, he asked my mother to promise him that she’d take me and leave the village. He wanted her to find another man so she wouldn’t have to raise me alone. A man or woman who lost their mate would never choose another husband or wife from our people. My father talked to my mother more than once but she didn’t want to live with another man. She stayed near the village.”

□□□

“Why wouldn’t the others want to take care of her and you too? If there aren’t very many of you, surely they would want to make certain you were well taken care of?” She sounded outraged all over again. “I don’t think I like your elders very much.”

□□□

“The elders would want to care for widows and children, but there would be problems. Most leave if they want to find a companion to spend their life with. We can live and love outside of the rain forest, and many do. It’s possible your father asked your mother to take you and your brother and find another man to fill his shoes.”

□□□

“How did your father die?”

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“He went in with a team to pull a diplomat from a rebel force. He was shot. It happens.”

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Rachael rested her head against his shoulder. “I’m sorry. It must have been so difficult for your mother to know that you chose to carry on your father’s work.”

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“She didn’t like it. My mother didn’t do what my father wanted her to do. She stayed in the rain forest on the edge of the village. It caused some problems occasionally. She was a beautiful woman and it was easy enough to fall in love with her. Do you look like your mother?”

□□□

She smiled and relaxed in his arms, sinking into him without being aware of it. “I do look somewhat like her pictures. We have the same eyes, and my face is shaped like hers. And I have her smile. She wasn’t as tall or as heavy.”

□□□

Rio stopped right there under a tall tree with silvery bark and hundreds of orchids cascading down the trunk. “Heavy? You have curves, Rachael. I’m very fond of your curves.” He bent his head to her throat, his breath whispering fire against her skin. “Don’t say anything bad about yourself or I might be forced to prove you wrong.”

□□□

Rachael laughed happily. He made her feel bright and alive when she had been so close to gloom. “I don’t think that’s much of a threat, Rio. And thank you for bringing up my mother. It’s been a while since I had such a mental picture of her. When you asked me about her, I began to think of all the little details and I can see her again so clearly. She had thick hair. Very curly.” She touched her hair. “I always kept my hair long because she wore hers that way. When I wanted to disappear, I cut my hair to my shoulders because I thought having it reach to my rear end was too conspicuous. I cried myself to sleep every night for a week.”

□□□

“Wear your hair any way you want to wear it, Rachael. They’ve already found you here.” He began walking again, picking up the pace, wanting to get back to the house and get her settled again. She was obviously growing tired and attempting to hide it from him.

□□□

“But they don’t know I’m still alive. We might be able to make them think I drowned in the river. I threw my shoes in so something would turn up if they were really looking.”

□□□

“Rachael, the only way we’re going to be able to live a normal life is to remove the threat completely. We don’t want to be looking over our shoulders the rest of our lives.”

□□□

Rachael was silent, turning his words over and over in her mind. Rio was thinking along the lines of a permanent relationship, she was still taking it one day at a time. She looked closely at his face. The right thing to do would be to leave him as quickly as possible, remove all threats to him. She took a deep breath and let it out slowly. “I’m just realizing I have an incredible selfish streak. I always thought I was unselfish, but I don’t want to give you up. It isn’t the greatest moment in one’s life to find out how completely self-centered you really are.”

□□□

“It might be my greatest moment, to find out you want to keep me.”

□□□

“Tell me that in a couple of weeks and I might believe you. This is all so unexpected. And as for normal, is how you live here in the rainforest your definition of normal?”

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“I’ve rarely lived any other way.” The smile faded from his face. “I doubt if they’ll allow us to live in the village. I can shop there, although I don’t much. It’s uncomfortable for some of the people. As I’m supposed to be dead to them, shopping is difficult. They look through me, I can’t ask questions, I leave money on the counter.”

□□□

Her dark eyes flashed. “I know what I’d like to say to them. I don’t want to live in the village. Not now. Not ever. And I’ll have to think about shopping there. I wouldn’t mind making everyone uncomfortable, but on the other hand, I would hate to help them out by supporting them.”

□□□

Rio made an effort to keep from laughing. Rachael didn't need to be encouraged in her defense of him, but he couldn't help secretly loving it. "You might want the protection of the village when we have children."

□□□

"Are we going to have children?"

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"Don't look so shocked. I like children—I think." He frowned. "I haven't actually been around any children, but I think I'd like them."

□□□

Rachael threw back her head and laughed more, hugging him to her as they drew closer to the house.

□□□

Thirteen

□□□

The bath was heaven. Rachael slipped beneath the water to soak herentire head. She hadn't felt clean in weeks. Days of taking sponge baths didn't work for her, especially when an infection ravaged through her body the way it had. She came up and looked at Rio, trying not to let the happiness in her burst out. He'd been through such an ordeal, fighting the leopard, and he hadn't talked much about it. He looked older, the lines in his face deeper, shadows lurking in his eyes.

□□□

He rubbed shampoo into her hair. "You look happy."

□□□

"I never thought a bath would feel so good. Whatever Tama used on my leg is a miracle product. I couldn't believe the difference in the swelling and I'm certain it helped heal the puncture wounds. They'd been draining all the time, but now it's stopped. I feel so much better."

□□□

"Good." His fingertips rubbed her head in a slow massage. "Fritz is back. He snuck in when I was heating the water. I saw him go under the bed."

□□□

"What about Franz?" She wanted to moan with ecstasy. His fingers massaging her head were magical. "I'm worried that we haven't seen him."

□□□

"He followed us through the forest. He was in the canopy. He'll come in when he's ready."

□□□

"You should have pointed him out to me. I have to be more alert." She smiled up at him through the shampoo. "See, if I were a leopard, I would have noticed."

□□□

"I expected him, and we travel together all the time. I know his patterns. Leopards will even cache food in the same place repeatedly, making it easy for poachers to destroy them. We have to fight to keep from setting patterns. We all have that tendency and in a business like ours, it can get a person killed. I try never to use the same path twice. I never use the same escape route twice. I don't come to the house the same way. I have to make certain I always think about it."

□□□

Rachael ducked under the water to rinse out her hair. She didn't feel feline right then, she loved water, the hotter the better. She wanted to stay in the bath for as long as possible. She was beginning to realize

bathing was a luxury. When she came up, wiping her eyes, she heard the radio crackling.

□□□

"I thought that was broken. Didn't I shoot it?"

□□□

"Drake left his for me." He picked up the small handheld radio and listened to the warble of distorted voices. "They think they've found the right camp. They're going in soon, probably after midnight."

□□□

She read the anxiety in his voice. "You stayed behind because of me, didn't you? Rio, if you need to be with them, go. I'm perfectly fine by myself. I've got weapons here. You know I can use them."

□□□

"There's more to it than that, Rachael. You always take on responsibilities that aren't yours. I make my own choices, the same as you. I wanted to stay with you."

□□□

"Because you didn't altogether trust them?"

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He shrugged. "Maybe I don't right now, not where you're concerned. If the elders of your village contacted the elders in mine and asked them to aid in carrying out a death sentence, it's possible the elders here would agree. They don't know you and our laws are very strict. Some might think harsh."

□□□

"You really think I'm some sort of a shape-shifter, don't you? I can't change my form. I've thought about it and tried, just to see if you're right, but nothing happens. I'm still me."

□□□

"Just hear me out for a moment, Rachael. Suppose your mother took you and your brother away from her village. She didn't want to upset the balance in the village but she decided she was too young to live the rest of her life alone so she chose to give up her heritage and live entirely with her human side."

□□□

Rachael rested her head against the back of the small tub he had carried up from a locked shed nearby and painstakingly filled with water he had heated. Darkness was slowly falling in the forest. The night creatures were stirring to life. "I suppose she might have thought that way."

□□□

"She met your stepfather."

□□□

"Antonio."

□□□

"She met Antonio. He was handsome, wealthy, and very nice. He courted her, she fell in love with him and married him. His estate was on the edge of the forest. Every night it called to her. Night after night. The Han Vol Dan, the way of the change, whispered and tempted. Finally she began to steal away and run free in the forest in the way our kind is meant to do. Antonio wakes up night after night and his woman is gone. He's alone in his bed. What do you suppose this good man thinks?" Rio helped her stand and wrapped a towel around her. Lifting her from the tub he leaned into her, catching a bead of water that was running down her neck, lapping

with his tongue. “He would think what any man would think. His beautiful wife was stepping out on him. And he would follow her.”

□□□

Rachael shivered at the tone of his voice. “Okay, you don’t have to add any drama in. You’re a very scary man when you want to be.”

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“I was just thinking how I’d feel if I thought you were sneaking out of our bed to go meet with another man.”

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“Well quit thinking about it. You obviously have a very vivid imagination, and in case you haven’t noticed, your claws are bursting through your fingertips.”

□□□

He looked down with some surprise to find she was right. His hands were curled and stiletto switchblades—thick, curved and dangerous—had emerged with his rising temper. His claws could be rapidly extended through muscles, ligaments and tendons when needed or retracted when not in use. His frown gave way to a wry grin. “I’m not too civilized, am I?”

□□□

“I guess we can’t take the jungle out of the man.”

□□□

“But you weren’t afraid of me,sestrilla, that should tell you something right there. Any normal woman would be terrified to see claws on a man.”

□□□

She sat on the edge of bed, laughter in her eyes. “Are you saying I’m not normal? I think you’ve managed to mention that a couple of times now. It’s rather like the old saying, ‘the pot calling the kettle black’. In comparison, I’mperfectly normal.”

□□□

“I think being what I am is perfectly normal, Rachael, and I’m more and more convinced that you’re like me. I think your stepfather saw your mother shift shape. He loved her and it didn’t matter. He may have even thought it was extraordinary. But if the elders in her village found out that he knew, that a human knew, they might banish her or worse, sentence him to death.”

□□□

“Kim and Tama know.”

□□□

“They’re tribesmen. They live in the forest and have a deep respect of nature and other species. Not all men do.”

□□□

“So my stepfather moves us in the dead of night into the city and we immigrate to the United States.”

□□□

She obviously didn’t realize how much that single sentence told him. Her stepfather had been afraid for his family, moving them at night to the States. “Where he has family and an estate in Florida on the edge of the Everglades. Where your mother can continue her nightly runs without fear of reprisals. I think he moved to protect your family.” He watched her closely, with sharp, piercing intelligence shining in his eyes.

□□□

She averted her face, tossed off the towel and reached for a shirt. “Well, he didn’t do a very good job of protecting us. Or himself. His own family isn’t so very hot. Not in the rain forest and not in the States.

They’re probably every bit as rigid or worse than your elders. You’re on the wrong track, Rio.”

□□□

“Maybe. It’s possible. Didn’t his family accept you and your brother?”

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She shrugged casually—too casually. “At first they pretended they did.”

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“He came from money,” Rio guessed.

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“He had money. A lot of it. At least his family did.”

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“What family? Did he own the estate near the forest outright, or did it belong to his family?”

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“His brother owned it with him.” Her voice was without any inflection whatsoever, but he felt the distaste. Revulsion even. It was almost tangible in the room between them. “They shared all the homes, even the ones in the States.”

□□□

Rio’s radar went off immediately. “So they are very wealthy. They really can afford the million-dollar reward. Rachael, has it occurred to you that the reward is only to be paid if you’re returned alive? The sniper wanted you dead. Could there be two factions at work here?”

□□□

She swung her head around to look at him, some emotion flickering in the depths of her eyes. “I didn’t think of that.”

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“So it’s possible.”

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Rachael nodded reluctantly. “Yes. And both sides have a great deal of money. My brother and I inherited my stepfather’s share of the estates and his part of the businesses.”

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“How did your stepfather and your mother die?”

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“They were executed. The official police report said they were murdered.”

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“Then there were autopsies performed.”

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She shook her head. “The bodies disappeared out of the morgue. They were stolen. It was a big scandal. I was still young and it was a terrifying time.”

□□□

“So where did you and your brother go after your parents died?”

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Her shoulders were rigid. “To our uncle, my stepfather’s brother. He shared the estates and businesses and took us in.”

□□□

“So it’s your uncle who is either paying to keep you alive or wants you dead.”

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“He would never pay to keep me alive.” She struggled to keep bitterness from stealing into her voice. “Why are we talking about this, Rio? Just

the thought of him makes my skin crawl. I left that place. I left those people. I don't want them here in this house with us."

□□□

"Your brother is a part of you, Rachael. I can tell you love him. It's in your voice when you talk about him. Sooner or later this has to be resolved."

□□□

"You obviously care about the elders in your village, but they banished you. I can love my brother and know I'm a liability to him and that it's better for him if I'm not around. Better for both of us."

□□□

He tapped his finger on the wall. "Why? What have you done that makes him better off without you?"

□□□

Her gaze was suddenly cool as it swept over him. "I don't talk about my brother with anyone, Rio. It isn't safe for you, for me or for him. If you can't accept that . . ."

□□□

"Don't go getting all edgy on me again. I asked a perfectly reasonable question."

□□□

She watched the heat shimmer in his eyes. "I don't think anyone with a temper like yours should ever call me edgy. I'm hungry, not edgy."

□□□

His eyebrow shot up. "Do you know how to cook?"

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She glared at him. "I'm a perfectly good cook. I've been polite not wanting to get in your way. I've noticed you have a tendency to be territorial."

□□□

Before he could reply, the radio crackled again. Rio spun around and rushed across the room to snatch it up. There was a moment of silence. "It's a go. We've got a go." There was more static and words Rachael couldn't catch.

□□□

"What are they saying?"

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"I'm listening to them talking to one another. They're going in to get out the victims. They'll have to go in like ghosts. With one, it's more a grab and get out, but you're talking several victims. There's bound to be one that panics and that's what makes it so dangerous."

□□□

"What happens if someone panics?" She could feel the tension in the room rising. Rio paced back and forth with quick restless steps. She watched him from the safety of the bed. He seemed to flow across the floor, every bit as graceful and fluid as a jungle cat. And just as caged there in the house with her.

□□□

Rio paused beside his rifle, slid his hand over the barrel. "This is where it could get bad. Conner better be watching out for them," he said in a low tone, almost to himself.

□□□

"This Conner is doing your job, is that it? What exactly do you usually do?"

□□□

"I protect them. I can hit a bird on a wing in a high wind. So I lay up above them where I can sight the entire camp and I keep the bandits off of them. I provide cover fire and lay it down thick when they retreat. We scatter, each man assigned a job, taking the victims into the forest. Drake usually gets them to the helicopter while the rest of the team goes in every direction. I draw the bandits after me. I provide heavy fire and keep them busy and following me until I hear from each team member they are safe and we can stand down."

□□□

"The bandits chase you through the forest."

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He grinned at her, a small, mischievous little boy grin. "Several forests. There aren't any such things as borders or rivers or places we can't go. We do have to be a little careful in their territory. They're like rats, they go underground in their maze of tunnels in the fields. That's why we lead them into the forest. We scatter, the men change form and I'm the bandit's only hope of retribution."

□□□

She was furious all over again at the elders. So much so that she balled the pillow into her hand and threw it against the wall in a small fit of temper. "They take advantage of you, Rio. You're risking your life to help them get away."

□□□

"Sestrilla,it isn't like that. The others risk their lives going into the camp while I'm safe a mile away. We all take risks. We're at risk when the poachers enter our territory and try to kill the endangered animals. It's what we do, who we are. I want to do what I do."

□□□

"And the elders sit back and count the money you all bring them. I'll bet there's no risk at all to them. They just send you out, filling your head full of good deeds and necessity and count themselves lucky you're willing to risk your life for the cause."

□□□

"You're really angry." She was. He could see her body was trembling. More than that, she was close again. He could feel the sudden tension, the wild power in the room, caged but seeking freedom. She exuded a strong sensual pull.

□□□

"I detest people like that. They make the rules for everyone else and then sit back nice and safe calling the shots, making life-and-death decisions for people and reaping the monetary rewards."

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She wasn't talking about the elders in his village. Rio remained silent, waiting to see if she would continue, but she pushed off the bed and went to the door, flinging it open to stare outside at the beckoning forest.

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All the talk of the mythical Han Vol Dan, of her mother running free, made her yearn for the same freedom. Just for a few minutes to be something else, something different, with more control, more freedom. The ability to run along the branches of the tree. She held up her arms to embrace the idea. Deep within her she felt the stirring of power. Something untamed. Wild. Something desiring to be free. Fire raced through

her bloodstream and something alive moved beneath her skin. Her fingers curved. Her face ached. Bones cracked and snapped.

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"No!" Rio said it sharply, caught her shoulder and jerked her away from the door, back into the safety of his house. He wrapped his arm around her waist as if that would anchor her to him. "What did you think you were doing?"

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"I don't know." She didn't look at him. She could only look at the temptation of the trees, the swaying foliage and thick canopy. Even the rain seemed to call her with its steady rhythm. "What am I doing, Rio?"

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"Your leg isn't healed enough for that. It would never survive the change without further injury. You can't give in to it yet."

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"Is it possible to stop? If it's in me, won't it come out as it does with you?" She was outwardly calm, but inside a mixture of excitement and fear were beginning to blend. She scented the wind and understood the messages it carried. She heard the notes overhead in the canopy and knew the song. She saw small lizards, insects, a praying mantis, hidden among the leaves of the trees as if they stood out in bright images.

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The radio in Rio's hand crackled. A burst of static followed. "We're in. We're in." The voice was a mere whisper.

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Rachael knew the radio was important. She could hear the tension in the voice. She could feel it in Rio, but the wildness in her was blossoming, spreading like a savage heat through her body. With it came sight as she'd never known it. Thermal images rippled in reds and yellows as she stared out into the darkness. Night had fallen completely and the ghostly mist once more shrouded the canopy. White tails drifted in and out of the trees. They looked like white lace. She inhaled sharply and drew the night into her lungs.

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"Damn it, Rachael, I'm closing the door." Rio bent down to peer at her face. "Your eyes are changing, your pupils dilating. You have to fight it."

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Rachael blinked up at him. Rio sounded urgent, worried. She smiled at him to reassure him she wasn't afraid. Well, maybe a little, but it was a good kind of fear. She wanted to reach for that other side of herself. She felt it strong now, purposeful, growing inside of her. She could shake off the anguish and pain and feel the sheer joy of living free. No responsibilities. No ties. There would be nothing but being alive to the sounds and scents of nature.

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The temptation was so strong she pushed away from Rio, back toward the door. Rio's hands nearly crushed her shoulders. "Rachael, look at me." He dragged her into his arms, held her tightly against his chest. He could feel the wildness rising in her, see it as she looked at him with eyes no longer entirely human. "Fight it. Stay with me, now. You can't risk the change with your leg in such bad shape. Not the first time."

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He kissed her. It was the only thing he could think to do when she was slipping away from him. When she looked so alluring, a temptress of the rain forest. The moment his mouth fastened onto hers, she circled his neck with her arms, pressed her body into his so that they simply melted together. In the heat of the forest her skin felt like hot velvet, sliding and rubbing against his so that the friction brought its own heat and excitement. His fingers tunneled in her hair, fisted there to hold her to him while he kissed her voraciously. Ravenously. Forgetting everything but the feel and taste of her.

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Rachael felt she'd gone from one dream to another. The wildness subsided into her to be replaced by another kind. Untamed, unbridled passion welled up and spilled over for this one man. The only man. She had thought to let him go. She thought to protect him and leave him behind. It would never happen. He was as much a part of her as her own head was. When they were together there was magic, laughter—love. It was a silly, simplistic ideal, but it worked with Rio.

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Rachael lifted her head to look at him, to take in his face, feature by feature. Tears swam in her eyes and she had to blink them away. "You're so beautiful, Rio." Her throat ached and her eyes burned with love welling up like a fountain.

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"You always tell me I'm beautiful. Men aren't supposed to be beautiful."

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"Maybe you aren't supposed to be, but you are. I've never been around a man like you before." Her fingertips traced the lines in his face, smoothed over his mouth. She looked into his eyes, and smiled. "It isn't just your body that's so perfect, Rio, you're such a good man."

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How could a woman tear a man up with a few simple words? Maybe it was the honesty in her expression, the love in her eyes. "Rachael." Her name came out in a husky whisper. He couldn't control his own voice.

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The radio crackled to life. The sound of gunfire could be heard in short bursts. Someone screamed. Pandemonium rang out. "Joshua's hit. Conner's trying to cover Drake and the vics. Damn it. Damn it." More static.

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Rachael was watching Rio's face carefully. His expression disappeared and he wore a grim mask. "How far away are they? How many miles away?"

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He looked down at her, blinked, kissed her mouth hard and turned to catch up his rifle. Rachael handed him the two knives lying side by side on the counter.

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"Rachael." He hesitated at the door, radio in hand.

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"Just go. Hurry. It's what you do. I'll be fine here with Fritz."

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Rio turned and was gone. She didn't hear him on the verandah. She didn't hear anything at all. He was as silent in human form as he was in the form of a cat. Rachael limped over to the small counter. Fritz stuck his head out from under the bed to watch her. She smiled at the little leopard. "I may as well see how all this works."

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Rio could hear Rachael murmuring softly to the cat. He shrugged into the harnesses and positioned the weapons for easy access before leaping to the next tree branch. He used creeper vines to swing to some of the closer branches, and hit the forest floor running. He ran through streams and small creek beds, pulled himself up the embankments using the vines and once more took to the trees.

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"Coming in from the south," he reported into the radio.

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"Go for Joshua, he's running hurt, leaving a trail. Conner's guarding the vics. Team is spreading out to leave tracks." Drake's voice came in a stream of static and heavy breathing.

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"I'll intercept. Who's on Josh?"

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"He's on his own. Hurry, Rio."

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"Tell him to come to me. I'll meet him."

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They kept the transmissions brief and spoke in their own dialect, which would be nearly impossible for anyone overhearing to translate. Only members of their species spoke the guttural mixture of tones and words. It was one of their greatest strengths when working.

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Rio covered several miles in record time, using Drake's short bursts of static for direction. He had to get to Joshua before Tomas or one of his men did. Joshua was in trouble, wounded and on his own. The other team members were needed to bring out the many victims and get them to safety.

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He heard the sound of a gunshot echoing through the trees. White mist shrouded the canopy as he flung himself through the branches. He was forced to slow down to cross the river, using a precarious route, two low-hanging branches and a creeper vine. He nearly lost his footing, leapt to the next tree, his hands shifting to claws to cling to the bark. The trunk was wide with a multitude of plants growing up it, covering the bark. The branches raised toward the sky, seeking light, but the heavy foliage from the taller trees around it blocked it from the precious source causing the tree's limbs to curl and the leaves to feather. He flattened himself against the trunk, hooked claws clinging precariously as two bandits consulted in loud whispers beneath him.

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The two men were out of breath having run ahead of the melee in the hopes of setting up an ambush. They consulted in their native tongue, gesturing wildly, all the while staring back toward the sounds of gunfire.

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Rio's breath hissed out slowly as he felt for the closest branch with his foot. He willed them not to look up. As high up as he was, the wind fingered his face, but below, on the forest floor, the air was completely still and sound carried easily. His toes managed to find footing and he eased down, keeping his claws hooked as an anchor as he gained more solid territory. When he was on the branch, he leaned against the trunk and slid his rifle into position, careful not to rustle the leaves. And then he

froze, every muscle locked into a ready position as only his kind could do. Waiting. Watching. Marking his prey.

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The bandits were oblivious to his presence. They separated, moving off the trail, one bandit crouched low in the leafy foliage of the shrubbery. Impatiently the man flicked a caterpillar from a leaf onto the faint trail. Rio didn't follow the path of the caterpillar. He never took his gaze from his prey. One hand slipped up to his neck to pull the long knife from its sheath. The rifle remained rock steady, the barrel aimed squarely on target, finger on the trigger. Rio pulled the knife free. Careful to keep the first man in sight, he followed the progress of the second, who had moved ahead and off the trail to climb into the low-hanging branches of a fruit tree. As he climbed, his boot scraped lichen from the trunk and his weight, as he pulled himself up, sent fruit tumbling to the ground.

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The wind shifted slightly, playing through the leaves. The rain began again, a steady fall that had both bandits cursing as the drops soaked their clothing. Rio remained still, high in the branches above them. He caught the scent of fresh blood. He heard the whisper of clothing against a bush. That told him, more than anything else, that Joshua was badly injured. He would have shifted shape if he could and used the strength and speed of the leopard to get him home. Instead, he was dragging himself through the forest, using the easiest and most open trails.

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Rio didn't wait to see Joshua's approach. He kept his eyes on the two bandits hiding in ambush. The one below him put down his rifle twice. Tied his boot. Fidgeted. The one in the tree held his gun and watched the trail. Rio kept his rifle aimed at the bandit in the tree. The moment he saw the man raise the gun to his shoulder, he fired.

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Rio didn't wait to see the results of his marksmanship; he threw the knife at the man below him. The gurgling sound was ugly, but it told him what he needed to know as he changed position, leaping to another branch and sighting the first bandit a second time.

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"He's down," Joshua said. He leaned against a tree trunk tiredly. Blood soaked his right side. "Thanks, Rio. You're a welcome sight. They would have killed me. I don't have much fight left in me." He slid down the tree and sank to the forest floor, his legs going out from under him.

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Rio dropped to the ground and inspected the two bandits before going to Joshua. The man had lost too much blood. "You should have put a field bandage on this."

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"I tried. No time. They were everywhere. We pulled everyone out that was there. One of the men had gone missing and no one knows what happened to him. The team scattered, each taking a vic, and Conner had to cover them." He looked up at Rio. "Drake took a hit. I don't know how bad."

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Rio stiffened, forced himself to be gentle as he worked quickly on the wound. "He sent me to you."

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“I know, I heard on the radio. That’s like him. Three reported in clear. You had your radio off, I tried to let you know.” Joshua began to slump to one side.

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“Damn it, Josh, don’t you die on me. I’ll be pissed off if you do.” Rio swore under his breath as he quickly worked on the wound to stem the flow of blood. The entrance hole was small and neat but the exit was a mangled, bloody mess.

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The wind tapped him on the shoulder, brought him the scent of the hunters. A pack of them, out for blood, hot on Joshua’s trail. They’d be furious when they found their dead lying in the midst of the shrubs.

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“Josh, I have to take you up into the trees. I have no choice. I don’t want to give you morphine, you’re already in shock.”

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“Do what you have to do,” Joshua muttered. His lids fluttered, but he was unable to find the energy to open his eyes. “If you have to leave me, Rio, give me a gun. I don’t want Tomas to get his hands on me.”

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“Shut up,” Rio said rudely. He retrieved his knife, cleaning the blade in the leaves before returning it to its sheath. “Let’s go, the hounds are getting close.”

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Joshua made no sound as Rio slung him over his shoulder in a dead man’s carry. Rio hoped he’d lost consciousness. The steel muscles running beneath his skin would be needed, the enormous strength of his kind. He went up the tree, higher than he’d like but where there was more cover. He wouldn’t have the necessary speed for traveling along the branches carrying Joshua’s weight, so he’d need stealth and cover.

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The continual rain added to the complications, making the branches slick. Several times he disturbed birds and gliding lemurs. Squirrels scolded him and a thick snake uncoiled when he accidentally gripped it for an anchor as he made his way along the branch highway with Joshua.

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He was nearing the river when, without warning, the birds took to the sky. Joshua stirred, but Rio’s soft command stopped him from moving. Rio cached Joshua in the crotch of a thick branch, much like a leopard might with his dinner. It was the only tree with enough foliage to hide them. He had hoped to be on the other side of the river before the bandits caught up with them. His pulley and sling was stashed and would be useful, but he’d have to leave Joshua to set it up. He checked to make certain no blood dripped to give away their position. The roar of the river drowned most of the noise, but couldn’t take away the other signs of approach. “Tomas and his crew are coming, Josh. You’ll have to be quiet and stay right there, no moving.”

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Joshua nodded his understanding. “I think I can hold a gun.”

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Rio shook his head. “No need.” He crouched down beside Joshua, felt for his pulse. The man needed medical attention as quickly as possible. Rain-soaked, clothes clung to their bodies, boots rubbed blisters into skin.

The conditions were miserable, but Rio had been in worse. “We’ll get you home,” he assured Joshua.

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Rio didn’t waste time hesitating. Leaving the rifle behind, he went through the trees as quickly as he could, rushing to beat the arrival of the bandits. He dropped into the open onto a low-hanging branch and dove into the river. His arms cut strong, clean strokes, taking him across the river even as the current pulled him downstream. On the other side, he dragged himself up the embankment, rolled beneath a tangle of buttress roots and caught up the pack stashed in the hole in the trunk.

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The bandits had broken out of the forest on the other side. They spread out, examining the ground for tracks. One was too close to the tree where he had cached Joshua. Josh was barely conscious and one wrong move would instantly bring him to the bandits’ attention. Rio slowly and carefully pulled the rifle from the cover of the trunk and laid it over a root to steady his hand. He was in a bog and leeches would be swarming to his body heat if he didn’t move immediately.

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He squeezed off three shots in rapid succession, looking to wound his targets rather than kill them. Tomas would be forced to carry his men to safety rather than keep up the chase. Rio scooted backward on his belly, seeking the heavier cover of brush, trying to keep larger trees between him and the river.

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The bandits returned fire, a rapid burst of bullets that chewed the bark from the trees and spit leaves and needles close to him. He stayed very still, not giving away his position as he marked new targets.

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Tomas was no fool. He knew whom he faced. He’d run up against Rio’s marksmanship many times and he didn’t want to lose any more men. He signaled them back into the timberline. They melted away, carrying their wounded. Several discharged their guns in a last show of anger, but they moved off rather than try to cross the river in the open to track him. They might try it further upriver, but by that time, Rio hoped to have Joshua deep inside the forest and in the hands of his people.

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Worried that they may have left a sniper behind, Rio took his time coming out of the bog. He felt the sting of a couple of leeches as he crawled into deeper forest. It took several minutes to remove the creatures with his knife. As he retrieved the pulley and sling from his pack and rose, a bullet whistled by his head. Rio threw himself to one side, eyes examining the surrounding area. He thought he’d been well hidden, but his enemy had guessed where he would go to escape the leech-infested ground.

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The bullet had missed him by inches, but he had more of a problem than a few leeches. He had to hunt. The bandit would be patient, lie in wait for him, knowing he would have to move soon. The river separated them and Joshua was cached up in a tree, wounded and in dire need of medical attention.

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In the shelter of several thick trees, Rio shed his clothes, folding them neatly and setting the pile on a tree branch along with his boots. He shifted into his other form, embracing the power within him. The brute

strength. The perfect hunting machine. Bold and clever, highly intelligent and cunning, the leopard began his stalk. Staying in the shadows of the trees, the large cat angled downstream, padding swiftly through the vegetation. The leopard scented blood and gunpowder as it leapt onto the low-hanging branches of a tree at the edge of the river. The cat snarled as the sniper fired repeatedly, sweeping the area where Rio had been.

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The leopard plunged into fast-moving water, using powerful muscles to swim across to the other side. The cat climbed up the embankment, slinking across the open area in small stop-and-start bursts, going to ground and freezing behind the cover of the shrubbery. He gained yards, then feet, until he was a short distance from the bandit.

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The man hurried quickly through the trees, intent on the other side of the river. He never saw the leopard crouched only feet from him. He never saw the rush, only felt the hit, hard like a freight train, driving him backward with powerful legs and muscles. He was hit so hard he never felt the crushing weight of the jaws that ended his life.

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Rio fought the wild nature of the beast, pulled back from the heady scent of the kill and shifted shape quickly. He still had to get Joshua across the water. It would take too much time to set up the pulley and sling. He hurried back to the man, grateful to find him still alive.

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"We're going into the river, Josh; I'm taking you to the village."

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"You don't have to do that, Rio. Don't put yourself in that position."

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Rio hoisted him onto his shoulder. "I don't give a damn what they think about me, Josh. You need help as quickly as possible."

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"Did you lose your clothes?"

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Rio grinned, a show of teeth. "I left them on the other side of the river in a tree."

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"You've always been crazy, Rio."

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Rio heard the utter weariness in the voice. Joshua hung like a dead weight, not even attempting to hold on. Worried, Rio plunged into the river, using every bit of his strength to fight the current to get them both to the other side. Then he began to jog.

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It was a hellish, nightmare journey. Joshua's body slammed against Rio's. Brush tore at his skin. The rain soaked them both as the miles passed. Rio began to tire, his legs rubbery, his lungs burning for air. His feet, although tough and used to the travel, were torn and bloody. It took several hours and he stopped three times to rest, give Joshua water and tighten the pressure bandages over the wounds.

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Rio staggered into the village, tired and hot and soaked from the rain just before dawn. No one came out of their houses, although they knew he was there. Joshua's blood soaked Rio's skin where the man was pressed tight against him. The rain continued, a steady cascading fall that

created a haze between Rio and the houses. He started toward the house of their only medic. Movement caught his attention. The elders came onto their verandahs, watching him through the downpour.

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Rio stood for a moment, swaying with weariness, feeling anger wash over him. Shame. He was twenty-two again and standing before the council with his mother's blood and the blood of her murderer on his hands. He lifted his head and set his jaw. They would never accept him. Never want the taint of his life to touch theirs. He could protect their people, give them his share of the money, but he would always have blood on his hands and they would never forgive him. His mouth hardened and he squared his shoulders. His eyes were fiercely proud, his jaw strong and stubborn. It didn't matter if he wasn't welcome in their village. He didn't want to be there. He refused to believe that he could miss the interaction with others of his kind.

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Inside the houses the whispers would start. It always did if he had to make the journey and intrude on their space. Each time he was certain it would be different, better—that they would accept him. But their faces would be hard, or averted or they simply looked past him as if he didn't exist. He forced strength into his tired body and carried Joshua straight to the house of the medic. They would never allow him entrance, nor would they speak to him. Even if they thought the blood on his body belonged to him, they wouldn't ask questions or attempt to help. He was dead to them.

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Rio deliberately went up the stairs to the verandah and placed Joshua's body onto the chair there. As he turned to leave, Joshua caught his arm. His grip was feeble but he hung on. Rio turned back, bent down to him. "You're home now, you're safe."

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"Thanks, Rio. Thanks for what you did."

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Rio gripped the hand for a moment, covering the gesture with his body so Joshua wouldn't get reprimanded in front of the council. "Good fortune, Josh."

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He turned, ramrod straight, walked down the steps and paused to allow his gaze to sweep with contempt, with arrogance through the village. To take in the familiar setting. Something wrenched at his heart, something deep and terrible. His temper was a sharp thorn, sticking in his gut and burning there. Resolutely he turned his back on them all and walked into the forest where he belonged. For a moment everything blurred around him. He thought it was the rain, but when he blinked, his vision cleared and his eyes burned. Rio forced the air through his lungs and told himself he was alive and on his way back to Rachael and that was all that mattered.

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## Fourteen

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Rio entered the house in silence, leaving the door open to catch eventhe slightest breeze. The rain poured down in a steady rhythm, concealing the verandah and house in heavy white mists. The mosquito net performed a ghostly dance but his gaze was riveted to Rachael's face. He didn't even remember jogging home to her. His feet hurt, his body was tired and sore and a rage burned like a firestorm deep inside of him. He had stopped to

bathe before coming to her, hoping the rage and pain would lessen beneath the spray of cleansing water. It hadn’t.

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He loomed over her, brooding, watching her, fury riding him hard. Pain eating away at his insides. He tasted loneliness for the first time. Rachael had done that, brought him back to life. She fascinated him, tempted him. Made him happy, sad, angry—everything all at once. And he was addicted to the scent and feel of her. Lust rose, a craving as dark as the fury swirling like a black, tumultuous cloud inside of him.

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Rachael lay asleep on the bed. His bed. One hand was flung across his pillow, across the empty spot where he belonged. The thin cover was on the floor leaving her long legs sprawled across the sheet. She wore only his shirt, unbuttoned and open, exposing the creamy swell of her breasts. Her hair, as black as midnight, spilled across the white pillow in whorls and spirals, begging to be touched. She looked young in her sleep, long lashes forming two crescents against her skin. Her body lay open to him, soft and warm, an offering to appease the terrible hunger burning in him.

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He didn’t feel gentle or loverlike. He felt wild and inflamed, his body’s urgent demands riding him hard. He knew it was a part of his heritage, but intellect didn’t count when he stood in his home, when Rachael lay naked in his bed, her body open and waiting for his. Rio moved closer, laid his weapons aside, never taking his burning gaze from her. Soft skin, lush curves, her breasts a tempting invitation.

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Rio was already as hard as a rock, but looking at her while she slept so peacefully, so unaware of her vulnerability, he thickened and hardened more. He touched his erection, for relief, wrapped his fist around the throbbing demand as he attempted to walk across the room to her. Taking steps was painful with his body so full and tight. There was a roaring in his head. His body dripped with his lust, his belly burned with it.

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Rachael shifted restlessly as if she instinctively knew she was being stalked. She opened her eyes and saw his face, dark with passion, etched with lust. With intent. With something beyond mere desire. His look set her heart pounding. Made her mouth go dry. Turned her body to a pool of hot liquid. His gaze burned over her, hungry flames that sent electricity sparking on her skin everywhere his look brushed.

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He struck swiftly, his fingers circling her arm, a throaty growl sending a shiver down her spine as he yanked her up so that his mouth melded to hers, one hand at the back of her head holding her still for his kiss. Not a kiss, fierce possession. Heat rushed over her like molten lava, blossomed and burst into volcanic flame. He dragged her closer, crushed her to him, his strength enormous, wanting skin against skin, wanting to feel her body impressed into the heat of his. Breath slammed out of her lungs and into his. His kiss was hungry, savage, devouring her, taking rather than asking, as if his hunger knew no boundaries.

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His arms locked her to him, so tight she felt his every muscle, every beat of his heart, every breath he took. She tasted lust. She tasted desire. She tasted his fierce pride and something else. Pain. She knew bone-deep anguish and she recognized it in him. She knew what he was doing

even when he didn’t. His mouth was hot velvet, his tongue dueling with hers, a tango of breath and moist heat. He gave her no chance to breathe, to do anything but accept the firestorm in him. To let it wash over her so that she caught flame too, was pulled into a whirling vortex, a tornado of pure desire.

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Rachael kissed him back, every bit as wild, allowing the greedy lust to rise in her, to match the fierce inferno raging in him. She gave herself up to him, her arms around his neck, holding him to her. He stole the breath from her body and used it for his own air. His teeth moved down her chin, her throat, taking small greedy bites as if he would devour her alive. Rachael gasped with the wash of sensation, her nails biting deep into his arms as she arched her body. Waiting. Aching. Wanting more.

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His mouth, hot and insistent with demands, went lower still, closed over her breast and suckled strongly. She cried out, unable to contain the blaze sweeping through her body. She thrust against his mouth, her fingers finding his hair, closing in two fists, dragging him closer. She didn’t want him gentle and considerate, she wanted him exactly the way he was, wild, untamed, driven beyond control, on fire with urgent need and ravenous hunger. For her. For her body.

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His mouth took away sanity and replaced it with feeling. Abruptly he lifted his head, eyes glittering as he dragged the pillows and blankets beneath her hips. She could see his body, hard and perfect, every muscle defined as if carved from rock. His face was etched with dark hunger. His gaze dropped to the triangle of black tiny curls and her heart pounded wildly. There was an unspoken command in his look. A demand.

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A wave of heat swept over her. She felt her body go liquid in her deepest core. Very slowly she obeyed that silent command, shifting her legs, opening them for him. The air on her slick, wet entrance inflamed her more. His fingers circled her good ankle. He bent her leg at the knee. There was a proprietary feel to his hand on her leg. He was much more gentle helping her with her injured leg. His hands went to her thighs, gripping, opening her wider, one knee on the bed between her legs. Not once did he raise his gaze to her face. He seemed fascinated with her glistening body.

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She waited, hardly daring to breathe, her heart pounding in anticipation. She wanted to plead with him, weep with the dark passion riding her so hard. There wasn’t an inch on her body that didn’t ache for his touch. His tongue moistened his lower lip and she writhed with pleasure. He hadn’t touched her, but the force of his gaze had. And it left her needing—craving.

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His thumbs bit into her thighs as he wedged his shoulders between her legs, opened her completely to him. She knew what he was doing. Claiming her. Branding her. Making her his so that no one else would ever do. He breathed warmth into the seething pool of fire. She cried out, would have jumped away but he held her still, without mercy, for his invasion. His tongue stabbed deep, a weapon of wicked pleasure, lapping and licking and stroking while she screamed in a wild, endless orgasm.

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“More,” he growled ruthlessly. “I want more.”

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He pushed his finger deep inside of her, pressed deep while she thrust against his palm, while her body clamped around him, gripped in the throes of passion. He put his finger to his mouth, surged over the top of her, bracing his body with his arms. He ducked his head, leaned forward to suckle at her breast. Her body nearly exploded. She clung to his arms, trying to hold on when the world seemed to be spinning out of control.

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Lying as he was, her hips cradling his, the head of his penis was against her wet, throbbing entrance. She tried to take him inside of her, but he held her still, waiting, pushing up her need, the sense of urgency consuming them both. Then he thrust hard, buried himself deep, driving into her velvet sheath so that her folds parted like the soft petals of a flower and she opened to him. He tilted her hips, urging her to take all of him, every inch, welding them together in a frenzy of fury and dark passion.

□□□

He whispered to her in the ancient tongue of his people, admitting he loved her, that he needed her, but the words beat more in his head than in his throat. He drove her up higher and higher, pushing them both to their limits, a wild, tumultuous ride. He clenched his teeth against the waves of sensations, against the jackhammers tripping in his head, against the tightness sweeping through his body and the inevitable explosion that started in his toes and burst upward.

□□□

A tidal wave swept through Rachael, carried her up and up until there was no where to go and she was free-falling, imploding, fragmenting. Until there was no part of her that wasn’t consumed by fiery pleasure. It licked over her skin and behind her eyelids. Flames rolled in her stomach and burned in her deepest core. Her body rocked with quakes, a riptide of sensations that went on and on. If she moved, if he moved, the rippling effect started all over again.

□□□

Rio lay over her, his head resting on hers, breathing deeply, fighting for control. Most of his fury was spent in her arms. Rachael. Only Rachael would have accepted such a joining. Only Rachael would look at him with her heart in her eyes. No matter how tight he clung to her, she never pushed him away. Never said enough. There were questions in her eyes, but she didn’t ask them, not even when he separated them. She simply wrapped her arms around him, turning a bit on her side to give him room, his head against the soft pillow of her breasts.

□□□

“You need sleep, Rio. You’re exhausted.”

□□□

He didn’t say anything, just lay next to her, taking in their combined scents, listening to the endless rain. He found it soothing. The forest had stirred to life, animals calling out, insects humming, birds singing. The background music, always present.

□□□

Rio lay awake long after Rachael had gone to sleep. Fear choked him, nearly suffocated him. When had she become so damned essential to breathing? How had she managed to invade his life and wrap herself around his heart? He couldn’t imagine his life without her. She was so warm and

soft and perfect. He had memories of warm and soft and perfect and those memories turned into nightmares of blood and death and rage.

□□□

He wanted this to be his life. Rachael—her laughter, her courage, her moods and shifts of temper. Lovemaking as sweet and tender as he could make it or a fierce need that could only be assuaged with a wild mating.

□□□

Her breast was a temptation he couldn't ignore. He flicked her nipple with his tongue, then sucked the creamy mound into his mouth. It seemed a miracle to be able to lie with her, suckling her breast when he wanted, sliding his hand over her body to dip his finger deep inside of her. Even in her sleep she was responsive. Clenching her muscles around him, shifting to arch into his mouth deeper. She smiled, murmured something incoherent and tunneled her fingers in his hair. She slept like that, her body wet with wanting him, his mouth on her breast and his hand cupping her tight curls possessively, while her fingers were buried in his hair.

□□□

Rio woke to the feel of Rachael's tongue lapping at his morning erection. Her mouth was hot and teasing, her tongue playing over him, her teeth sliding gently, wickedly. For a moment she sucked him deep into her throat and he groaned, lifting his hips, helpless in her thrall. His eyes weren't even open and she was cupping his balls; he was already rock hard with her ministrations. He lifted his lashes to watch her. She looked like a contented cat, pleased and stimulated, her silken hair tumbling in curls around her face. She knelt between his legs, her beautiful derrière raised and keeping time with the lapping of her tongue. Her breasts were full, nipples erect. He watched his body slide in and out of her mouth, glistening wet, growing thicker and harder as he began to thrust forward and withdraw. "You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen." He meant to say it, but the words came out somewhere between a groan and a husky whisper. She did things with her tongue and teeth and her sinful mouth that drove him out of his mind.

□□□

She pulled her hot mouth away and replaced it with something cold and wet and sticky. Rachael smiled as she teased him with a ripe mango fruit, sliding it over and around him, thoroughly dripping the nectar over his bulging erection. He didn't think he could get any harder or thicker, but she managed it. "Good morning. I thought you could use breakfast." She handed him the fruit and went back to licking, this time teasing with her tongue as she tried to retrieve every drop of juice.

□□□

Rio stared at her dumbly, shocked to find the mango in his palm. He lay back and took a bite of the juicy exotic fruit. It ran down his chin but he was too caught up in watching Rachael enjoying herself. There couldn't be another woman like her on the face of the earth. He found everything about her sexy, especially the way she enjoyed his body. She was proprietarial about it, as if his body belonged to her and she could do whatever she wanted. And right now she wanted to sit astride him.

□□□

Rachael didn't wait. Rio had suckled her breast on and off while she dozed, had pushed his fingers deep inside of her, keeping her wet and on edge and in need. He could do something about it now that he was awake. She'd been patient enough. She knelt over him and slowly lowered herself over his burgeoning penis.

□□□

He gasped as he felt his body push its way into hers. She was tight and hot and slick all at the same time. She wanted control and he gave it to her, eating the mango she'd given him while she began a slow, sensual ride. Her breasts jiggled with invitation as she picked up her rhythm, sliding up and down on him with obvious relish. He dripped some of the juice over her breast, watched it run over the swell to the tip of her nipple. He leaned forward and caught it lazily with his tongue. His body was on sweet fire, and if she wanted to play he could oblige.

□□□

She opened her mouth. Rio fed her a bite, watched her chew as her body slid over his. Rubbed his with heat and fire. She licked his finger, her tongue curling around him in a sexy, explicit manner. He closed his eyes and groaned. He couldn't take much more. She seemed in no hurry, simply pleasuring herself and him at a leisurely pace. The pressure started slow, he didn't even notice it at first, but then it began to lick at his skin, tighten his muscles and put every cell in his body on alert.

□□□

He tried to thrust upward to meet her body, but she glared at him and he stopped. A flush spread over her skin until she glowed. Her breath came in small gasps and her nipples tightened. She reached almost blindly for Rio's hands. He had enough sense to take the last bite of mango and catch her, bracing her while she rode hard, grinding against him, bringing both of their bodies to a fever pitch. He met the rhythm of her ride, thrusting into her, bringing the last exquisite peak to them. They finished together, a whirlwind of pounding blood and rockets.

□□□

Rachael laughed happily and leaned forward to lick the juice from his chin. "You're a sticky mess. Luckily we have the tub still here."

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"With cold water," he felt compelled to point out.

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Her smile widened into a mischievous grin. "Well, I did heat it up a bit while you slept. It wasn't that difficult."

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"You heated up bathwater for me? And I slept right through it? I never do that. I wake up at the slightest sound. You're ruining me, woman." No one had ever heated up bathwater for him. It was a tedious task. It had to be done on the gas stove if the fireplace wasn't lit. She had obviously spent a great deal of time on the task. Happiness burst through him like the sun rising.

□□□

"I hope I'm ruining you. What a marvelous concept." She collapsed, lying partially on top of him, her soft breasts mashed against his chest. He could feel her there, a part of him, taking over his heart and lungs, even his life, until he couldn't breathe without her. "Are you going to tell me what happened, Rio?" Her fingertips brushed at his hair, slid over his face, made every muscle in his stomach clench tightly. Her voice was very gentle. Her eyes too compassionate.

□□□

Rio tried a casual shrug. "It was a mission, just like every other." He didn't want to talk about it. He didn't want her to ever see him the way the elders had. Stripped naked of all pride. Vulnerable. His life in their

hands. Their disgust. Their betrayal,—or maybe it was his. He honestly didn't know.

□□□

"Not like every other," Rachael persisted. "What was different about this one?"

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He wanted to push her away. He wanted to shift shape and run free in the forest. The urge was on him wild and strong, a rush of fur rippling as his muscles contracted, crackled and snapped.

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"Oh no you don't," Rachael flung her arms around him. "You stay with me. I'm not about to let you escape. This is too important."

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It was ludicrous to think she could hold him. His strength was enormous, but she was looking at him with her large, liquid eyes and he couldn't bear to break her heart. Better his than hers. He tried to shrug casually, difficult when she was clinging like a monkey. "Joshua told me Drake was shot. I tried to get information, couldn't raise anyone on the radio. Two men tried to ambush Joshua and I had no choice other than to take them out." He looked away from her. She saw too damned much with those eyes of hers. "I killed them."

□□□

She said nothing, but her hand slipped into his.

□□□

"I had to get Joshua across the river and back to the village where there was medical help. I field dressed his wounds, but he lost too much blood and needed immediate attention."

□□□

"What happened?" She knew there was far more to the story than the bare bones he was giving her.

□□□

"Tomas and his men caught us at the river. I'd left Josh in a tree, hoping to get him across before Tomas caught up with us. I didn't want to take the chance with his open wounds in the river. If I stumbled, he could get a major infection." A ghost of a smile crossed his face. "Unfortunately, I didn't have any of Tama's famous green gunk to smear on him."

□□□

"So you left him in the tree and went to do what?"

□□□

"I have a pulley and sling I sometimes use for the cats, especially if the current is strong. I went to retrieve it, but Tomas showed up. I winged a couple of his men, forcing him to get them medical aid."

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"But he left someone behind."

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Rio sat up and pushed his hands through his dark hair. "A bath sounds good."

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She took his hand and tugged. "Come on then. Get in and I'll wash you, like you did me. It felt delicious."

□□□

Rio stretched and padded across to the small closet that passed for the bathroom. He wasn't going to tell Rachael he preferred the jungle. After

his performance at dawn, she very well might think him entirely uncivilized. Rachael was making him coffee when he returned.

□□□

"You're spoiling me."

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"I hope so." She frowned at the marks on his body. "Leeches? Did those nasty little things manage to get on you again?"

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"I was laying in the bog, waiting for my shot. They go for body heat."

□□□

She grinned at him and pushed him toward the tub. "Well, we both know you have plenty of heat."

□□□

He sank into the steaming water. Her hands went to his shoulders, soapy, sliding as she massaged the aches away. "Tell me what happened to upset you, Rio."

□□□

She was standing behind him, her hands wielding magic on his sore muscles. It was far easier to talk about it when he wasn't facing her. "I took him to the village. It was a long, difficult journey lugging Josh. Half the time I was afraid he was dead and the other half I knew I was hurting him. I didn't have time to change into clothes so I had to go through the shrubbery bare."

□□□

"That's where all the scratches and cuts came from. Why did you shift?" She kept her voice curious, careful not to sound judgmental or accusing.

□□□

"To get back across the river before the man left behind spotted Joshua."

□□□

Rachael kept kneading the tight muscles in his shoulders. He had made a third kill and wounded others. It had been a bad night. She remained silent, leaning down to brush a kiss on the top of his head.

□□□

"I don't know what happened, Rachael. I guess I was tired. I don't care what the elders think of me. I knowingly broke our rules. I accepted the consequences. I live with the banishment and it's never made me feel less of a human being."

□□□

Her hands stilled on his shoulders. Something frightening bubbled in the pit of her stomach. "You carried Josh home and they said something mean to you?"

□□□

"They don't speak to me. They don't look at me. I'm dead to them. If they happen to look my way, they look through me. If I spoke, if I had tried to tell them what happened to Joshua, they wouldn't have heard me."

□□□

"Those bloody bastards," she hissed.

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Her swearing startled him. Not just her swearing but her choice of expletives. "That doesn't sound like South America to me." He turned his head to look at her, a small grin on his face because she could take the sting of the elders' rejection away with a few choice words.

□□□

“I went to school for a year in England. You’d be surprised the things you pick up,” she said and rubbed shampoo into his hair with a little too much vigor. “I’d like to have the chance to meet these wise elders of yours. Greedy little vultures with their hands out and you doing the risky jobs. What about the men you work with?”

□□□

If she rubbed any harder she was going to take his scalp off. “Most of them live away from the village and of course we talk. You saw Drake. It’s better for them if they don’t advertise we’re friendly because technically they’re breaking the rules. I guess if the elders can’t see it, they don’t mind it.”

□□□

“Sanctimonious bastards.”

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He caught her wrist gently. “I’m going bald,sestrilla. I can’t afford the hair loss. I have a woman now and she’s very edgy about certain things.”

□□□

She smacked the top of his head with the flat of her hand. Soap bubbles flew everywhere, making her laugh. “I’m not in the least edgy. It’s just that these idiot elders . . .”

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“Wiseelders,” he corrected and hastily ducked under the water before she could smack him again. He stayed low while she massaged the soap out of his hair. When he came up she made a sound of complete disgust.

□□□

“I don’t know who gave them that title. Most likely they did. In any case, are you telling me that you hauled that man through miles of forest and those men didn’t even say thank you?”

□□□

“Normally it doesn’t bother me. It really doesn’t. But standing there with Joshua’s blood all over me and my feet hurting like a son of a gun, I felt like a kid again. I felt ashamed of my actions, my lack of control, the terrible thing inside of me that won’t forgive the one who killed my mother. And I wasn’t certain I could forgive them, and still don’t know if I have. Not one of them said they were sorry for her death. I felt like I mourned her alone. I felt rage and I felt shame. Damn it, Rachael, I hated that.”

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“They’re the ones who should be ashamed with their no forgiveness.” There was a fierce, protective instinct welling up in her. “They don’t know the difference between good and evil. They aren’t very wise.”

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“And you do?” He lifted an eyebrow at her.

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Outside the birds shrieked and several monkeys screamed a warning. Rio stood up, the water pouring off of him. He turned his head alertly toward the door, taking the towel she handed him. “You need clothes on, Rachael,” Rio said. “Company’s coming and coming fast.”

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“I thought you said I didn’t need clothes and I had to get over my civilized inhibited ways.”

□□□

Her voice teased his senses, whispered over his skin like a silken glove. She made life worth living. He caught her hair gently, tugged her head to

him and fastened his mouth to hers. He was instantly, ravenously hungry all over again. “You’re killing me,sestrilla, I’m not going to survive. I don’t think I have the stamina.”

□□□

She laughed softly and flung her arms around him, holding him to her as if he were the most precious thing in the world. She peppered kisses all over his face. “You do just fine. I need to start cooking for you, build up your strength.”

□□□

He couldn’t stop his roving hands from sliding down her back, shaping the curve of her hip, cupping her bare buttocks. Rio allowed himself the luxury of burying his face against her soft throat. Love filled him up, burst out of him, a tide he couldn’t stem, but he couldn’t find the words to say it without choking. He held her, feeling her alive and warm and real in his arms. “Damn it, Rachael.” His voice was gruff as he pushed her way, holding her at arm’s length. “You’re turning me into a poodle.”

□□□

Her entire face lit up, her dark eyes laughing, her mouth curved and soft and beautiful. He ached to kiss her again, but tossed her a pair of jeans instead. “Stop laughing at me and put your clothes on.”

□□□

“A poodle? Have you ever seen a poodle?” She finger-combed her hair, grinning at him. “I have the hair, maybe we can make a match.” The sunlight pooled around her, soft rays that barely filtered through the canopy but found her, were drawn to her in the same way he was drawn. She looked radiant, filled with joy.

□□□

He had been so filled with pain and shame and anger the night before. In a few hours of bliss, she had shaken his world, turned it so that he could only feel joy and laughter and a paradise of pleasure. “You’re tempting me, woman, and I’m going to throw you back in that bed.”

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She arched an eyebrow at him. “I doubt if I’m in any danger when you were just complaining about stamina. Wimpy male.”

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He tackled her, driving her back onto the mattress, throwing his body over hers. She was laughing so hard she could barely breathe. He pressed his erection against her, rubbing back and forth to show her what stamina was all about. Rachael didn’t seem very impressed, laughing until he stopped her with his kisses.

□□□

Thewhoop, whoop of warning by the birds just outside on the railing of the verandah forced him to leave the temptation of her body. She lay on the bed, laughter fading into a smile as she looked at him. Something about her mysterious, feminine smile set his heart pounding.

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Deliberately she began to pull his jeans slowly up her bare legs, wiggling to bring them over her hips and bare bottom. She left them open, exposing the triangle of tiny black curls. She stood there with her bare breasts thrusting toward him invitingly. “I can’t find my shirt.”

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His mouth was dry. “You shameless hussy. You’re deliberately provoking me.” His fingers crushed the material of the shirt, his gaze drinking her in.

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"Is it working?"

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"Damn right it is. Put the shirt on before we shock poor Kim."

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Rachael looked alarmed. "Kim? The guide?" She held out her hand for the shirt.

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He held the shirt to his chest. "Come and get it."

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Rachael went without hesitation, one arm sliding around his neck, pressing her breasts against his chest while her other hand slipped between his legs and began to caress and dance and cup him right through the material of his jeans. Her lips were at his throat, tongue swirling in a small, deliberate caress. Rio rocked against her hand, wanting her all over again with such an urgency it was as if he'd never once made love to her. Or as if his body remembered every magical moment and was obsessed.

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Franz coughed a warning. Rio groaned and dragged the shirt around her, buttoning it quickly. It was the only safe thing to do. Barefoot, he pulled her with him onto the verandah to wait for their guest.

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Rachael looked down to see Kim climbing the tree. He wasn't as fast or as efficient as Rio, but he was sure and steady. He gained the lower branches and made his way up to them.

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"What brings you so far from home?" Rio greeted.

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"My father sent me with news and I wanted to tell you about the man from the church group who was missing." Kim smiled at Rachael. "You look so much better, Miss Rachael. How is your leg?"

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"It's far better, Kim. I see you're looking good. I hate to admit this, and let's not tell your brother, but his green gunk works."

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Kim nodded seriously, willing to be a conspirator. "Tama is renowned for his healing skills. It was foul-looking though, wasn't it?" He exchanged a smile of understanding with her.

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"Which man got away from the bandits?" Rachael asked.

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"The one called Duncan Powell."

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She remembered Duncan well. He stayed to himself a lot, but was always extremely polite. "I hope he managed to get away safely."

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"That is what you both need to know. The man who escaped on his own from Tomas was one of your kind, Rio. He shifted into the form of a cat and mauled a guard, escaping into the forest. None of Tomas's people spoke of it, but two of the church group saw the shadow of the leopard on the rocks. They said they saw the guard ripped up and it had to have been a large cat."

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“The men are very superstitious,” Rio explained to Rachael. “They believe that the bigger cats are deities. Leopards are rare in these forests, so seeing one, especially attacking a guard at night, means many things to them. Unfortunately, it will also bring poachers here. The attack will most likely be talked about and the incident will grow into multiple incidents and the gossip will be we have a man killer on our hands.” Rio sighed and pushed his hand through his hair. “Damn that idiot anyway. He could have gotten out of the camp without being seen and no one would have been the wiser.”

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“The guard had beaten him,” Kim said.

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A humorless smile curved Rio’s mouth. “We never forget, that’s one thing about our people.”

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“He will most likely come here,” Kim pointed out.

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“He’s dead,” Rio said abruptly. “He tried to kill us a couple of nights ago and I took Rachael to a safe place and tracked him. He’s dead. Drake destroyed the body. Have you heard anything about the raid last night? I understand Drake took a hit. I’ve heard nothing on the radio. How bad was it?”

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“He lost a lot of blood and his leg was shattered. They’ve flown him to a hospital for surgery. One of your own doctors is attempting to repair the damage. He’ll live, but I don’t know if they can save his leg.”

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Rachael put her hand on Rio’s shoulder when she heard him swear softly under his breath. “He’s strong, Rio.”

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“No man wants to lose his leg.”

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Her fingers went to the nape of his neck in a slow massage. “No they don’t. Let’s hope that’s not what happens.” She rubbed her face along Rio’s arm, much like a cat giving affection. “Kim, Rio told me a man named Joshua was hurt last night too. Have you heard anything about him?”

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“He is going to be down for a long while, but he will recover.”

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“Why did your father send you to us?” Rio asked abruptly.

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“There’s a large party moving through the forest, Rio.” Kim’s face was open and friendly, but there was a hint of shadow in his eyes. “A man came to our village seeking my father’s counsel. He said he needed help, that he does medical research and was looking for a variety of plants for his work. He knew all of the old traditions. He was very respectful and he gifted my father with a spear.”

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Rio’s head went up. Rachael could see his frown. “He gave your father a spear?”

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“It was old, very old. And it was one of ours. He claimed that the spear was handed down two generations. That it was given to honor his

grandfather for saving the life of a child, and that if it was returned, a debt of honor would be repaid.”

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“This man is a doctor?”

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Kim shook his head. “I don’t think so. I think he is not telling the truth. He asked for a guide and father sent Tama with him and then sent me to find you. My father believes this man is looking for Miss Rachael.”

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“Why would he think that?” Rachael asked. “Did he ask about me?”

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“My father had a vision. He saw this man standing beside you with a gun in his hand. He sent me to warn Rio.” Kim looked at Rachael. “I see disbelief in your eyes, Miss Rachael. Don’t discount my father’s visions because you have not experienced such a thing. He has kept our people from harm over many years.”

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“He’s a powerful medicine man,” Rio added. “I won’t allow Rachael to take chances, Kim. Thank you for warning us. You’ve come a long way. Come in and have something to drink. I can fix us a meal.”

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Kim stepped into the house and glanced across the room toward the rumbled bed. Rachael found herself blushing. Rio laced his fingers through hers and drew her hand to his mouth, teeth nibbling gently before pressing a kiss against her knuckles. “Does this doctor have a large party with him?”

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Kim nodded. “Many men. All are armed. Why would a research team need guns? Where would they get such guns just coming into the country? Money changed hands, a lot of it, for this man to have those weapons available to him. They have supplies enough for several weeks. The luggage is top of the line. Whoever it is, he has money and doesn’t mind spending it. There are no women along, and that’s a bad sign. All of the men in his party are warriors.”

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Rio brought Rachael’s hand to his heart. She didn’t look at him. She was staring out the door into the forest. There was regret and sadness on her face. He caught the sheen of tears in her eyes. Rio pressed her hand tighter to his chest. “It doesn’t change anything, Rachael.”

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“It changes everything. You know it does. You know who he is. I never thought he’d go this far.” Her voice was choked with tears.

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“Rachael, this is my world. If I have to . . .”

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“No! Don’t you touch him. Don’t you go near him.” There was a fierce, protective note in her voice. “You have no idea what he gave up for me. What he’s had to cope with all of his life. Don’t you dare judge him.” Rachael pulled away from him and went out the door to stand on the edge of the verandah, staring out into the forest.

□□□

Fifteen

□□□

There was no way to make Rio understand. There was no way foranyone to understand. Rachael wasn’t certain she understood anymore. Despair hit her

in waves. She had known all along she couldn’t stay with Rio. She had wanted him, wanted to share her life almost from the first time he spoke to her. She hadn’t intended it to happen, it just had. Through Rio, she had glimpsed what it could be like to have a real partner to go through life with. A soul mate.

□□□

She closed her eyes and stood on the edge of the verandah listening to the soothing rhythm of the rain. She inhaled the scent of the forest. It called to her. Called her with whispers of freedom. She couldn’t have Rio. She accepted that. She was not about to get him killed. No one saw him for the miracle he was. A good man who cared about his people, cared about the forest, the environment where he lived. Who was kind and gentle and compassionate. He had been so unexpected, a treasure to her, here in this place of beauty.

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Her only gift to him was danger. Rachael sighed and curved her fingers around the railing wanting to weep with a terrible sorrow. She didn’t dare give in to it. Once she started to cry, she would never stop.

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The call came again, and something deep inside of her answered, grew in power. She didn’t realize it at first, not until the wind touched her skin. The wildness swelled in strength, was without mercy, calling to her, roaring at her, insisting she listen. Her vision changed, cleared, waves of colored heat expanded her sight. Bands of red and yellow and blue. Scents burst through her like bubbles of information. She smelled individual flowers, fruits, even scented the creatures in the trees.

□□□

Rachael’s skin itched, hurt with the weight of the material pressed against it. She peeled off the shirt and flung it aside. Her muscles were already stretching. Her spine cracked and she fell to the verandah floor. She found herself on her stomach staring at the wooden floor while her body took on a life of its own. The material rubbed her skin raw. Desperate, she yanked at the buttons. It took only moments to shed the jeans, to fling them away from her. The pain in her injured leg was excruciating as the muscles cramped, stretched and contorted. Ligaments popped. She could actually hear the sound of her body changing.

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Grief was overwhelming. She mourned for what she couldn’t have. But there was this—her other self. It fought to aid her, fought to free her, to protect her from pain in a world she couldn’t control—or have. Her skin itched and her fingers curled. Fur burst through her pores, her muzzle extended to accommodate teeth. Her legs bent, stretched, her injured calf and ankle burning. Hooked nails sprang from her fingers, leaving her clawing at the wooden floor.

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There should have been fear. It wasn’t a pleasant sensation to jerk to the floor, every muscle and sinew popping and crackling. It didn’t matter, she embraced the change, the opportunity to be something different. To have a chance at something else. The forest sprang to vivid life, a new world when she had no other. When she belonged nowhere else. The leopard lifted its head for the first time and surveyed her realm. Sounds poured in from all directions. Information transmitted by her whiskers. Scents and intriguing rustles. She could actually feel the distance from one object to another. It was exciting, exhilarating even.

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Rachael got unsteadily to her feet, collapsed and tried again. She stretched languidly, feeling the enormous strength running like steel through her body. It had taken only a brief minute, yet it seemed a lifetime to shed her other self. She took several cautious steps, staggered and fell. The murmur of men's voices was loud behind her, their scents filling her lungs. The pull to Rio was strong, overwhelming even, so that for a moment she hesitated. Grief welled up, sharp and black and all-consuming. Rachael wrenched her thoughts from him. She couldn't have him. Heart pounding, she leapt to the branch below. Her injured leg burned but it held. She could ignore the throbbing pain and embrace what the leopard had to offer.

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Sharp claws dug into bark as she teetered precariously, and then she felt the rhythm. The perfect rhythm of nature. The rain. The birds. The continual rustle of the leaves. The hum in her muscles. The beat of her heart. She felt strength flowing through her like a gift. Joy flooded her, replacing despair and anguish. She leapt from branch to branch, feeling the power within her growing. And then she was on the forest floor, running for the sheer joy of it. Running to feel her sleek muscles stretching and her legs reacting like springs as she bounded effortlessly over fallen tree trunks. She splashed through puddles and small streams and leapt up embankments that would have been impossible to climb.

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Sunlight dappled the floor in places and she pounced on the ever-moving rays, slapped at leaves and pine needles, sending them up in a shower of vegetation just because she could. She chased deer, climbed trees and ran along the overhead highway, disturbing birds and agitating the gibbons on purpose. Laughter bubbled up, a well of happiness. She turned to tell him. Rio. She remembered this. She remembered the joy of taking this other form and running with him. Sharing the forest paths with him. Of rubbing her muzzle along his great head in affection. They had shared a life together, one of intense love and compelling sexual attraction. She knew him in this form just as she knew him in their human form.

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Rachael stopped suddenly, her heart pounding in terror. She was alone. Rio was not in her life and he could never be. Whatever life they may have shared in another time, another place, they couldn't have it in this one. He couldn't take this form and give up his human side as she had chosen to do. He had responsibilities. She knew him well enough to know he would never let his people down. Sorrow was a heavy burden and she felt it equally in both forms. She lay in the branches of a tall tree, far from his house, put her head on her paws and wept.

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Rio listened politely to Kim, glancing every now and then toward the verandah. Rachael had moved away from the open door and he could no longer see her. She had looked so defeated, so unlike Rachael. He wanted to go to her, felt he needed to go to her, but Kim wanted to tell him of his father's vision, stressing the importance of it, warning Rio that something was not right with the party searching the forest for medicinal plants.

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“He knew the names of all the plants and their properties,” Kim explained, in his slow, deliberate way. “My father does not know why he had such a vision when the man clearly knows the ways of the forest.”

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Rio took a step toward the door, shifting slightly in an effort to try to see Rachael. “Many men come into the forest knowing its ways but not respecting them, Kim. It’s possible this man is one. Could he be a poacher, after fur or the elephants?” The more information he had the better to judge if more trouble was coming their way.

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Kim followed his single step. “Perhaps. He had weapons enough.”

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“Tama would never lead him this way, especially if the party is a group of poachers. The debt of honor would never extend that far.”

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“No, but if he is more than a poacher, if his game is larger, if it is the woman or you, Tama won’t know until it’s too late.”

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“Was there anything in the vision to make your father think either of us are in danger? If there was more to it, tell me, Kim.” Rio took another step toward the door. His heart was beginning to pound and his mouth went dry.

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“My father was disturbed by what he saw, so much so that he sent me to you. He could not interpret the vision fully. He felt that there was much danger, but he didn’t know if it was to the man, to you or to the woman. He said I must come and let you know.”

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“Thank you, Kim, tell your father he is much honored and I appreciate his warning and that I’ll heed it.”

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It was far too quiet on the verandah. There was a sudden hush in the forest and then creatures began calling frantically. Rio stiffened, swore softly, eloquently, repeatedly. “She’s gone.” He uttered the two words to taste them. To make them real. Black anger swirled, rioted, destructive and mindless. He fought it back. “Rachael.” He said her name as a talisman, to help him think, to bring back intellect when he needed a cool brain.

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“What is it, Rio?” Kim asked, taking a step back, recognizing danger when he saw it. When he felt it. Rio’s face was a mask, his eyes glittering, and danger emanated from every pore.

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“The Han Vol Dan. Damn it all to hell, she went through the Han Vol Dan. Her leg isn’t even healed yet. I told her not to do it, but she just has to do whatever the hell she wants whether it’s logical or not.” He was furious. Absolutely, completely furious. It had nothing to do with fear for her, for her safety or her injured leg or that he might have lost her. Or that she might have left him. He clenched his fists hard, trying to keep the roaring from his head. “She isn’t safe in the forest by herself.”

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Kim merely looked at him. “She has become her true self. She will know how to care for herself.”

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“It isn’t that easy. We can’t stay in the form too long.” Rio stripped off the jeans he’d so hastily pulled on. “Thank you for the warning. Stay away from this man. If he’s who I think he may be, he’s very dangerous. Give your father my thanks. Good fortune to you, Kim.” He was being impolite with a man raised on tradition, ritual and above all else politeness, but it didn’t matter. Nothing else mattered except to find Rachael and bring her back safely.

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“And good hunting to you.” Kim looked away courteously as Rio leapt to the branches above, shifting as he did so, claws out for traction. He began to follow the sounds and silences of the forest. He knew every tree in his realm. He would find her. He had to find her. The burning black temper swirled in the leopard, making him doubly dangerous, so animals shifted out of his way, immediately sensing his mood.

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He nearly flew across the trees, hurdling branches and shrubs. He stopped only to lift his face and scent the wind. There were no signs of humans in his territory, but that didn’t mean they weren’t coming. Tomas was bound to send a party in after him. He did it every so often, hoping to find his home. Poachers often came to the area, sweeping the forests of Malaysia, Borneo and Indochina for the sun bear, the leopards and elephants, even the rhinos, the most protected of their animals. And the research teams came, studying the rain forest. The environmentalists. The veterinarians who trailed the elephants and counted them. And the latest party of researchers who were probably not researchers at all. He moved stealthily through the forest, knowing from the chatter in the trees and sky, she wasn’t that far ahead of him.

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He leapt over the same fallen logs, inhaling her scent, splashed through the same streams. Saw the scratches in the leaves and needles. He knew what she felt, the indescribable joy of freedom through the senses, allowing the wild nature to escape and dominate. It was a seductive temptation to live untamed and without responsibilities. Each of them had to face the lure of the forest and choose to be what they were. Neither one nor the other, but both. A species capable of shifting from one form to the other with obligations and responsibilities.

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He padded softly through the trees, knowing he was gaining on her. Her scent was heady, provocative, so Rachael. The forest grew silent as the shadows lengthened. They had slept a good portion of the day away and now dusk was falling. He wanted to find her before the seduction of the night could touch her.

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Rio felt her presence long before he ever came upon her. She lay in the cradle of tree branches, looking sleek and elegant and every bit as alluring in leopard form as she did in human form. She sat silently staring down at him, her eyes lost in the sea of dots across her face, but he felt her focused stare. Her ears were upright, alert, her body tense. He widened his eyes and deliberately pressed his ears forward, arching his back as he pounced on a pile of leaves and twigs, sending them scattering in all directions. To entice her further, he curled his tail as he side-stepped toward her, rolled over and held his tail in a hook position.

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A long-buried instinct remembered the playful invitation. Rachael got slowly to her feet, and, ignoring the warning throb in her leg, leapt to the ground below. At once the large male leopard nuzzled her, rubbing his head and body along hers. His tongue licked over her fur. He pawed her, even bit at her gently with his teeth. Rachael returned the signs of affection, rubbing her smaller, sleeker body along his. She touched her nose to his and licked his fur. The sensations were amazing to her, even her rough tongue provided her with information.

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She turned and ran, looking over her shoulder in a blatant invitation to follow her. He was fast, a blur of motion, nearly crashing into her as he matched her pace, turning her so that she ran in a different direction. Rachael, deep inside the leopard's body, laughed and cleared a fallen tree trunk, waited until he joined her and pounced him. They rolled over in the soft vegetation, scrambled to their feet and raced off again. The male shouldered her several times, knocking into her so that she ran in the direction he chose.

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They splashed through two puddles, sending up wide sprays of water. They nuzzled each other beside a large fruit tree with a hundred flying fox watching them from above. The two leopards rolled in the shadow of tall trees and chased a herd of barking deer for a few minutes. Always he rubbed his body along hers, nuzzled and licked her fur, urging her to keep moving when she would have lain down.

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Her leg was burning, her sides heaving from the wild, playful fun. Twice she tried to crouch on the ground, indicating the need for rest. Both times his heavier shoulder struck hers. She snarled at him. He snarled back and pressed into her, nearly knocking her down. He was enormously strong. Rachael began to grow apprehensive. She was limping, doing her best to keep weight off her injured leg. Still he pushed her on. She looked around her and realized she recognized the area. Rio had brought her back home.

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Snarling, she whirled around, ears flat, swiping at him with her paw. He was lightning fast, dancing away from her, and then running flat out, knocking her off her feet so she lay on the ground trying to regain her breath. At once he was on her, pinning her down, his teeth driving into her shoulder. He held her still and simply waited.

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Rachael knew what he wanted. What he was demanding of her. He wanted her back in her other form. Stubbornly she growled at him, grimacing to show her displeasure. The position of submission angered her, but it also left her feeling vulnerable and afraid. She tried to wait, but she knew he wouldn't give in. His teeth bit down harder into her shoulder, his hot breath fanning her neck.

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Furious, Rachael reached for her intellect, her human brain, her human body. Rio might have the upper hand as a male leopard, but he wasn't going to boss her around as a human woman. She should have seen that he was circling back to the house. She should have recognized what was in his mind and taken steps to stop him.

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Already she could feel the change start. She didn't want it. Didn't want to go back to human form and face whatever was going to happen in her future, not after running free in the forest, but it was already too late. She felt it first in her head. The need for her human body. She felt the contraction of muscles, the sudden burning in her leg. She heard a cry escape her throat, half human, half animal as the pain in her shoulder increased.

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Rio released her immediately but didn't make the mistake of stepping away. The huge leopard stood over her as she thrashed for a moment in the miracle of the change, then sprawled beneath him in human form. She lay on the ground, facedown, her shoulders shaking slightly, and he knew she was crying. He touched her with his muzzle, rubbing along her back to reassure her.

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Rachael rolled over, punching him hard, her eyes blazing with fury. She pummeled the male leopard, uncaring that he could rip her throat out. Uncaring that leopards were notorious for their tempers. Rio leapt sideways away from her, shifting as he did so, catching her wrists when she followed him. He swept her feet out from under her, tumbling her back to the ground, going down with her so that his larger body pressed hers into the thick mat of vegetation.

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"Calm down, Rachael." He bit back laughter. The last rays of the sun hit her face, the soft sheen of sweat on her body. Leaves and twigs decorated the riot of curls and she was surrounded with a bright aura. She radiated fury and sex. He couldn't help seeing her that way. She made him happy, even when she clearly wanted to scratch his eyes out. "Did you really think I was going to go crawl in a hole and live a miserable life without you? What kind of a man do you think I am?"

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"You're an idiot, that's what you are," she spat back, although his words took most of her fury. She hated that, hated that he could defuse her justified anger with a few charming words, his brilliant eyes, so intensely hungry when he looked at her, and his blazingly sinful, wicked mouth. "Damn you, Rio." She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him.

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Lightning streaked in his veins, sizzled through his bloodstream. He was alive again, his heart beating and his lungs working. He lifted his head, his green gaze burning over her face. "Damn you back, Rachael. You left me. You made me feel and then you just left me. You didn't even have the guts to talk it over with me first. Damn you to hell for that." He caught her head, held her still and devoured her. Kiss after kiss.

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She tasted his anger. It was hot and spicy and ferocious. She tasted his love. Tender and hungry and consuming. And she wanted him. Forever. For all time. As short a time or as long a time as she could have him.

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Rachael lay in the pine needles staring up at his beloved face. "I'm sorry, Rio. I didn't mean to hurt you. I should have had the courage to talk it over with you. I thought I could live here in the forest, in my other form. I thought they wouldn't find me if I was a leopard. At least I could still be close to you."

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He shook his head. “If you’re one of us, then so is your brother. The sniper, the one they called Duncan, he had to be the one who put the cobra in your room before you went on the river. And he had to be the one who tried to kill you a couple of nights ago. He shifted into the form of a leopard. Only a few of us around the world can do that. He had to have known you’re capable. They would bring in hunters. Eventually they would kill you. We can’t run scared. If I’ve ever learned anything in this life, it’s that we have to think something all the way through.”

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The needles poked into her bare skin. She stood up gingerly. It was far easier maneuvering through the forest in leopard form than human. “I don’t want you hurt.”

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“And you think your brother will try to hurt me?” He took her hand, tugging until she walked with him toward the house. He pulled twigs and leaves from her hair and tossed them aside.

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She flashed a small smile. “I feel a bit like Adam and Eve.”

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His hand tightened on hers. “You have to talk to me about him. I don’t want to harm the man, but you have to give me something to work with, Rachael. You either trust me or you don’t.”

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She stood at the bottom of the large tree, staring up into the canopy where his house was hidden. “Do you think it’s a matter of trust?”

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He rested his palm on her bare bottom, helping her up to the lower branches. She pulled herself up using the creepers hanging like streamers. Rio stood back watching her body, the flexing muscles, the curves and hollows. She had a beautiful butt. He grinned as he leapt up to the lower branch easily, caught the creeper, his hands above hers, his body caging hers between his and the tree trunk. He pressed against her, much in the way of a dominant cat, his teeth nipping her shoulder, his breath teasing her nape. “I know it’s a matter of trust.”

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Instead of pulling away or stiffening as he expected, she leaned back against him, rubbing her alluring derrière against his thickening groin. “I do trust you. I trust you completely with my life. I’m here with you. I’ve chosen you. I’ve always chosen you.”

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And she had. She knew it. She had always chosen him. Would always choose him. “Don’t you feel it, Rio? We’ve always been together. I know we have. Somewhere else, somewhere good.”

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He shook his head, urging her up to the house. “It wasn’t somewhere different, Rachael. There’s always been blood and bullets and things to fear. But we managed them together. That’s what we do. We live our life the best that we can, together, facing whatever comes our way.”

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She pulled herself up to the verandah. Her clothes were lying in a heap where she’d stripped. She picked up the shirt, held it to her. “I love him, Rio. I know he’s done things, horrible, hideous things. People think he’s a monster and they think I should help destroy him. But I can’t. I

won’t. I understand how he came to be what he is.” Very slowly she pulled on the shirt. Rio’s shirt. It seemed everything came back to Rio. “Do you really think we were together in another time?”

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His brilliant green gaze drifted over her. “Don’t you?”

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She leaned against the chair and smiled at him. “I think you’re beautiful, Rio. I thought it then too, wherever we were. I remember that much.”

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He stepped very close to her, his body crowding hers. Tall, muscular, broad shoulders and incredible strength. He caught her chin firmly and tilted her face up to his. There was no laughter in his eyes. “Don’t ever do that again. Don’t leave me. I think you tore the heart out of my chest with your bare hands.” He felt like an idiot saying it. He didn’t write poetry and he didn’t know the first thing about romance, but he had to find a way to make her understand the enormity of what she’d done.

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She lifted her hand to map his face, her fingertips very gentle. “I won’t, Rio. If you’re willing to take the chance, I’ll make my stand, here, with you.” She stepped back when he reached for her. “I want you to know about me before you make up your mind.”

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“Rachael.” He said her name softly, lovingly. “I have made up my mind. I would want you in my life no matter what the circumstances. I lay beside you the other night and thought about whether I would want you if we could no longer have sex. I have to tell you, sex with you is amazing. I look forward to it and I think about it a lot.”

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“That’s a surprise.” She managed a small grin.

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“The point is, I would want you in my life, in my bed. I want your laughter and your temper. It’s you, not your past, not even your body, amazing as that is.” His hand skimmed over the swell of her breast. “Not that I want that to change.”

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“My brother and I inherited a drug empire.”

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Her gaze was fastened to his face. He felt the hit somewhere in the region of his gut, but he didn’t flinch. Didn’t change expressions. She was waiting for that. Waiting for rejection. For betrayal. He didn’t even blink.

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She waited in silence for his reaction. For his disgust. Her mouth was dry with fear of losing him but she went on. He had to know. He deserved the truth. Rachael spread her hands out in front of her. “It’s actually worse than it’s portrayed in the movies, Rio. There are the fields and the workers and the laboratories. There are endless supplies of cocaine. There are guns and murder and treachery. We live in a house that has everything money can buy. We wear the best clothes and have the finest jewelry. The cars are fast and powerful and the lifestyle is decadent. We can have anything we want. Especially if you overlook the bodyguards and the guards at the gates. If you can overlook the corruption of officials and police departments and the murders when some poor man tries to steal to feed his

family. When you can overlook the addicts and women selling their bodies and their children, then I suppose, it would be a great life."

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She turned away from him, unable to have him look at her. She couldn't look at herself. "That's my inheritance, Rio. It's what got my father and my mother killed." Rachael felt behind her for the chair. Her leg throbbed and burned from overuse, but that wasn't what made her legs shaky.

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"My brother told me that our father fell in love with our mother and he wanted out of the business. Once she found out, she would have left him, so he wanted to go legitimate. I have no idea why we moved from South America, but we have estates there as well as in Florida." She sank into the chair, grateful to be off of her leg. "I think he thought it would be different in Florida, but they were still in the business there. No matter what he did, he couldn't change anything."

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Rio fixed her a cool drink. He could see pain eating her from the inside out. Two small children thrown into the middle of a world of violence. He knew the strict rules of the society their mother had grown up in. She must have tried to pass her morality, her honor and integrity to her children. He handed her the drink and sat on the floor, taking her injured leg into his hands.

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Rachael looked down at his face. She couldn't find evidence of a judgment. There was nothing but acceptance in his expression. There was compassion in his eyes and she had to look away from that. Tears burned too close. She didn't dare begin to cry. She was afraid if the floodgates opened, she'd never be able to close them.

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She sipped at the cooling nectar, trying to think how to tell him. What to tell him. She'd never told anyone. People died over the kinds of information she carried with her. Rio's fingers were gentle on her skin as he bathed her leg, elevating it while he examined the puncture wounds. His hands were sure and steady and her heart did a funny little flip. She touched the top of his head, the thick shaggy hair. "You're a good man, Rio. Don't let your elders or anyone else tell you different."

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Her heart was in her voice. Rio leaned down to press a kiss against the largest scar. "What happened to you, Rachael? What happened to your brother?"

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"My uncle Armando ran the business with our father. They were twins, you know. Very close we thought. We spent so much time with him. He came to dinner all the time. He treated Elijah as his own son. He even took Elijah to ball games and into the Everglades. We thought he loved us. He certainly acted like he did. I never heard Armando and Antonio fight. Not once. They always hugged one another, and it seemed genuine."

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Rio looked up when she fell silent again, frowning into her drink. He waited. Whatever trauma she'd experienced, he had the patience to wait for the telling. She was trusting him with things he was certain no other knew.

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Rachael took a deep breath, glanced toward the door. The windows. “Are you certain no one is around? Could Kim be within hearing distance?” Her tone was low, a ghostlike whisper, and there was a childish quality to her voice. “In our home they sweep for electronic devices every day. Sometimes a couple of times a day. And Elijah has them sweep every car for bombs before we ever get into them.”

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He circled her ankle with his fingers, wanting to touch her. Wanting to be an anchor for her. “It must be a terrible way to live, always thinking someone might want you dead.”

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“I was nine years old when I walked into a room and saw my parents murdered. Armando was stabbing his brother over and over. Mom was already dead. He cut her throat. There wasn’t a spot in the room free of blood.”

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Rio could see she was far away from him, was still that little girl, walking innocently into a room, perhaps coming home from school and wanting to show her parents something special. His fingers tightened, holding her to him.

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“He looked up and saw me. I screamed. I remember I couldn’t stop screaming. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t make the sound go away. He came toward me with the knife. There was blood all over it, all over him and his hands. I just stood there screaming. I know he would have killed me. He couldn’t do anything but kill me. I was a witness. I saw him murder them.”

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“Why didn’t he?” It was like pulling teeth. She revealed something and then fell silent. The trauma ran deep and it would never go away. He knew her life couldn’t have gotten much better in the intervening years, not with a million-dollar price on her head.

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Rio lifted her, slid into the chair and cradled her on his lap. Rachael snuggled into him, wanting the comfort and safety of his arms. She turned her face into his throat. “Elijah came in. He wanted Elijah alive more than he wanted me dead. Armando had no family, no one to run his empire, no one to carry on his work. He had taken Elijah with him on small things, let him see what a big deal he was. He stood there in that room with my parents’ blood pooling around his feet, holding a knife to my throat, and he told Elijah to make up his mind. To swear loyalty to him and be his son or he would kill me right there.”

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“And Elijah chose to keep you alive.”

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She couldn’t look at him. “Our lives were hell, especially Elijah’s life. Armando wanted Elijah to be mired in so deep, with so much blood on his hands neither of us could ever go the police.” Her eyes filled with tears. “I knew Elijah did it for me, to keep me alive, but it wasn’t right. It was never right. He should have let me go. I should have had the courage to save him.”

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“By doing what? Killing yourself?” He turned her arms over to run the pad of his thumb over the scars on her wrists, scars he’d never mentioned. “He couldn’t let you do that. So he joined the man who murdered your parents.”

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"And he learned from him. And he grew stronger and more powerful and more cold and distant every day."

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Rio felt tears, rain-wet, against his skin. Her body trembled. "It was always us against everyone else, but suddenly we began to have terrible fights. Elijah became very secretive. He wouldn't let me leave the compound. He had someone with me all the time and drove away every friend I had."

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"He was splitting with your uncle. Starting a war."

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"I had a friend, Tony, the brother of my girlfriend. We hardly knew each other. I met Tony at her house. He'd recently moved back to town. I had dated a couple of times and it always ended in disaster. Once it turned out to be an undercover cop, and another time I found out the man I was dating had been paid by Elijah to take me out." Utter humiliation clogged her throat. "I don't think I can remember a man having an interest in me as a woman. The police wanted information to convict Elijah, and I guess they thought they could send in an undercover man to romance me. Armando wanted a way to get close to Elijah again to be able to kill him. He was so furious, so absolutely furious with Elijah. He's done everything he can to try to kill him."

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"Tell me about this man." She was avoiding it. Rio knew her now, knew her every little sign of agitation and distress. She was burrowing deeper into his body, trembling, her breath coming in hard gasps of despair.

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"I didn't tell Elijah about Tony because I knew he would never allow me to go out alone with him. I couldn't go anywhere alone. He seemed a nice man. Marcia, his sister, and I were good friends. He moved in with her and when I went to visit, he was there. At first we just talked, played Scrabble, that sort of thing. I just wanted a few ordinary hours, a place I could go where I wasn't Elijah Lospostos's sister. Where no one carried a gun and plotted to kill each other."

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She dragged her hands through her hair. "I wasn't in love with Tony. I wasn't sleeping with him and telling secrets. I would never sell Elijah out. I'd never give him up. I saw all those years when he was forced to do terrible things. I can't tell you how often Armando threatened me. How many times he would shove a gun in my mouth and scream at Elijah, how often I wanted him to pull the trigger just to take the pain and rage off Elijah's face. It was a hellish existence until Elijah was strong enough to move against him. But Armando got away. And then the war started, and it was hell all over again."

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"Why would Elijah object to your friend's brother?"

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"I don't know, but I didn't want Tony to know about that part of my life. Marcia didn't know. We met at the library one day, ended up having coffee and became good friends. She didn't know who I was and I didn't want to tell her. She was a nice woman from a nice family."

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"What does she do?"

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"She teaches school, for heaven's sake. She teaches sixth-grade science. I went to see her as often as I could. Her home was like a sanctuary to me. Elijah always sent someone with me but they waited outside, in the car. Marcia thought they were my chauffeurs. She joked about it a couple of times. And then her brother moved back home. I got to know him and he was just as nice. One day he asked if I wanted to go to see an opening at an art museum. He was really into art." She hung her head. "I said yes."

□□□

A chill went through Rio's body. He knew what was coming. Death had a feeling to it, a presence. It was in the room. It was in her eyes. That stricken look she carried that never quite went away. He tightened his hold on her and rocked her back and forth gently, trying to give her a sense of peace, of comfort. There was neither in betrayal. "And your brother found you."

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Sixteen

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Rachael took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. "I went to Marcia'shouse and had the guards stay outside. Tony and I got into Marcia's car and drove away. I bent down as if I were looking for something when we drove out so the guards wouldn't see me. For a few miles I thought it was safe. The next thing I knew, we were in a high-speed chase with cars on either side of us. They were Elijah's men, not Armando's. I knew them all. They forced the car to the side of the road. Elijah opened the door and yanked me out. There was shouting back and forth and then suddenly Elijah emptied a gun into Tony." She covered her face with her hands.

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Her sobs were heart-wrenching, dragged from a woman with tremendous courage and control and all the more terrible because of it. Rio rested his head over hers as he rocked her, his mind racing, trying to figure out why her brother would want her dead after trading his honor to keep her alive.

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"I couldn't believe what he'd done. It was too many deaths on my hands." She held them up. "I felt covered in blood. Everyone I touched. Everything Elijah had done was because of me. He was so angry. He shook me over and over and said he should have put the gun to my head."

□□□

So many emotions ate at him that Rio didn't know what he was feeling. Part of him wanted to weep for her. Part of him was so angry he wanted to hunt her brother and uncle down. "Rachael,sestrilla. It's good you came here, to me, to your home where you belong." He caught her wrists and brought the scars to his mouth. "Here, with me. Every morning the birds will sing to you. The rain has beautiful songs and it will play them for us. This is our world." He felt a damn fool for uttering the words to her, yet so humbled that she'd accepted his own violent past. That she could look on what he did and not judge him harshly after all she'd been through. He would have quoted her a poem had he known one, just to ease her suffering.

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"Elijah will never stop looking for me." She caught his face in her hands. "You should have known him all those years ago. He struggled so hard to work behind Armando's back to get us free. It was such a terrible

life, always poised on the brink of death. He walked that fine line every day. We whispered together, passed notes we burned so no one would know what we were planning. He stood between me and our uncle all the time."

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"It must have been difficult."

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"We had no life. We were still in school but we couldn't bring home friends. We couldn't have any friends. We couldn't trust anyone, only each other. There were no dates, no dances. We lived in constant fear. Sometimes, if Armando didn't think Elijah was taking care of business, he and his men would break into our rooms in the middle of the night. They'd drag me into Elijah's room and put a knife to my throat or a gun to my head. Elijah was so calm. He never wept. He never panicked. He looked at them and he looked at me and he would say to Armando, 'What do you want me to do?' That was all. And he did whatever it took to save my life."

□□□

"Why do you feel ashamed?"

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"He sold drugs. I'm certain he killed people. He was so beautiful, so full of laughter. He never smiles. He has nothing in his life. All for me. All in payment for my life. He would have been better off if they had killed me too. He would have been free. He could have broken away. He has skills like a chameleon. They never would have found him if he was alone."

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"He must have been extraordinary, even as a teenager. I would like to meet him. It may be that we can work something out."

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"But don't you see why I don't want you near him? He's not my Elijah anymore. He's turned into someone I don't know. Someone dark and dangerous and twisted inside. I can't say he's evil. I know he was trying to get out from under the drug business and sell off the companies that weren't legitimate. He promised me he would. Both of our names are on those companies. We own everything together."

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"So if you die, everything goes to him."

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Rachael nodded. "He wouldn't kill me for the money, Rio, if that's what you're thinking. I know he wouldn't. I don't ever look at the books. I don't even own a car. I don't care about the money, and he knows I don't."

□□□

"Is it possible Elijah is the one putting out the reward money to keep you alive and your uncle is the one who has hired assassins to kill you? That would make more sense. You had a fight with Elijah and he said some harsh things to you, but why would your uncle suddenly want to keep you alive? You aren't worth anything to him if he can't hold you over Elijah's head."

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She was silent for a long time, but he felt her relax a little. "I didn't think of that. I couldn't believe it when Elijah just shot Tony right in front of me. He was so angry. I'd never seen him like that before. He's always in control, always very cool under fire."

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"So he wasn't acting in character?"

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“He feels dangerous now. He really does. I can’t describe it, but he never did to me before. We were so close, and then somehow he began to push me away. He didn’t want to talk about the business. He wouldn’t answer my questions about Armando. He insisted I stay home, indoors, away from the windows.”

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“Maybe he was afraid for your life.”

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She sighed and reached over to take the drink from the small table where she’d set it. The juice felt cool and refreshing on her sore throat. “We were always afraid for my life. We lived in fear, it was our everyday existence.”

□□□

“You thought by telling me who you are, who your family is, that I’d not want to be with you? Rachael, how could you think that?” His hand cupped her face, his thumb sliding over her high cheekbone.

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“If I had tried to go to the police . . .” She trailed off.

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“Why didn’t you?”

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“Two reasons. Armando had police working for him and we didn’t know who they were, and of course, Elijah was heavily involved in the business. That’s how Armando thought to trap him. If he made Elijah dirty enough, he would never be able to get out and they would need one another. Armando was willing to kill his brother, but he genuinely wanted his brother’s son. It made no sense to me. I’ve never understood it. I would never betray Elijah for any reason.”

□□□

“And you think I wouldn’t forgive you that? There’s nothing to forgive, Rachael.” Rio lifted his head from hers, drawing in his breath. “He knew. Your uncle knew about your mother being a shape-shifter, and he must have known about your brother.”

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“Idon’t know about my brother.”

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“You said they were close, Rachael. Antonio and Armando. If Antonio had discovered that his wife was a shifter and they moved the family from South America in order to protect them from the elders, then he may have confided in his brother. Why wouldn’t he? Antonio would have told his twin brother why he had to move his family to Florida so quickly, especially if he needed help fast and if he was leaving the running of the plantations to Armando or hired help.”

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“I suppose so. But I don’t know if my brother can shift shape. Why wouldn’t he tell me? We talked about mom and dad a lot. Wouldn’t that be a rather large piece of information to leave out?”

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“Not if he was protecting you. You say your uncle took him out all the time alone. They spent a great deal of time in the Everglades. What were they doing there?”

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She shrugged. “I don’t honestly know. I was a little child. I thought they were fishing or scuba diving or watching alligators. He never came back upset.”

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“If you were a kid and you could run free in the Glades, shifting shape and becoming something as powerful as a leopard, wouldn’t you do it? And if you did things for your uncle, such as pick up packages, wouldn’t that be a small price to pay? Armando would have realized the potential of such a gift. He would have a trained assassin, as silent and deadly as they came and no one the wiser. We can swim great distances and get into places humans can’t. Elijah would have welcomed the trips in the beginning. He would have felt the freedom of running and becoming something so powerful. Do you see that?”

□□□

Rachael thought of how it felt to be in the form of such a powerful creature. A teenager would have found the excitement of it a heady and addicting experience. Add in the thrill of secrecy and it would have been too much for a boy to pass up. “I remember him coming home and being so excited after his trips with Armando he could hardly contain himself. He’d lock his bedroom door and play wild music for hours.”

□□□

“Your uncle was probably training him then, but Elijah didn’t know what he was carrying, or even doing. It was all a game. He loved and trusted your uncle. Finding your parents murdered must have been a terrible shock and betrayal to him. He loved Armando and he had to have realized what his uncle was and what he’d been doing all that time. The guilt must have been unbearable.”

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That brought a fresh flood of tears. Rachael clung to him, weeping for her lost brother, for their childhood, for all the things they had done and couldn’t change. Rio held her in his arms, offering comfort and acceptance. He rocked her gently back and forth, crooning some nonsense, anything at all to console her. It had been years since she’d allowed herself the luxury of tears. She had worked so hard to be like her brother, not giving Armando the satisfaction of seeing her fear.

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She rubbed Rio’s strong jaw. “Thank you for not condemning us. We probably did everything wrong, made every mistake, but I was a child and he was thirteen. We had no one to go to, no one to tell. Of course Armando had custody of us, and from the moment we went to live with him, we had nothing but each other. I don’t think I could bear it if you despised him.”

□□□

“Rachael, love of my life, how could you think I, of all people, would presume to judge another? All one can do in this life is to try to do their best in any given circumstances.”

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She lifted her head and stared into his face, his eyes. “I don’t deserve you, Rio.”

□□□

He fought back the strange lump in his throat. His people wouldn’t see him or speak with him, yet she thought she didn’t deserve him. His hand went to the nape of her neck, held her still for his kiss. He put every

bit of tenderness he could find in himself in that kiss, tasting her tears, her sorrow, tasting love.

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"I think you're an amazing woman," he murmured when he lifted his head.

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She managed to smile at him. "It's a darned good thing because it might be difficult to get rid of me." Rachael slowly uncurled her body. She had cried so much her eyes burned and her throat ached. She was determined to pull herself together before Rio grew impatient and tossed her over the railing. "You know those little leech things you love so much? They just sink their teeth in and hold on, well, that's me with you."

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He made a face at her, reluctantly allowing his arms to drop away as she stretched and stood up to limp across the room to open the door.

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"Isn't it strange how the house can feel so small at times?"

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He smiled at her, knowing she was trying to regain some semblance of control. "Why do you think I often leave the door open?" Her body was supple and strong with generous feminine curves, a body a man could lose himself in. He liked watching her move around his home. She touched a candle, her fingers gliding gracefully over it. She picked up his clothes and tossed them in the small box he never used for dirty clothes.

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"I'm messy."

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A ghost of a smile curved her mouth. "You think that's news to me?"

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"I was hoping you hadn't noticed."

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Her smile widened. "It's impossible not to notice. You like soaking dishes in the sink. It drives me crazy. What's the point of soaking them? Why don't you just do them? You've already gone to the trouble of scraping them and rinsing, you might as well get it over with."

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"There's a perfectly logical explanation," he said. "To wash the dishes in hot water, I have to actually use the gas or the wood. It's more economical to wait and wash a bunch together. Hauling gas in is a pain. I use it sparingly."

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She made a face at him. "I suppose I'll have to concede the point."

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He stood up, filling the room immediately with his wide shoulders and powerful presence. "Do you want to move, Rachael?" He had spent years building his house and the underground storage hidden beneath it. The water system had been difficult to hide. He had everything he wanted in that house, but they had no amenities. If she wanted all the things necessary in modern living, he would have to build a house closer to the protection of the village where they could have a generator. So far from protection, the noise and smell of a generator was too dangerous, a complete giveaway to Tomas and anyone else chasing him.

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"Move?" Rachael gripped the edge of the door and turned back to look at him with her enormous eyes. "Why would you want to leave this beautiful

house? The carvings are extraordinary. I love this house. I don't think there's any reason to move."

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"We don't have a decent cooler most of the time. Hauling ice is nearly impossible, unless I get it from the village, and I rarely shop there."

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"Your system works quite well. I don't think we'll starve."

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"You might not feel that way when the kids start coming."

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Rachael stepped backwards out the door, laughing at him. "Kids? They're going to start coming our way, are they?"

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He stalked her, following her onto the verandah and pinning her against the rail. "I think there's bound to be lots of kids," he murmured. His hands came up to cup the soft weight of her breasts. He rubbed his shadowed jaw over her sensitive skin, gently over her peaking nipples. "Marry me, Rachael. We can't use the ritual ceremony of our people, but Kim's father can marry us."

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"It isn't necessary. I know we're married already."

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"I know it isn't necessary, but I want to marry you. I want to feel my child growing inside of you someday. I want it all with you." He lowered his mouth to her breasts, suckling gently, so that she arched her back and thrust into him, holding his head while he feasted on her. The rain began a slow drizzle and the wind blew endlessly but up high, in their own world, it all seemed perfect.

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She lifted her face to look up at the gently falling rain while fire burst through her veins and sizzled and danced over her skin. "How many children are a lot?" Her fingers tangled in his hair. "Are you thinking two, three? Give me a number." She tried to listen to the songs of the rain the way he'd instructed. It was such a medley of sounds, never the same, ever changing, all of it seeping into her veins like a drug. Like the fire he produced with the hot silk of his mouth with the heat of the forest pressing in on them.

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Rio straightened, held her in his arms. Just held her to him. "We can have a houseful, Rachael. Little girls to look like you. With your laughter and your courage."

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She wrapped her arms around him, sank deep into his hard frame. "And with all those little children running around, how are we going to manage times like these?"

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Living with Rio was a sensual adventure. Her body always seemed ripe and ready, never sated for long no matter how often he touched her. She wanted more. Wanted him a million times, a million ways. She wrapped her leg around his waist, pressing her hot, slick body against him suggestively. Her fingers tunneled in his hair, her teeth nibbled his ear, his shoulder, anything she could reach.

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"We'll find a way. We'll find a million ways."

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Rio lifted her, so that she could wrap both legs around him, so that she could settle over his body, fitting sword to sheath. He rested her against the railing and they looked at one another, locked together. Rachael leaned forward and buried her face against his neck. They clung to one another, holding tightly.

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He whispered to her words of love in the language of his people.Sestrilla. Beloved one.Hafelina . Small cat.Jue amourasestrilla. I love you for all time.Anwou Jue selaviena en patre Jue. In this time and in all other time.

□□□

She heard the words, recognized them although she couldn't respond in kind. The vocalization was a mixture of notes a feline used. She knew them, recognized them and found them beautiful, but she couldn't produce them exactly. Rachael lifted her head and looked at him. At his face. His eyes. His mouth. "I love you too, Rio."

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As fierce as his lovemaking could be, as wild and rough as he was at times, he was infinitely tender. Kissing her with such tenderness tears welled up. His body moved in hers with deep, sure strokes, striving always for her pleasure. His hands worshipped her, shaped every curve, slid over her skin as if memorizing every detail.

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He took his time, long slow strokes designed to burrow deeper, to fill her with his love. As the fever pitch rose, as they climbed together, the white mist swirled around them, as if they had created steam with the intensity of their heat. She dug her nails into his back and threw back her head, moving her hips in an answering rhythm, a dance of love, there on the verandah with the scent of orchids enfolding them and the breeze touching their bodies like fingers. All the while the rain came down, droplets of silver as the night settled in.

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Rachael gasped as she felt him swell with victory, with the sheer pleasure of their joining, and she tightened her muscles around him, carrying them both over the edge. His voice blended with hers, a cry of joy in the darkness. They clung to one another, both reluctant to let go of the other.

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A small flurry of leaves and a shower of orchid petals rained down from a branch above them and Franz tumbled onto the verandah at their feet. They jumped apart, Rio alert and ready, pressing her body against the rail in an effort to protect her. The bundle of fur rolled, bouncing off Rio's calves. The small, clouded leopard dug paws into the floor and raked his hooked claws sharply over the wood.

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"I looked for claw marks in the trees," Rachael said, bending down to burrow her fingers in the small cat's fur. "But I never saw any. Why do you rake claws in the house?"

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"It's more than marking territory. It's the sharpening and disposing of old sheaths. It's actually necessary, but we've been taught not to mark our passing in the forest because it draws poachers. Let them think we're gone, no longer here, and hopefully they'll stop shooting us. We choose to

sharpen and mark indoors where we won’t be discovered.” He grinned at her, looking suddenly boyish. “Fritz and Franz learned from me.”

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“That’s right, you’re the mommy figure.”

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“Hey now.” He toed the cat rubbing along their legs with his bare foot. “He’s lonely for Fritz. They normally go everywhere together. I was hoping they’d find mates and bring me back a kitten or two, but they don’t seem interested.”

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“Your life is much more exciting,” she pointed out. “They get to brag to all the other little cats about their adventures.”

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They curled up on the small sofa in each other’s arms, on the verandah, passing the night away, listening to the endless rain. Watching the white mist curl around them until it felt as though they were high up in the clouds. Rio held her in his arms. “I do love you, Rachael. You brought something into my life I never want to do without.”

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She rested her head on his chest. “I feel the same way.”

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Franz jumped up onto the couch, nosing the two of them, doing his best to burrow between their bodies. Rio growled at the leopard. “You’re heavy, Franz, get down. You don’t need to be up here.”

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Rachael laughed. Rio hadn’t pushed the leopard off, instead, he wrapped his arm around the small cat’s neck. Almost at once, Fritz hobbled out onto the deck, yowled softly and rubbed back and forth against their legs.

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“Someone’s a little jealous,” Rachael pointed out and moved as close as she could to Rio to give the cat room to get up with them.

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“Don’t encourage the little demon. Don’t you remember he’s the one that took a chunk out of your leg?” Rio groused.

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“Poor little thing, he’s just lonely and he doesn’t feel very good.” She helped the cat up so he was lying partially across her lap. “If we had a houseful of children, they’d be all over us too.”

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Rio groaned and shifted until he found a comfortable position. “I don’t want to think about it right now. Go to sleep.”

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“We’re going to sleep out here?” The idea pleased her. The wind rustled the leaves of the trees so that they fluttered gracefully around them.

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“For a little while.” Rio kissed the top of her bent head, content to hold her, to sit on his porch with Rachael and the leopards close to him and the rain falling softly in the background lulling them to sleep.

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He woke close to dawn, jerking awake, his mind and senses instantly alert. Somewhere, deep in the forest, a nightjar screamed. A deer barked. A chorus of gibbons gave a full-throated warning. He closed his eyes for just a moment, savoring waking up with her next to him, with the small cats cuddled close. He hated to disturb her, hated to try to prepare her

for the next crisis. There always seemed to be one and Rachael had gone through enough already. He wanted to protect her, make her life smooth and happy.

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Regret in every line of his body, he did what he had to do. “Wake up,sestrilla. ” He kissed her face, her eyelashes, the corners of her mouth. “The neighbors are getting noisy on us.”

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Rachael listened for a moment then wrapped her arms tightly around Rio’s neck. “He’s here.” There was sheer terror in her voice.

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Rio inhaled deeply. He swept back her hair, his touch lingering against her skin. “It isn’t your brother.” His tone was grim. He signaled the small leopard off the sofa.

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“Then who?”

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“Someone they know. Someone familiar to them. One of my people, yet one who doesn’t travel in my realm. Not one of my unit.”

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Rachael reluctantly unfolded her body, stood on her own, yawning sleepily. She let her breath out slowly. “How far away?”

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“A few minutes.” His hand slipped over her face. She felt it tremble.

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Rachael caught his hand and held it to her breast, over her heart. “We’re in this together, Rio. Tell me what to do.”

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“We’re going into the house and see to your leg. You’re favoring it and I see it’s swollen again from overuse. Then we’ll dress and straighten up our home and wait to see what he wants.” He reached past her to open the door courteously.

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“Then you know who it is.”

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He inhaled again. “Yes, I know him. It is Peter Delgrotto. He is of the high council. And his word is law to our people.”

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Her dark eyes moved over his face. Saw too much. Saw into his heart. “You think he may tell me I have to go away.”

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Rio shrugged. “I’ll hear him out before I get stirred up.”

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She buttoned the shirt, realizing for the first time she still wore it. “This elder is coming here? That certainly takes a lot of nerve.” She snatched the jeans out of his hand and limped quickly over to the bed. “Your neighbors seem to drop in uninvited on a regular basis.”

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“Not much sugar in the neighborhood and I’m known for my sweetness,” he quipped.

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She groaned and rolled her eyes. “Your little elder friend is going to think you’re the sweet one after he meets me. Why would he come here?”

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“Elders do what they want and go where they will.”

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“Sort of like leeches. No one invited him.”

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There it was again—that little tug on his heart. She could make him smile in the worst of circumstances. He had no idea how he would react if the elders tried to take her from him, but he knew he wouldn’t allow it. He followed her, hunkered down beside her and examined her leg. He was certain Rachael would never recognize the authority of the elders. She wasn’t raised with their rules and she had already formed her allegiance with him. They might try ordering her around, but it would never work.

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“You have a smug look on your face.”

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“Smug? I’m never smug.” But he was feeling smug. The elders were going to get an earful if they tried to force Rachael to accept his banishment.

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Rachael touched his dark hair, tugged at the silky strands until he looked at her. “If they think they’re going to change your sentence from banishment to death, they’re going to have a fight on their hands.”

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She looked so warriorlike he grinned as he washed her calf gently and applied more of Tama’s magic healing potion. “Once a sentence is handed down, they won’t change it. My skills are of value to the community, so I doubt they’d even ask me to leave this area.”

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His fingers were soothing on her leg but his comment set her teeth on edge. “Let them ask us to leave. They don’t own the forest. Blast them anyway. I hate bullies.” She yanked her jeans over her leg and began making up the bed with fast, jerky movements. She nearly kicked Fritz with her bare foot, forgetting he had taken refuge under the bed.

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Rachael looked flaming mad. Even her hair crackled with electricity. He grinned to himself as he pulled on his own clothes. The house was being put back in shape in rapid order although she was limping even more.

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“Sit down,sestrilla. ” He kept his voice gentle. “All that hopping around isn’t doing your leg any good.” He pulled out his guns and checked the chambers, setting each one carefully on the table.

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“We have a tub in the middle of the floor,” she pointed out, her dark eyes spitting sparks. “You could do something about it instead of idly babying your guns.”

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His eyebrow shot up. “Idly babying my guns?” he repeated.

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“Exactly. What do you intend to do? Shoot the man? The precious, all-wise elder? Not that I mind, but at least warn me.”

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“You’re in one of your little moods again, aren’t you? I think if you had some sort of signal to give to me before you went off, it would help tremendously.”

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She straightened up and turned around very slowly to face him. “My little moods?”

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His mouth twitched. He forced his features to remain expressionless. She looked like a volcano about to explode. His smile would definitely trigger dynamite. “I may have no choice but to shoot him. Think about it, Rachael. Why would he come here when he isn’t allowed to acknowledge my existence? There’s little point in it.” The tub of water was bothering her, so just to keep her from pitching the wadded-up pillow at him, he scooped out a few bucketfuls of water and dumped it down the sink.

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Rachael was silent for a long time watching him. She sank into a chair. “Aren’t these elders the lawmakers? Are they holy people? What exactly are they? Besides imbeciles, I mean.”

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“You can’t call them imbeciles to their faces, Rachael,” he pointed out.

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“If you can shoot them, I can call them names.” She glared at him, daring him to contradict her. “Are elders called elders because they’re old? Ancient? Full of hot air?”

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“You haven’t even met the man and you’re already belligerent.”

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Her dark eyes swept over him with repressed fury. “I am never belligerent.”

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He picked up the tub and carried it out to the verandah. It was still fairly full and very heavy. Water sloshed as he tipped it over the railing. “I suppose there’s some logic in you having permission to call them names if I can shoot them,” he agreed to appease her. He didn’t bother to take the tub to the small hut hidden in the trees some distance away. He set it to one side, out of the way should he need to take to the trees fast. Outside, he listened to the night creatures calling to one another, giving away the location of the intruder as he moved closer to the house.

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Had he not been banished he would have gone, out of respect, to meet the man instead of making him come all the way up the tree to him. The elder was in his eighties and, although in great shape, would still feel the affects of the long distance. He ducked back inside to comb his hair into some semblance of order.

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Rachael watched him, saw the small frown, the worry lines around his eyes. Most of all she saw that Rio changed his casual appearance, and that meant something. She took her cue from him, brushing the tangles from her hair, checking to see that her skin was clean and brushing her teeth. She hadn’t used the small stash of beauty supplies she’d stuffed in her pack since she’d arrived, but she pulled them out.

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“What is that?”

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“Makeup. I thought I’d try to look presentable for your elder.” She hesitated, tried again. “Wise man. Personage.”

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“Elder is fine.” He stalked across the room and took the lip gloss from her hand. “You’re beautiful, Rachael, and you damned well don’t have to look perfect for him.”

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For the first time in a while a ghost of a smile curved her mouth. “Talk about someone who has little moods! Actually, tree dweller, I was going to look perfect foryou, not your brainless elder.” She held out her hand for the lip gloss.

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He put it in her palm. “I should at least get points for the beautiful compliment.”

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Her smile widened. “I censored because of the beautiful compliment. It would have been a lot worse than tree dweller.”

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“You terrify me.” Rio bent and kissed her upturned mouth. How had he managed to live so long without her and think he was alive? Had he just been walking through life all those years? Loving her terrified him. It was so strong, a tidal wave welling up inside of him, consuming him, so at times he couldn’t even look at her.

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“Well that’s a good thing as far as I’m concerned.” Rachael applied the lip gloss and a bit of mascara. She was apprehensive and struggled to hide it. She glanced at Rio from under her long lashes. He was definitely on alert in spite of the banter back and forth between them. She reached across to the table, slipped a knife from the sheath and slid it beneath the cushion of her chair. Assassins came in all shapes and sizes and genders. Age never seemed to matter either.

□□□

Seventeen

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Peter Delgrotto was tall and thin, a tough, sinewy man with linesetched deeply in his face. His eyes were a strange amber, glittering with some hidden fire, a focused, haunting stare that carried a great degree of menace. Rachael had expected a wizened, elderly man staggering under the weight of his years, but Delgrotto carried power and danger in his piercing eyes. He stood straight, fully clothed. The only sign of the long, arduous trip was the sheen of sweat on his skin and the breath moving in bursts in and out of his lungs that he couldn’t quite hide.

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“You honor us with your presence, Wise One,” Rio said formally.

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Rachael made a small strangling noise in her throat and then covered her displeasure by coughing when Rio tossed a quick warning glance her way.

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Rio stepped back to allow the older man entrance. “If you wish to come in, please do so.” He felt awkward, uncertain what to say or how to act. By all of their laws, the elder should not come near him, acknowledge him or speak to him, let alone enter his dwelling. Rio had no idea whether he was being discourteous in inviting the man inside.

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Delgrotto bowed low. “I must ask you for a glass of water. I have not traveled so fast, or so far, in years. My lungs are not what they used to

be. Forgive me bothering you, when I have not properly greeted you in many years.” His gaze settled on Rachael.

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There was a small silence. Rio stood very still. Rachael lifted her chin, her dark eyes alive with distaste.

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“This is obviously your woman. You’ve found her. You must introduce me.”

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“I’m sorry, Elder, forgive my lack of manners. I’m so surprised by your visit I’ve forgotten basic courtesy.” Rio handed the man a glass of water. “This is Rachael. Rachael, Peter Delgrotto, an elder in our village.”

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Rachael managed a smile but she didn’t murmur pleasantries. She was pleased that Rio thought to protect her, that he hadn’t given away her infamous last name. Sensing how nervous Rio was, she stood up and casually crossed the room to stand just behind him, wanting to be close in case he needed her.

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Delgrotto inclined his head, returning her smile, but it didn’t quite reach his eyes. “Very nice to meet you, Rachael.” He turned to look at Rio and the smile faded.

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Rio felt the impact of the elder’s stare. It had been many years since any other than his unit members had looked at him or spoken to him. He felt behind him for the sink, something to grip out of sight of the elder. Rachael slipped her hand into his. A show of solidarity and support. “What is it, Elder? What is so important that you would break the law of our people?” There was little point in beating around the bush.

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“I have no right to come to you, Rio. Not after the sentence handed down by the council.” Delgrotto met his gaze steadily. “By me. I have removed myself as a council member and am prepared to pay the consequences of my actions. I told the Seat of Power what I intended and asked they withhold sentencing until it is done. They agreed.”

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Rachael could see the pride on the older man’s face. Rio reached out and took his arm, led him to the most comfortable chair and seated him. “What is it?” Delgrotto suddenly looked every bit of his eighty years and then some.

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“My grandson lies near death. No one can save him without your blood. None of us carry the rare blood you have. Without you he will die. I lost my firstborn son to poachers. He had no children. I lost my only other child and his mate to an accident. I have no other family left. I don’t want to lose him. Not out of pride or stubbornness. Not for any antiquated law. I’m asking you to save him.”

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“Where is he?”

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“He lies in the village at the small hospital there.”

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“I’ll leave now, Elder. I can go faster alone. Will they allow my help?”

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“Joshua said you would come.” Delgrotto nodded his head. “They’re waiting for you, keeping him alive with fluids. We used the blood you had stored for yourself.” He looked down at his shaking hands, tears glittering in his eyes. “It was my decision to steal from you, no one else. Without it, he would have died. It isn’t enough, only to prolong his life until you manage to arrive.”

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“It was not stealing, Elder, I would have given it all freely to save the life of a child.” Rio caught Rachael by the shoulders. “You’ll be here when I return.” He made it a statement. A command.

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“I’ll be here.” She kissed the side of his mouth, his jaw. Her lips moved gently against his ear as she whispered to him. “You’re a good man, Rio.”

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“I’ll follow as soon as I’ve rested,” Delgrotto said.

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“Sleep here, Elder. I’ll return quickly,” Rio said and went out to the verandah, pulling off his shirt as he did so. Rachael hobbled after him. “Do you want me to go with you?”

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“No, I can travel much faster alone. I want you to stay off your leg for a couple of days and give it a rest. I’ll be back as soon as possible.” He tucked the shirt and then his jeans into a small pack that he secured around his neck.

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“Clever.” She realized they all had to travel with a small pack, the elder included. “Good fortune, Rio.”

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“Be safe, Rachael.” He caught her head and dragged her to him, kissing her with fierce possession, with tenderness. She felt the fur rushing over his skin, felt his hands curl into huge paws and marveled at his ability to be so precise in his shifting.

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She blinked and the black leopard melted into the forest. “Great. Leave me to entertain the guests.” She took a deep breath and went back inside. To her relief, the old man had already sunk into a fitful sleep. She covered him with a thin blanket and went out to sit on the verandah with the small leopards.

□□□

The rhythm of the forest changed at various intervals during the day. Dawn activities were quite different from the lull in the afternoon. She read a book and listened to the continual chatter in the forest, trying hard to study which bird sang which song and what sounds emerged from the various species of monkeys.

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She heard the old man stirring as the sun set, and she forced herself to go back inside to be as pleasant and accommodating as she was able. “I trust you slept well.”

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“Please forgive an old man’s rudeness. Traveling the distance really took more strength than I realized.”

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“I can imagine. Rio was very tired when he arrived home the other night after packing Joshua all those miles by himself. Without food or drink or medical attention.”

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The elder looked at her, his expression as calm as ever. “Touché, my dear.”

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She pulled open the vegetable bin, slapping vegetables on the counter. “I’m not your dear. Let’s just get that straight right now. Are you hungry? I haven’t had dinner yet, and Rio wouldn’t want me to let you starve.”

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“By all means, I would enjoy sharing a meal with you. You shouldn’t be on your leg. I make a decent soup; why don’t you let me fix it?”

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Rachael hesitated, unsure if she should let him have the run of Rio’s home. The elder seemed unshakable even in the face of her distrust.

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He took the decision out of her hands by going through the pantry. She retrieved the knife from the chair cushions while his back was turned and replaced it in the sheath. As casually as possible she put the weapons out of sight.

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“You don’t think much of me, do you?” he asked as he began chopping vegetables.

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She picked up a second knife and helped. “Not much. I can’t see much wisdom in your sentence of banishment. It smacks of hypocrisy if you ask me, which technically you didn’t so I guess I shouldn’t offer my opinion on the subject.” She hacked a tomato into tiny little pieces. The sound of the blade hitting the chopping board beat out a fast tattoo of annoyance.

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Delgrotto paused in the act of cutting up wild mushrooms. “You’ve used a knife before,” he observed.

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“You’d be surprised what I can do with this baby. Working in a kitchen can be damned boring, and we women just think up things to hurl the cutlery at. In South America, we pride ourselves on target practice.” She gave him a chatty smirk. “Sometimes it was the chef if he was particularly obnoxious.”

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“I see.” Delgrotto raised his eyebrow. “What might constitute being obnoxious, just so I don’t make the same mistake.”

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“Oh, you may as well be as obnoxious as you like. You’re already in my book of evil and obnoxious people. I think I even underlined your name a couple of times.” She slashed an onion until it was nothing but sauce.

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“I’m certainly not evil, my dear. I may have made one or two mistakes in my life, but I don’t think I’ve ever been evil.”

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She shrugged. “I suppose passing that sort of judgment is all subjective. It depends on the point of view. You don’t think you’re evil, but someone else may very well think you’re the devil incarnate.”

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Delgrotto paused to watch in fascination as the knife chopped through the remainder of the vegetables so fast her movements were a blur. “I suppose that’s true. If one turns the view even slightly, there is always a different slant. Where were you raised? You are obviously one of us.”

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Her hands stilled and she looked up at him. There was a moment of silence. Only the sound of the rain on the roof could be heard. Even the wind stilled, holding its breath. Delgrotto glimpsed the fury in her eyes. In her heart. “I am not one of you. I will never be one of you. I don’t like people who play god, not in this life, and not in any other life.”

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“Is that what you think we did?” His voice was gentle.

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Rachael dropped the knife and put distance between them, going to the door and staring out into the darkness. She didn’t trust herself or her over-the-top fury with this man who had presumed to judge Rio so harshly. She would like the old man to meet her uncle, to show him what true evil was.

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Rachael took a deep calming breath. Her bad temper was beginning to affect the small leopard under the bed. Fritz snarled and showed his teeth, but remained still. She looked down at the forest floor. Somewhere out there Rio ran, flat out, expending every drop of energy he had, risking his life to save the life of the child. And the child’s grandfather had condemned him to a life of banishment.

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“You think we take advantage of Rio.” There was no inflection whatsoever in his voice, no anger, no denial. No remorse.

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“Of course you take advantage of him. You’re doing it now, aren’t you? You came here knowing he wouldn’t hesitate. Knowing he would risk everything for your grandson. You knew what his nature was when you condemned him, yet you did it anyway. You put the yoke of service around his neck and kept him chained to a society, to a people who used him, but weren’t willing to associate with him or lift a finger to help him. You need him and what he’s able to do, but you don’t want him to taint your perfect society.”

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Tears burned in her eyes. She kept her back to him and her fists clenched tightly at her sides while the anger swirled in a black knot in her stomach. “He was injured often, I’ve seen the scars. He must have been so alone and depressed at times. You left him to live always feeling ashamed and not good enough no matter what he did. And all the time you knew what he was on the inside. You knew his true nature.”

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Fritz emerged from under the bed and rubbed along her leg, wrapping his tail around her. He glared at the elder, hissed and spit before slipping out into the night. Rachael caught a glimpse of Franz waiting in the shadows of the canopy.

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“Yes, I did know him,” Delgrotto admitted.

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She could hear the sounds of him dumping vegetables into the broth, but she didn't turn around, disgusted that she was in the same house with him. "Power is a strange thing. It seems so innocent on the surface, yet it twists and corrupts until the user is no longer anything but a weapon." There was a lash of contempt in her voice.

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"It does seem so when viewed from a distance," Delgrotto said mildly. "Yet just as you observed, turn the view slightly and you see something else. Rio stood before the entire village. Not just the council. He was young and strong and filled with power. He was covered in the blood of the man whose life he took."

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"He was covered in his mother's blood." Rachael whipped around to face him, her dark eyes flashing.

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Delgrotto nodded, conceding her point. "That is true also. Rio had skills far beyond his years. He was an expert marksman even as a young boy. Few of our strongest men could defeat him in the mock battles we have. He was popular with the young crowd, everyone looked up to him. And he violated our most sacred law. We work at teaching our children that hunters did not come into our forests, our home, with the intention of committing murder. We eat meat, and we kill animals to eat it. They hunted for fur. This man did not stalk and kill Violet Santana in cold blood. He had no idea she had a human side. He would have been appalled at the idea of killing a woman."

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"And because he didn't know, that lessens his crime?"

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"How could it be a crime if he didn't know what he'd done?"

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"He was poaching. The leopards are protected."

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"It was still an animal to him, not a human. How can we teach our children otherwise, Rachael? We are a lethal species, with cunning and intelligence and gifts beyond the ordinary, but we also have the mood swings and temperaments of our animal cousins and that makes us far too dangerous without laws to guide us. What would you have us do? He was a hero to the young men. Where he went, they would follow."

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"He didn't obey you, that was his crime. He stood before you with his head unbowed and his shoulders straight ready to accept responsibility for his actions."

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"Without remorse."

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"The man killed his mother."

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"And you believe an eye for eye is logical? Is justice? Where does it stop? Do we then carry on feud after feud until we no longer exist? Rio chose his path with full knowledge of the consequences and full knowledge that he was in the wrong." Delgrotto pulled two bowls from the cupboard. "We spent a hundred years to try to convince our people we could not brand hunters and poachers as murderers. In one day, Rio Santana changed all that. Our people have been divided ever since."

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"Because they see into his heart. They see what he does for them. For all of them. For you, for your grandson, for Joshua. Even the local tribesmen seek him out because they see into his heart and know he's worthwhile. He's extraordinary." Rachael, in her frustration, wanted to shake the calm demeanor of the elder. How could he stand there and possibly think he was fit to deliver a judgment against Rio? She seethed with frustration and anger and she didn't understand how Rio had accepted and lived with their blatantly unfair sentence.

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"The young men saw Rio as a leader, as a man with skills and the ability to take charge. Some of them followed him. They separated themselves from the village, living outside the protection of the community yet stayed involved. Rio committed murder on a human being. Whatever the circumstances, whatever the reasons, he hunted the man, using his skills as one of our people, and he deliberately took that man's life. He not only put all of our lives in jeopardy from possible reprisal, from someone finding our species, but he put our very way of life in jeopardy. We have laws for reasons, Rachael. Should he have gone unpunished? Rio knew and accepted the laws of our society."

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Rachael watched as the elder set the table and lit a candle as a centerpiece. She couldn't quite leave the doorway and the night. Rio was a presence everywhere, but out in the darkness, he was in his element. She knew he was far from her, yet she still felt him. All the nights she woke to find him gone, or just returning, he had been running free, running in his other form. She longed to be at his side instead of debating an issue neither could resolve.

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"Come sit down and eat," Delgrotto said kindly. "You have great courage, Rachael, and you protect those you love fiercely, just as Rio does. I'm grateful he found you. You've brought him happiness."

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"He would have been happy if you hadn't taken everything away from him."

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"We spared his life. It was the only choice open to us. Banishment or death. No one wanted it, and no one was happy with the sentence, but we felt we had no choice. We spared his life and lived without him. We caught glimpses of his greatness, this son to our people. A born leader. We saw what it did to him. You can't see what it did to us."

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"I hope you don't want me to feel sorry for you." Rachael limped across the room to the table. She left the door wide open. There would be no sleeping until Rio returned safely and the sound of the rain soothed her ragged nerves and made her feel closer to him. Rio's rain songs. The sound made him closer to her.

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"Not sorry for us. Perhaps understanding. We lost him and his mother. Banishment means he is dead to us. We can't see him or speak to him, yet he gives his money to us for the preservation of the forest."

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"How could you take it?"

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"If we can't see him or speak to him, how could we return it?"

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“So you could see the money, just not the giver.”

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Delgrotto smiled at her ferocity. “You must promise me you’ll have many children with him. We need them.”

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The soup was delicious. She hated to even concede him that much and it annoyed her. A faint grin stole over her face. “I think I have a closed mind where you’re concerned. I don’t want to see your point of view.”

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“At least you can admit that.” He seemed to savor the taste of the broth. “You would make a good member of the high council.”

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Rachael managed a rude noise around the next mouthful of soup.

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Delgrotto’s eyebrow shot up. “You don’t think so? One has to look at a problem from every angle. Before you can do that, you have to acknowledge there is more than one angle. I didn’t agree with banishment, but the alternative was beyond our capabilities to impose on him.”

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“Well for heaven’s sake, did you consider another punishment? Something not quite so harsh? Live a little, make a few laws up, that’s what every other governing body does.”

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He nodded his head politely, considering her suggestion. “What do you believe is a fair punishment for murder?”

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“It wasn’t murder.”

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“What was it then?”

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“I don’t know, but I’ve seen murder. I’ve felt the malevolence of a cold-blooded murderer, of someone truly evil, and that isnot Rio.”

□□□

An owl hooted in the distance. The elder lifted his head and stared toward the door for a long moment. “I’m sorry you’ve had to be exposed to such a thing, Rachael, and, of course, you’re right. There is nothing evil about Rio.” Delgrotto ate another spoonful of the soup. “We can agree he took a life.”

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Somewhat mollified, Rachael nodded. “I can’t very well deny it when he told me so himself.” She sighed. “He doesn’t blame you for what you did.”

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“No, he doesn’t, because he understands the need for laws.” The owl hooted a second time. Delgrotto leaned forward and blew out the candle. “Close the door and be very quiet.”

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“The birds aren’t sounding off, neither are the monkeys.” But Rachael obediently closed the door and dropped the bar in place. “What’s wrong?” Always before she’d heard the clear warning of the animals as an intruder moved through their territory. “Maybe it’s Rio coming back.” But she knew it wasn’t. Cold fingers touched her spine, sent a chill of fear through her body.

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“It isn’t Rio. Do you know the way to the village?”

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Rachael shook her head. “I’ve never been there.”

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“You might be able to follow Rio, using scent, but I know him. He’ll have tried to go to the water several times to throw anyone off. He’s very careful. He must have an escape hole other than the front door.”

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“Yes, but we don’t even know what’s out there.”

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“If a man was out there, the forest would have been in an uproar. It’s a leopard, and he knows the ways of the animals. He knows to soothe them as he passes by, careful not to look as if he’s hunting. And he must be hunting to want to come to us so silently.”

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“I came here hoping to escape the trouble I was in,” Rachael confessed readily. “They sent someone after me once already. You should go, I can show you the escape door. You shouldn’t be here with me.”

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“I may be an old man, Rachael, but I am capable of helping you protect your life. I would never slink back to Rio and tell him I left his woman alone to fend off an attacker. I could never live with myself.”

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She had an idea Rio might not look too kindly on him either. “Kim Pang came by earlier and told Rio his father had a vision about a party of researchers entering the forest looking for medicinal plants. Tama is guiding them, but his father was still very much worried. He didn’t believe they were researchers.”

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“An ordinary man would not be able to keep the animals quiet. Nor would he be able to escape the eye of one of Pang’s sons.”

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“He also said the man who approached him asking for a guide knew the traditions and honor system of the forest. I think he suspected he was of the same species as Rio.” She took a deep breath. “It could be that my brother is hunting me.”

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“Your own kin?”

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“It’s a possibility. There’s a price on my head. I think it best that you go while you can.”

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“To trade the life of my grandson for your life? I will not. I doubt it’s safe in the forest. We’re better off here, with Rio’s weapons. If we must escape, we’ll do so when we know it’s our only option,” Delgrotto decided.

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A leopard moaned quite close. She recognized the haunting call of the clouded leopard, Fritz warning her. Somehow the small leopard’s acceptance gave her hope. Rachael shoved a knife, sheathed in leather, into the waistband of her jeans. She picked up the smaller of the two handguns.

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Delgrotto reached out and drew her into the center of the room, away from the windows. “Don’t move.”

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She heard the soft thud of something heavy landing on the verandah. Something walked around the house, fur whispering along the railing, brushing against the creeper vines and sliding over the window. Shadows moved, dark enough to make her heart leap into her throat.

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They waited. Rachael did what she always did when the tension was too much. She counted. It was a mindless, silly habit, but it worked to keep her brain calm, allowing her to think clearly. There was silence again. The wind sighed through the canopy and the rain poured down steadily. The tip of a knife appeared along the inside edge of the door beneath the bar. It slowly began to rise.

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Rachael moved to the side of the door. “Here’s the thing about night visitors.” She spoke very matter-of-factly. “If they don’t have manners, we figure they aren’t worth keeping around so we just shoot them. Take your knife out of my door and knock like a normal person or I’m going to empty this gun into the wall.”

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There was a brief hesitation and the knife disappeared. Another moment of silence and the knock came on the door.

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Rachael signaled to the elder to take a gun and move into the shadow of the bedroom out of sight. Only when he had merged into the gray did she reach out and lift the bar. “Only one person better step through that door and you’d better step through with your hands raised.” She moved again, so they wouldn’t be able to get a fix on her voice if they came in shooting.

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The door swung open slowly. “I’m not armed, Rachael.”

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For a moment she couldn’t think. Couldn’t breathe. Her heart pounded like a runaway drum and her mouth went dry. She stood there, fighting for air, uncertain what she would do. Rachael cleared her throat and forced the words out. “Come in, shut the door, and bar it. I want to see your hands every second.”

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“Damn it, Rachael. You know who I am.” The door was slammed just that bit too hard. Elijah dropped the bar in place and swung his head to glare at her. Tall, muscular, broad-shouldered, his black hair fell in the same riot of waves as hers did. “What the hell were you thinking, taking off like that?”

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“Why are you here?” She didn’t lower the gun an inch.

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“Put the damn thing down before you shoot yourself. You wouldn’t shoot me, not in a million years, so quit pretending you’re tough.” He took a step toward her.

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“She might not shoot you, but I have a very clear shot and I won’t hesitate,” Delgrotto said in a low, disembodied tone.

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Rachael watched her brother stiffen, watched the shock spread over his face. He’d always been so careful, paid attention to every detail. “Rachael, tell him who I am.”

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“Elijah Lospostos. My brother. You have a lot of explaining to do Elijah.” She was looking at his bare feet, jeans, and unbuttoned shirt. “You shifted into the form of a leopard, didn’t you? How long have you been able to do that?”

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He shrugged. “I’ve been traveling fast, Rachael. It wasn’t easy picking up your scent, not until I found it in the leopard form. I had a hell of a time getting away from camp with that guide always watching my every move. I could use something to drink, and I wouldn’t mind sitting down. And put the guns down. What kind of welcome is this? I traveled a thousand miles to save your butt.”

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“No one asked you to, Elijah,” she said softly. “I never asked to be saved.” She blinked back tears. “Do you know a man named Duncan Powell?”

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Her brother went ramrod stiff. “Has he been here? He’s a killer, Rachael, and he’s one of us. He’ll be able to track you anywhere. Duncan is one of Armando’s hired guns. If he’s here . . .”

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“He’s dead,” she interrupted. “He left a cobra in my bedroom and then followed me here.” She lifted her chin and glared at him. “Why did you come?”

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Elijah pulled out a chair from the table and sank into it. “I told you why. Why do I always come after you? You can’t go running around unprotected, Rachael. If Armando gets his hands on you . . .”

□□□

“He’ll have me killed? He’s been trying to do that since I was nine. You should have let me disappear, Elijah. I didn’t go to the police, I didn’t say a word to the authorities about Tony and I wouldn’t. I just want out. You should have let me go.”

□□□

“You think Armando’s going to believe you drowned in a river without seeing the body? Hell, Rachael, you’ve forgotten everything I taught you. He knows you’re here. He’s coming after you with everything he’s got.”

□□□

“And so you dropped all your business and hastily rushed off to the wilds of the rain forest to save me the way you always do.”

□□□

“Rachael, what’s this about? Why didn’t you come to me, talk about this? Of course I followed you. I’m not going to allow him to kill you.”

□□□

Rachael placed the gun on the sink and pressed her back into the wall beside it. She looked small and vulnerable instead of the woman who had been so ready to fight just minutes earlier. Tears glittered in her eyes. “No? I thought it might be a help to you. Isn’t that what you said, Elijah? Didn’t you hope he’d find me and take the burden off your hands once and for all? Didn’t you tell me yourself your life would be so much better, so much easier if I were dead?”

□□□

He stood up so fast the chair went over backwards, taking a step toward her. The elder, deep in the shadows, stirred, reminding him to be cautious, and Elijah stopped. “Rachael. Do you honestly think I came here to kill you?”

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"There's a price on my head."

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"To keep youalive. Armando moved fast. He picked up the girl who wore your clothes and a wig. She was sent to me via messenger and it wasn't a pretty sight."

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Rachael turned her face away, her hand going to her throat in a protective gesture, a sound, much like strangling, emerging.

□□□

"This gun is getting heavy, Rachael," Delgrotto said. "I think you and your brother should be alone. I doubt if he poses much of a threat, but Rio might come back unexpectedly. I'll go onto the verandah."

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"Rio couldn't possibly return before dawn."

□□□

"He travels with those small leopards. It's likely one went to warn him."

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The color drained from Rachael's face. "You have to go, Elijah. Get out of here right now."

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Elijah waved her words away. "Look at me, Rachael. Turn your head and look at me. I want to see your face when you tell me you believed I sent those men out to kill you. Damn it." His fist hit the tabletop. "I spent my life fighting to keep us alive."

□□□

"You said you wished I was dead."

□□□

"Inever said that." He glanced at the elder, frustration plain on his face. Delgrotto took the hint and slipped outside to leave them alone. "All right, the truth is, I don't know what the hell I said to you that day. I was terrified for you and angry at you for not confiding in me. I had to shoot Tony right in front of you." Elijah swept a hand over his face. "I knew what that would do to you, shooting him in front of you."

□□□

Rachael faced her brother across the table. "You killed him, Elijah. You killed Tony because he was with me. You became the very thing we both abhorred."

□□□

"You aren't thinking, Rachael." He dragged his hands through his hair in agitation. "He knew about us. He knew what we were. Worse, he belonged to Armando's crew. He was feeding him information."

□□□

"You don't know that."

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"Who was he Rachael? How did you meet him?"

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"Marcia Tolstoy is his sister. She introduced us. We weren't dating. He was just a nice man, lonely like me."

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"He wasn't a nice man, and he wasn't Marcia Tolstoy's brother. Armando paid her to tell you that, and before you say she would never do that, remember everyone has a price. Armando found hers. If you'd told me about Tony, I would have checked him out quietly and let you know to break off

the friendship. By the time I found out about him, you were already in the car with him. I didn't have time to take him down easy. He was taking you to one of Armando's warehouses."

□□□

"We were going out to dinner."

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"Have I ever lied to you? Never, Rachael. It's always been the two of us, ever since we were children and there was only us."

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"How do I know you're telling me the truth? How do I know what's the truth and what's a lie? My uncle murdered my parents. I thought he loved us. I thought he loved Mom and Dad. Dad was his brother. What does that tell a child, Elijah? The world isn't a very safe place and you can't trust anyone. Not even family." Rachael swung around and filled a glass of water for him, needing something to do.

□□□

"I would never, under any circumstances, order your death. You're my sister, my only family, and I love you. You don't have to believe me, Rachael. I know you're hurt and angry and very mixed-up. I didn't have time to talk to you."

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"You had time to pull me out of the car before you killed him. And you had time to lock me in the house afterward."

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"You were hysterical. He went for his gun, Rachael. You didn't see him make his move because you were fighting me as I pulled you out of the car. You wouldn't listen to me and you were threatening to go to the police. I did my best to carry out Dad's wishes and make the business legitimate. It hasn't been easy. I know too much about Armando, just as you do. He can't allow us to live. As long as he thought I was with him, that I could control you, we both were safe. Once I made my move against him, Armando wanted to kill you not only to punish me, but to silence you. You should never have talked to Tony."

□□□

Her dark eyes flashed. "I wouldnever tell an outsider our business, certainly not a man I knew nothing about. I wouldn't risk your life or his. I went out with him."

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"And he never asked you questions about me?"

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"He asked if you were my brother and I said yes. You are. It's common knowledge. It shouldn't have gotten him killed."

□□□

"Rachael, let's start with something we know. Tell me you know I love you. You must know everything I've done in my life I've done for you. For us. To keep us alive. I was a child too. I had no power. No one to help us. I had no choice if we were to stay alive. I had to join with Armando or he would have killed us both on the spot. I traded my soul for a chance for both of us to live."

□□□

She flung herself into his arms. "I know you did. I know you did it for me. I knew you could have gotten away if you didn't have me to try to protect."

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“Does it really make sense to you that I spent all those years protecting you and now I’d suddenly want you dead?” He wrapped his arms around her, hugged her hard.

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“It was so awful. I felt responsible and I didn’t know why you would do such a terrible thing. Power corrupts, Elijah. I’ve seen you fight it. You tried to make the business legitimate, but at the same time, you had to do the things that allowed Armando to think you were a part of the business.”

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“I had no choice but to run the business the way Armando wanted. We inherited half of everything, Rachael. Armando wanted it all, and he wanted it to remain his. When he found out Dad wanted to get out from under it, he had them followed. He discovered Mom could shift into the form of a leopard. He found his perfect assassins. Stealthy. Cunning. Intelligent.”

□□□

“So Dad took us all to Florida.”

□□□

“That was because Mom was afraid her people would harm Dad. So he moved us to the Glades. Mom could still run, and he was out from under the business. But of course it didn’t work that way. He owned too much and knew too much. He was slowly trying to get out from under the companies. Armando wasn’t going to let that happen. All the while I was out with my wonderful uncle, doing his little tasks for him because he let me run free. I was so stupid. I told Mom and Dad that Armando knew about me shifting, that I did it all the time in front of him. Mom had been so secretive and I wanted her to know it was okay, that he didn’t mind. They were both so upset, and they must have talked to him. Armando arranged to meet with Mom and Dad and he killed both of them.”

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“And I saw it.” Rachael pulled away from him. “I’ll never forget his face when he turned and saw me standing there.”

□□□

“Do you think I liked doing the things I had to do? He held you hostage, Rachael. He never bothered to hide what he did from you. The more you knew, the more of a liability you were to him and the more I had to do to make it worth his while to keep you alive. He needed me. I was like Mom and a tremendous asset to him. And he knew that he couldn’t kill both of us and get away with it. As soon as possible, I made certain he knew there was proof, if something happened to either of us.”

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“But Elijah, I saw you do things just like he did them. You’re not the same. You’ve grown distant and colder. I tried to talk to you about it and you brushed it off.”

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“He was making another move against us. And I was planning to kill him. I didn’t want you involved.” He said it bluntly. “If you knew, you’d be as guilty as me. You couldn’t know the things I had to do. One of us had to be something Mom would be proud of.” He looked down at his hands. “If it makes you feel any better, I never killed an innocent. I never stooped that low.”

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“You ran drugs, you smuggled weapons. You trained assassins.” She flung the accusations at him, stepping away, pain breathing in her lungs.

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He took a step toward her, wanting to shake her. “Damn it, Rachael. If you don’t want to believe me about Tony, don’t, but don’t look at me as if I’m some monster you don’t know. Armando isn’t going to let you live. He can’t. You’re a knife poised over his head. You’re an eyewitness to murder. I have no intention of leaving here without you. Armando’s men are swarming up and down the river. He imported a couple of the best trackers. Men like Duncan. You can’t stay here, Rachael. Come home with me where I can keep you safe.”

□□□

There was no sound other than the wind and rain. The door was partially open and the wind blew in, stirring the mosquito net, setting it dancing. Rachael felt the wind on her face. Elijah felt the blade cut into his throat. Hot breath fanned his cheek. A soft growl rumbled dangerously close to his ear. “She isn’t going anywhere with you.”

□□□

Eighteen

□□□

Rio pressed the blade deeper into Elijah’s throat. “She isn’t going anywherewith you.” His voice was gravelly, a growl of sheer menace. “Not now. Not ever.”

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“Rio, no, you can’t hurt him,” Rachael protested. “This is Elijah, my brother.”

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Elijah didn’t move a muscle. He stayed perfectly still, feeling the burning sting of the blade across his throat. Instead of loosening his grip at Rachael’s command, Rio tightened his arm until it was a steel band, a vise squeezing ever tighter.

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“Stay where you are, Rachael. This gentleman and I are going outside together. If you want to live, Elijah, take very small steps in exact sync with mine. One wrong move and you’re a dead man.”

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“Rio, what are you doing?” Rachael took a step toward them.

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The knife drew blood. Elijah held up his hand to his sister, halting her progress instantly. She watched with enormous eyes as the two men moved together out the door, back onto the verandah. Rachael followed at a safe distance, her heart pounding.

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“I know you’re armed.”

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“Yes.”

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“Where?”

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“Gun at the small of my back. A second strapped to my leg. I have a knife up my sleeve and a second under my left arm.”

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Rachael blinked. She glanced at the elder, who remained sitting quietly on the sofa as if they were all having tea. She had no idea her brother was armed. Where had all the weapons come from?

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“Tell me why I should keep you alive.” The words were barely audible, a whisper of menace in the dead of the night. “Don’t look to Rachael to get you out of this. She loves you. It’s me you have to convince. Because I don’t love you.”

□□□

Rio ignored the elder sitting so quietly on the verandah. He was already banished, condemned for all time for a deed he could never take back. He might as well do something worthwhile and remove all threats to Rachael’s life while he was racking up the sins.

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“I love my sister,” Elijah answered quietly. His voice came out in a croak. “You don’t have to believe me.”

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“I have to believe you if you’re going to live. Rachael deserves a life.”

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“Yes, she does. I’m not her enemy.” Elijah stayed very still, aware that at no time did the knife waver from his throat. He had learned patience in a hard school, knowing most of the time there would be a moment of distraction when he could make his move, but there was no give in the man behind him. The dozens of defense moves he had perfected would never work against that viselike grip. Elijah sighed. “Two reasons. I followed her here to save her life. And better than that, if you don’t release me, she’s going to be so pissed with you, you’ll wish you’d stayed in your animal form.”

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Rio glanced at the open door where Rachael stood with her hand pressed to her mouth. She looked a bit shocked but it wouldn’t last long. She shook her head at him in silent appeal, her eyes anxious.

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Rio slowly eased the razor-sharp blade from Elijah’s throat and stepped away. “Put all your weapons on the floor in front of you. Be very careful, Elijah. You know our people. We see everything in hunting mode. Right now, consider me a hunter.”

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Elijah, with deliberate slowness, removed the weapons and stacked them neatly on the verandah. Rachael stared in horror at the growing pile.

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“Take them into the house,sestrilla, ” Rio said, keeping his voice as gentle as possible. He waited until she’d gathered up the guns and knives and disappeared into the house. “Turn around, very slowly.”

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Elijah turned around to face Rio for the first time. They stared at one another, two strong males with ice-cold eyes and a dangerous temperament disguised with a carefully cultivated civilized demeanor.

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Rachael’s brother spoke first. “I’m Elijah Lospostos, Rachael’s brother.”

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“You’re the one who put a million-dollar price on her head.”

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“I had to move fast. I figured between the government officials and bandits, everyone would work very hard to keep Rachael alive. Our uncle would have to use his assassins to hunt her. He wouldn’t find anyone willing to give up that kind of money, not and kill her. I made it too

irresistible to pass it up. No one was going to kill her.” He tilted his head to one side studying Rio. “You’ve forgotten your clothes.”

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Rio shrugged, the knife never wavering. “Bad habit of mine. Have you had any coffee? I could use something to drink.”

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Rachael pushed past her brother to wrap her arm around Rio’s waist. “You need to sit down. Did you get there in time?”

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Rio kept his penetrating gaze on Elijah. “Yes. He’s going to be fine, Elder.”

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Rachael couldn’t help smiling at the older man, but he turned his face away. She caught the sheen of tears glistening in his eyes, and his hands shook as he lifted them to wipe his face. “Thank you, Rio.” The voice was choked, barely audible.

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“He’s a good boy.”

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Rachael urged Rio toward the door. He was swaying with weariness. Rio bared his teeth at Elijah in a semblance of a smile and waved him toward the door first.

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“Call off the others first,” Elijah said without moving. “I know they’re waiting.”

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Rachael listened. She heard the moaning of the wind. The rhythm of the rain. “Fritz and Franz,” she turned her face up toward Rio. “Are they inside? Waiting for him to go in?”

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Rio grinned at her. His face was pale and there was a sheen of perspiration coating his skin. “Of course. They like to hunt too.”

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“Very funny. Call them off.”

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Rio uttered a series of vocalizations. Rachael watched her brother’s face. He was frowning. She dug her nails into Rio’s bare skin. “What exactly did you tell them?”

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“To be alert,” Elijah answered for her. “What are those two little cubs doing? I’ve never heard of training cubs for combat.”

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Rachael rolled her eyes. “Don’t think for one minute those little demon seeds are cubs. They’re fully grown clouded leopards with bad manners, tempers and very lethal saber-toothed tiger teeth.”

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“I take it you had a run-in with them.” Elijah hadn’t budged. He stared into the darkened interior of the house, but refused to take one step into the room.

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“One of them nearly took my leg off. Don’t be a baby.” She was trying not to notice her brother’s throat was bleeding. He hadn’t once touched it. She tried not to notice the knife still in Rio’s hand, his gaze focused and unblinking on her brother’s face. “Rio wouldn’t have you go in if it

wasn’t safe.” She tried to say the words with conviction, but her tone was more a question than reassurance.

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“It might be a good way to get rid of me without guilt,” Elijah said.

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“I wouldn’t feel guilt if I had to get rid of you,” Rio answered easily. “Go in.”

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Elijah sighed and entered the house, obviously on the alert. He was a shifter, a very good one, fast and efficient, a killer should there be need, but his clothes would hamper him, slow him down when he might need the speed against two fifty-pound leopards. He saw the eyes gleaming at him in the darkness. The two cats had separated and were waiting patiently. One crouched on the mantle, the other was belly to the ground beside the chair. Just waiting. Ears flat, lips snarling. Eyes glowing.

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Rio felt the effects of traveling so many miles in such a short time. His body burned with fatigue. He hadn’t had the necessary time to recoup after donating more blood than he could afford. Franz had called him from a distance, alerting him to the danger to Rachael. Rio slugged down the orange juice and rushed out, not taking the time to rest from the dizzying blood loss. The trip back had been a nightmare, terror choking him. He pushed the swift-moving leopard to the limit, racing across the miles even when the beast burned for air.

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“Rio?” Rachael’s voice was a soft concern. “Come sit down. Between your arsenal and my brother’s, we have enough weapons to start a war. If any other neighbor comes calling, begging for sugar, I say we should just shoot them.”

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“We can’t do that,” Rio protested. “Tama’s bound to come looking for his stray researcher.”

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Elijah pushed his hand through his hair. “That guide is a pain in the butt. I had to have a couple of my men create a minor catastrophe in order to get his eyes off of me.” He stepped cautiously around the chair and sank onto the sofa.

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“The garrote.” Rio ordered as he caught up a pair of jeans and stepped into them. “Take that off too.”

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Rachael’s eyebrows flew up. “Elijah, you can’t be carrying a garrote.”

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“I forgot about it.” Elijah reached up to remove the necklace from around his throat. He handed it to his sister to be added to the growing stockpile of weapons.

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Rachael heaved an exaggerated sigh. “The two of you are crazy.”

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“Probably,” Rio conceded. He took the glass of water she gave him and tipped the entire contents down his throat. “I take it Elijah didn’t try to kill you.”

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“Tony was working for Armando.” She busied herself making coffee so she wouldn’t have to look at either of them. Her hands were shaking. Her knees felt weak. She had dreaded this moment for so long and now she didn’t know how to feel. She almost didn’t trust the relief sweeping through her and she was afraid she might start crying all over both of them. “You had it figured out. Elijah is a shifter.”

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“So of course you couldn’t go to the police. The first rule is we keep everything in our realm.” Rio let out his breath slowly. “And Armando is using shifters as assassins.”

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“He bribed a couple of shifters in South America. Or maybe he blackmailed them, I don’t know. He’s capable of anything. He could have threatened to burn down the rain forest, or take a major hunting party in to wipe everyone out.” Elijah stretched his legs out in front of him, his black eyes gleaming like obsidian in the night. “I’m not certain he’s human. I went into his house one night. The leopard can go in so stealthily, I was certain I could take him.” He sighed and shook his head. “He isn’t a man, he’s a devil. He had a double in his room and he was nowhere to be found.”

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“How many shifters does he have?”

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“Two that I know of. I doubt if he has more. We’re an elusive bunch, and he doesn’t spend a great deal of time in South America. Duncan was one of them.”

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The elder came in and inclined his head. “I must go back to the village and care for my grandson. I thank you for what you did, Rio.”

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“I was happy to be of some small service, Elder,” Rio replied. “I do want news of Drake should you hear. I was unable to get near Joshua and no one else volunteered the information.”

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Rachael’s head snapped up. She glared at the old man. “Who did you say was civilized?” She asked sweetly.

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“Hafelina.”There was more love than reprimand in the single endearment.

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Little cat. She knew it now. Knew what he called her. The long-forgotten language was one she distantly remembered from her childhood and it was beginning to come back to her.

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Elijah sat up very straight, a frown on his face. He shook his head but remained silent as the older man came into the room. There was a dignity about him that demanded respect.

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“Don’t reprimand her for speaking her mind or defending you, Rio,” the elder said. “She is a woman of courage and integrity. I am no longer a member of the council, but I am bound by our laws. I’ll do my best to change what was decreed, but I face punishment for my actions. I wish that I’d taken action some time ago instead of waiting until a personal crisis happened. I’ll send word of Drake’s condition immediately. Don’t get up, I’ll shift on the verandah. My pack is out there.” He smiled at Rachael. “I am blessed I had such an opportunity to meet you and exchange ideas.”

His gaze went to Elijah. “Your sister has taught an old man it is never too late to right a wrong. You know the right path.”

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Elijah gripped the arms of the chair hard, nails digging deep. “There is no redemption for what I’ve done.”

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Delgrotto smiled. “Even the sacred high council can be wrong. Who can measure the worth of a man but his own sense of honor?”

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Elijah looked away from the warmth in those old eyes. “If I can’t forgive myself, how would I ever accept forgiveness from others?”

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“No council can turn away the request of asylum, of sanctuary. It matters little where you were born. There are few true shifters left in this world. We can’t afford to lose any of them.” The elder moved into the shadows of the verandah, shedding his clothes and packing them carefully in the traditional leather bag he strapped around his neck before shifting.

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There was a long silence. Rachael sighed. “I really wanted to detest that man.”

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“He’s a good man,” Rio said. “He’s right to believe in the laws that govern our people. We can’t be judged by human standards and we can’t take our problems to the police. We have to protect and patrol our own ranks.”

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“I see what’s going on here,” Elijah said. “Only a man who has found his mate refers to her assestrilla orhafelina. You can’t have Rachael. You can’t possibly protect her from Armando. I didn’t keep her alive this entire time to let her die out here in this jungle.”

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There was a whip to his voice and Rachael winced visibly. Ignoring Elijah, she took a bowl of the vegetable soup and a cup of coffee to Rio. “Eat all of it, you need it,” she encouraged. “And don’t give me any guff over your precious elder. He isn’t a bad man, he’s just not as wise as a woman.”

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Elijah groaned. “Don’t get her started with the women being superior to men argument, we’ll get nowhere with this. Rachael, you can’t stay. I can tell you feel something for this man, but you can’t stay.”

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“I’m in love with him, Elijah.” Rachael said it quietly, staring into her brother’s eyes as she handed him a bowl of soup.

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“Damn it, Rachael.”

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Rachael huffed out her breath in exasperation. “Why is it men always say that to me? I seem to bring out swearing in the male species.”

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She curled up across from Elijah, settling on the arm of Rio’s chair, her arms curving around his neck. She had to touch him, her fingers smoothing his shaggy hair. She wanted to inspect his body and make certain there were no scratches to get infected in the humidity of the forest. She had to be content with teasing the nape of his neck with her fingers.

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Rio exchanged a long look of understanding with Elijah. “I understand completely, she tends to make me swear too.” He followed the admission with a yelp when she tugged at his hair. “I’m Rio, by the way, Rio Santana.”

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“You’ll have to come back where I can protect you too, then. I have soldiers. My home is a fortress. I can keep you both safe. I live near the Glades so you’ll be able to run free when the need strikes.” Elijah stared at Rio hard, his gaze piercing and focused, a mixture of promised retaliation and challenge.

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“You may be able to protect Rachael there, but I can do just as good a job or better here,” Rio replied mildly. He leaned his head back into the strong massage of her fingers. “Before you get all bent out of shape, has it occurred to you that you need to do something different? Something unexpected? Your uncle knows you. He raised you. He knows how your mind works. But he doesn’t know how my mind works. He doesn’t even know about me.”

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Rachael nuzzled the top of Rio’s head with her chin. Her breasts brushed the side of his face, soft and warm and inviting when he was bone weary. “You need to sleep, Rio. I can feel how tired you are.”

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“Armando will not come to this place.”

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“Sure he will. If the stakes are high enough. If he thinks he has a chance to win the game for good. It isn’t all that hard to find someone to bribe to leak vital information. He has to have someone in his pay, someone who can supply him with information. It could even be some of the bandits. They’d want to collect from both sides.”

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Rio drank the remainder of the soup and put the bowl on a small end table. His hand found Rachael’s. At once he brought her fingers to his mouth. All the time he watched Elijah.

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Elijah regarded him through half-closed eyes. “You’re thinking to feed him information on Rachael. Something that will bring him here to make certain the job is done right. He’d want to know it’s finished. He’d want to know she was dead and he’d want me to know it.”

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Rio nodded. “There are bandits up and down the river. Some are fairly decent men, just trying to make a living. There are one or two tribes who would be willing to give us aid here and there. This is my realm, not his. He’s infiltrated South America; I doubt he’s had time here.”

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“Duncan knew the layout of the house,” Rachael said. “Someone told him.”

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“Not necessarily. Delgrotto knew nothing of Duncan. As an elder, all information of importance is brought before the council. A member of our species unknown to us would be considered of great importance. I doubt if Duncan had any contact with anyone from my people. He was a shifter and he knew shifters populated this area. He listened to Tomas and his men, gathered information on my team and guessed we were shifters. As a

leopard, he could easily find the scents and track us, where as a man, he would find it impossible. Most importantly, Duncan didn't have time to get this information to Armando. He was captured by bandits and then he came nosing around here, looking for Rachael. He found me instead."

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Elijah rubbed his jaw. "So your idea is to bring Armando here?"

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"Rachael isn't going back. She's my woman. You know the legends, and you can call them myths if you like, but I know she's supposed to be with me and the only way you're going to take her from me is over my dead body."

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Elijah shrugged his broad shoulders. "It wouldn't be the first time."

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Rachael knocked a heavy book to the floor. It hit with a thud and brought an abrupt silence. "If you both keep it up," she hissed between bared teeth, "I'm dumping the rest of the soup over your heads. Get some brain cells working here, you two. I love you both. Posturing and threatening each other isn't winning any points with me. In fact, it's downright irritating." Rachael snatched her hand back from Rio and caught up the empty soup bowl. "Elijah, you want coffee or not?"

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"Are you going to dump it in my lap?"

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"I'm not sure yet."

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"Then I think I'll pass until you get over your little . . ." he broke off abruptly as Rio frantically signaled him to silence.

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Rachael turned to glare at her brother. "I know you weren't going to accuse me of being moody—or temperamental. You deserve an entire pot of coffee in your lap. You should have talked to me. I'm a grown woman, not a child to be protected. I know exactly what Armando's capable of and I knew you had no choice but to try to get rid of him if either of us was going to have a chance at a normal life." She swung around to include Rio in her displeasure. "If you ever get a thick-headed notion to go all silent and macho on me, please just get over it fast. I'm likely to smack you with another stick if you do."

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Elijah's eyebrow shot up. "She smacked you with a stick?"

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"Gave me a scar," Rio said proudly and swept back his black hair to reveal the jagged white line. "Right on the temple too. She nearly took my head off."

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"She knows what she's doing," Elijah confirmed. "And she hits like a man, but she can't cook very well."

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"I'm a good cook," Rachael said, outraged. "I'm a very good cook. I can't help it if you don't like anything other than rice and beans. And no spices."

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"There's such a thing as too much spice," Elijah said.

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Rio grinned wickedly at Rachael. “Oh, I don’t know, Elijah, you might be missing out. Live a little.”

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Rachael groaned and rinsed the dishes, but she was smiling again. The man had a sinful mouth and he had a way of putting fantasies in her head at the most inopportune times.

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Rio leaned back in his chair. “The elder had a good idea. If you went to the village and asked for asylum, they’d have to give it to you. You’d be placed under the protection of our lair. It just gives us more people to count on our side.”

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“What exactly do you do aside from piss off the local bandits?” Elijah asked.

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Rio’s grin widened. “You’ve been talking to Tomas and his men, haven’t you? Basically that’s exactly what I do. That’s my job.”

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“You do that to everyone without much effort,” Rachael pointed out.

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Franz leapt down from the mantel and scooted under Rio’s feet, peering out at Elijah curiously. Rio stretched his legs further to accommodate the small leopard. “I lay up on a knoll, or in a tree, or wherever I can find and guard my team as they go in to bring out kidnap victims, or pay ransom. I do whatever it takes to keep them safe. Once they’re out, I lay a false trail and lead the bandits away from the team and into the forest.”

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“I’ve heard the bandits have bolt-holes.”

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“There are mazes of tunnels in the cane fields, just about every field. You don’t want to drop into one of them and try to pursue, not if you value your life. We’ve had to go in a couple of times when the bandits used the tunnels to hide their prisoners. We blew up the tunnels in order to discourage them from using them for that purpose. It’s too dangerous to us, although we’ll go in if we have to.”

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“So we don’t want Armando to fall in with the bandits and get the idea of using the tunnels.”

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“If your uncle finds out she’s playing house in the forest with some local yokel, don’t you think he’d come with guns blazing? Especially if the information was given out to you, instead of him, for the million-dollar reward. We have to locate Armando’s mole and let him overhear Rachael’s been found. He’ll immediately contact your uncle and Armando will come very quickly to get here before you.”

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“He’ll send his killer after her.”

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Rio shrugged. “Of course he will. He’ll want to confirm her presence and he’ll want me out of the way. They’ll expect an easy kill.”

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“He’ll hunt you, Rio. Leopards make frightening enemies. They never turn aside and they’re as cunning as hell. I ought to know.”

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Rio grinned at Elijah, but it was a particularly lethal smirk. “I’m very aware of what a leopard can do.”

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Rachael curled up in Rio’s lap. Fitting herself to his body seemed perfectly natural. The night had taken on a surreal feel, a dreamlike quality. She couldn’t believe Elijah was sprawled in a chair only feet away from Rio, looking relaxed and at home. How had she ever doubted him? His eyes didn’t look ice-cold and merciless, although she knew they could. Right now he looked like her big brother, just lying around the house talking. She had forgotten that image of him. Elijah at rest. Elijah relaxed. Elijah with a faint smile on his face.

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She buried her face against Rio’s chest, confident he wouldn’t say a word when he felt her hot tears against his skin. He would understand the enormity of the gift she’d been given this one night. Rio wrapped his arms around her tightly, holding her close to him, protectively, just as she knew he would. He nuzzled the top of her head with his chin, one hand tunneling in her thick mass of hair, just holding her close.

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“This is my territory, Elijah. My realm. Those who enter it are subject to the laws of my people and my laws. Man or beast, it matters little. Armando may be a big deal in South America and in Florida, but he’s no one here.”

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Elijah nodded his head. “I’ve been slowly cashing out our assets and putting the money where Armando can’t touch it. He doesn’t know, of course. But I’m hoping to get Rachael and me free of our estate and go back to my homeland. Unfortunately, there are problems.”

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“You could come here, Elijah,” Rachael offered. Her voice was muffled against Rio’s chest and he couldn’t see her face. “The elders would accept you, Delgrotto already said as much. No one knows you here. You could have a new start.”

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“I don’t even know how anymore, Rachael.” Elijah looked at his sister through long lashes. His eyes were flat and cold. “If I can’t talk to you, my own sister, how do you think I could ever learn to live with others again? Thank you for the offer, but if we manage to remove the threat of Armando, the last thing I intend to do is taint your life.”

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Rachael stirred as if to protest, but Rio’s arm tightened in warning. “Let’s just take one thing at a time. Armando is first. Let’s find his mole and put out the word.”

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“He’ll know I’m here.”

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“All to the good. He’ll want to kill Rachael right under your nose. You’ve already established a research camp as your cover so you look as though you’re trying to appear legitimate to him while you search for her. Just search in the wrong areas so he’ll be convinced you’re combing the region for Rachael.”

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“So I’m the dope miles away when he tries to hit Rachael. I don’t think so. If that man sets foot in this country, I’m not leaving Rachael’s side.”

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Rachael sighed heavily. “Do you see where I get words like ‘imbecile’ and ‘idiot’ in my vocabulary? Elijah, just this once, please, for me, listen to what Rio has to say.”

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“What do you know of this man, Rachael? You’re betting your life on him.”

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“I know that. And if you’re insisting on staying, maybe both of our lives, and that ought to tell you all you need to know. I left home rather than put you in a position of having to . . .” She trailed off. Only Rio knew she jammed her fist in her mouth to choke back the words before they could be said.

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Elijah sat up straight. “I never wanted you dead. Never, Rachael. It was always the two of us. Hell, without you, what did I have to fight for? Why would I bother? I would have disappeared into the jungle and he would never have tracked me. But I didn’t think you could.”

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“Because I couldn’t shift?” She turned her head to look at her brother. “I didn’t even know we were capable of shifting. How did you know?”

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“It just happened. When I was young, a little boy. Mom told me not to say anything. We always spoke of it in whispers.”

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Rio brought up his hand to the nape of Rachael’s neck in a slow massage. “Of course. She was still trying to hide it from her new husband. He didn’t know until later. And then the elders of your mother’s lair found out an outsider knew. It had to have happened that way.”

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“Something went wrong. Mom and Dad were very nervous until we reached Florida. They were nervous for a couple of years. Mom wouldn’t allow me to shift and said I wasn’t to tell anyone.” Elijah sighed. “They were trying to protect us from our own kind. They should have been looking toward Armando.”

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“He knew, though.” Rio said. “He used to take you places and let you run.”

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“If I had just told Mom right away—but I didn’t. Just once, if I had said something to her, they might still be alive.” Elijah fell silent, listening to the soothing rain. “And then when I did tell her, I should have kept my mouth shut. Armando already had made his plans and he killed them.”

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“Their deaths had nothing to do with what you didn’t or did tell our parents, Elijah,” Rachael denied. “You can’t take on the responsibility. You did everything you could to keep us alive.”

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“I didn’t kill Armando, Rachael.”

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“Killing him might set the two of you free, Elijah,” Rio said, “but it won’t bring anyone back, and it won’t make you feel any better.”

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“I’ll settle for making certain Rachael is safe. Even if we could find a way to put him in jail, he’d send someone after her and he’d never stop until she was dead. It doesn’t matter if I went against the laws of our people and got a conviction, he’d find a way to kill her. I know him. Armando is vindictive and he hates me. In his mind, I betrayed him. He offered to make me his son. I was the heir to his empire and I went along with it for years. I had to make him believe it.”

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Elijah looked into Rio’s eyes with the focused stare of his kind. “You probably can’t understand that kind of twisted hatred, but he wants to kill Rachael more than he wants anything else. I chose her over him. That’s the way he looks at it. She held some kind of power over me, otherwise, I would have become his son.”

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“But you made your move too soon and you couldn’t get him. Why?” Rio returned the focused stare, every bit as unblinking and merciless.

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“He came to me one night and told me it was time to clean house. He wanted Rachael dead. He said he knew I couldn’t do it, so he wasn’t asking me to kill her, he didn’t need a sign of loyalty. He told me he was going to do it himself, that he wouldn’t take the chance that any of the men would dishonor her first.” Elijah drummed his fingers on the arm of the chair. “That’s exactly how he put it to me. He was casually talking about killing my sister, but not to worry, none of the men would be allowed to rape her first.”

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“So you had to make your move.”

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“I had my men in place. I had a loyal following. I got Rachael to a safe house and made my move. Unfortunately, he was still too strong. He knows the way to defeat me is to get to her. She’s everything I care about. You know that, don’t you, Rachael? I swear I don’t know what I said to you when I pulled you out of that car, but Tony was taking you to Armando, and you would have been sent back to me in pieces.”

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“It’s all right,” she said softly. “Elijah, I’m sorry I ever doubted you. Whatever was said is forgotten. Please forgive me for the terrible things I was thinking.”

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“Who could blame you, Rachael? We’ve lived with betrayal for so long it’s become a way of life for the both of us.” Elijah shifted in his chair. “So tell me what you want me to do, Rio. Let’s see if we can manage to hash out a plan to remove the threat to Rachael.”

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Rio rocked Rachael gently, a soothing, comforting gesture he was barely aware of making. Her body trembled in his arms. She was overwhelmed by everything but hung on to her calm demeanor because she was Rachael and that’s what she did. She had a way of moving him, turning him inside out over the simplest things. He felt the love she had for her brother and the fear for him all mixed together.

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“Have Tama take you downriver, far downriver, as many miles as possible. We’ll start the rumor that Rachael’s shoe was found. Then let’s get an informant on the river to tell a government official in front of Armando’s mole that Rachael is living in the forest. Once the mole gets the information to your uncle, he’ll send his leopard out to confirm first.”

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“Or kill her.”

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“Or kill her,” Rio agreed. “That will be the most critical time. You’ll have to put your trust in me and stay a long way away. I’ll try to keep you informed, but this won’t work if he even thinks you’re anywhere near her. He’ll sense a trap. You’ll have to be downriver and on the lookout for a hit on you.”

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Rachael stirred restlessly, shooting an apprehensive look at her brother. “What kind of protection did you bring with you?”

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“I have some of my best men. In the forest, it won’t be easy to surprise me, not even for his leopard assassin. Rachael, don’t worry about me. I can take care of myself,” Elijah reassured.

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“Elijah’s right,sestrilla, ” Rio murmured softly, adding his own reassurance. “I suspect your uncle would want him alive, would want him to suffer with the knowledge of your death before anything else. If we’re wrong and he sends the leopard to kill Elijah, you have to have faith in your brother’s abilities. He’s stayed alive and kept you alive all these years. He won’t be taken easily. And Tama will be with him. There isn’t a better guide, or a more responsible one, unless it’s Kim.”

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Rachael bit at her knuckles. “I don’t like this, I don’t like us separated when he comes after us.”

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“He won’t come if he knows you’re with Elijah,” Rio said patiently. “He’s afraid of Elijah. Your brother is probably the only man he is afraid of. That’s why he has to destroy him before he kills him. And the only means he has of destroying him is through you.”

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“I know of his leopard assassin, Rachael,” Elijah added. “I can take him if he comes at me. I can take him in either form, human or animal.” There was complete confidence in his voice.

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Rachael nodded and managed a faint smile, but Rio could feel her body trembling. He pulled her closer, trying to protect her from her brother’s all-seeing eyes. “Once Armando has entered the country, Kim Pang, Tama’s brother, will get word to Tama. You can head this way the moment Armando has entered our forest. I’ll have a few of my men standing by with radios to let us know where he is. He can’t take animal form, but he’ll come in with hunters, hoping to protect himself. What do you think, Elijah?”

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“I think I’m going to trust you with my sister’s life.” Elijah stood up, stretched, a completely feline motion. His eyes were hard and cold and without mercy. “Don’t let me down.”

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“Aren’t you going to stay?” Rachael asked, looking close to tears again.

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"I have to be back in camp. You never know if he has eyes or ears planted and I don't want to blow the plan before we have a chance to see if it will even work." Elijah loomed over them, tall and dangerous and very alone. "You take care of her, Rio." He brushed Rachael's head with a gentle kiss, touched her shoulder and went out into the night.

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Rachael tried to pull away from Rio to go after her brother. "Let him go. This is hard for him, to let loose of you after all these years. He needs to be alone. People like us need space, Rachael. He has to find his own way. He's spent a lifetime concentrating on keeping the both of you alive. He'll need to adjust in order to find another reason to go on. The forest is where he'll find it. He doesn't know that yet, but it will call to him."

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She ran her hands over his body, inspecting him for damage after his long run. "You need rest, Rio. At least come to bed with me."

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It sounded good to him. He wanted to lie down beside her, hold her in his arms and feel her warmth after the terror of thinking someone was attacking her. He lay for a long time listening to the wind moaning in the trees. Listening to the songs of the rain through the canopy. Listening to the rhythm of her breathing. Holding her soft body next to his, her hair crushed in his hands, his body wrapped protectively around hers. He remembered thinking happiness was an illusion, that life was simply to live until it was over, giving service to his people. Happiness was this woman in his arms. He allowed himself to drift off with the scent of her filling his lungs and the feel of her imprinted into his flesh and bones.

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Nineteen

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Rachael gripped the railing and leaned over to peer at the forest floorbelow. "I think I'm going stir crazy." She turned around to smile at Rio, half sitting on the banister. "Is that possible out here in this huge forest? And don't say I'm in one of my little moods either!"

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"Sure it is. Waiting is always the most difficult part. We know the mole passed the word, so it won't be much longer. I received word that Armando and a huge party arrived and were making their way up the river. We've got people in place watching him. He brought four big-name game hunters with him, which did cause a bit of a problem as the officials don't encourage that sort of thing."

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Rachael shivered. "Knowing that man is walking in the same forest is frightening. Armando is truly evil, Rio. It won't take him long to send out his men."

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"I know, but it's what we've been waiting for. This is probably our last chance for a little fun. They aren't in our area yet."

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"I hate that Elijah is so close and I can't go see him. I worry about him. I've always been afraid for him."

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Rio reached out to take her hand, holding her open palm over his heart. “At least this has given us some time for your leg to heal properly.”

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She turned her calf this way and that, frowning. “Properly? Is that what you call it? At least I have a leg. And Fritz is better too. He went out this morning around dawn to hunt food with Franz. I thought that was such a good sign.”

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Rio tugged on her hand until her body was tight against his. “We don’t have to stay here if you’d rather go play,” he invited softly.

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Rachael looked up at him, his weathered, beloved face. She knew every inch of that face, by touch, by vision. There was a playful gleam in his eyes, one rarely seen by anyone other than Rachael. She loved that boyish, mischievous side of him that crept out at unexpected times. “Is it safe?”

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“At the moment. I didn’t expect Armando to come himself so soon, but it doesn’t really change anything. I’m expecting your uncle’s assassin to come checking any day now, but the forest animals will alert us. We don’t have to stay here in this house if you want to stretch your legs and play a bit. I have one or two beautiful spots I haven’t had a chance to show you.” His fingers crushed strands of her hair, rubbed them together. “We’ve been putting all our energy toward rehearsals for the arrival of your uncle and we haven’t managed to take a much-needed break. The temporary hut is built, we’ve moved you in, we have people up and down the river and in the forest keeping an eye on them. I think we can take a small break.”

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Rio hadn’t chanced a single late night run since her brother had shown up. He didn’t want to leave her alone and he felt it was better to give her leg a chance to fully heal. The lure of the forest was on him, calling continually.

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Rachael’s smile widened and she peeled off the shirt she was wearing, flinging it aside without hesitation. It left her standing in her silky thong and nothing else. Rio inhaled sharply, drawing the scent of her into his lungs. Breathing Rachael in was becoming a habit. “Maybe we should just stay here,” he murmured softly. Her breasts were beautiful, full and ripe and so perfect he had to touch them. His fingers whispered over her skin, tugged at her nipples just to see them peak for him.

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“Maybe we shouldn’t. I want to go run. You can wait here for me though.” Rachael shimmied out of her thong, enjoying the way he watched her. She had never thought about being a sexual being until she was around Rio. He made her so aware of her own body, of his body. Of what they could have together. She moved enticingly, wholly feminine, catching at a branch above her head. “You can be thinking about me while I’m gone,” she teased.

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“You aren’t going anywhere without me,” he declared, hastily shedding clothes. She was already shifting, a sleek female leopard with rounded curves and a feline body built for speed and endurance. She leapt to a neighboring branch and hurried along the slanting limb to the next overlapping one.

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Rio didn’t take time to fold his clothes neatly. The wildness was already upon him, starting in the pit of his stomach, an uncontrollable longing for freedom. His muscles contorted and he shifted in the air, making a flying dive for the branches below him that intersected with the ones she was on.

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Rachael leapt from branch to branch, fully aware that Rio was giving chase. If a leopard could have laughed aloud, she would have. She couldn’t believe the turn her life had taken. She’d made one small mistake, thinking his house was a hut travelers used, and it had been the best mistake she’d ever made.

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Happiness burst through her, shining bright and perfect. She made it to the forest floor and took off, leaping over fallen tree trunks and larger shrubs. Her claws dug into the vegetation to give her extra spring. Rio was coming at her fast, an enormous male with every intention of running her down.

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Rachael began to play at dodging him, winding through the trees, staying on the course he obviously wanted her to take. When she went in the wrong direction, he loomed in front of her, too large to go around and too big to confront. She didn’t care, the freedom of playing was wonderful. The forest was beautiful, every detail vivid and bright. She played with a toad who didn’t seem too appreciative of the company and then raced ahead when Rio nosed at the little creature.

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She didn’t see the embankment until too late, trying to put the brakes on as she tumbled and landed in the wide blue pool. It was a natural small fall, a basin formed of solid rock. The waterfall was gentle, a long spray of white froth that fell into the clear water. Ferns sprouted everywhere, long and lacy and tall and bushy. Rachael came up for air, shifting as she did so, laughing so hard she went under twice.

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Rio caught her around the waist with one strong arm, lifting her to her feet near the edge of the pool. “You reckless, crazy woman. You nearly gave me a heart attack.” His voice purred rather than scolded, a wash of velvet over her skin.

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Rio touched her face gently, his fingertips tracing the line of her cheek, her jaw, his touch as light as the brush of the wings of the bright butterflies that swarmed over the trees. Yet the impact was a bolt of lightning streaking through her body. His hands settled on the sides of her face, framing her with tenderness while he stared into her eyes.

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There was such an intensity of love there, deep in the depths of his vivid green gaze. Desire and hunger burned in the background, but love shone like a bright light consuming her. He lowered his head slowly toward hers. That sensual movement caused her deepest core to react, an exquisite tightening of every muscle, a heat spreading through her to pool into a piercing ache at the junction of her legs.

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His body bent over hers, yet his skin didn’t quite touch her, a breath of air between them, a breeze fanning the heat that made up their skin. Water slapped at their bodies, frothing from the beat of the falls as millions

of droplets entered the pool to swarm around them, touching skin like fingers, stroking a river of sensation over them.

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His lips just brushed hers. Gently. Tenderly. The merest touch, yet flames flickered and danced. Hot need rushed through her and spread to every vein, every cell. Rachael leaned closer, lifting her mouth to his. The tips of her breasts caressed his chest lightly, spread flames across skin, a flash point neither expected. Rachael sighed against his mouth, a soft submissive sound, as she opened her mouth to his. Took him inside her. Heat and fire and silk. Something moved inside of her. Recognized him. She felt her other self—rising. Not a takeover, rather a joining.

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Rio deepened the kiss, cupping her face in his hands, sliding his fingers around to cradle the back of her head as he kissed her, and his other self rose up to merge with her. Sensation increased, every touch, every taste. The mist from the waterfall on their skin was a tongue touching, licking along their bodies.

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Rachael gasped as sensual pleasure infused her, took her over, robbing her of breath, of thought. She leaned into him, rubbed her skin against his skin, wanting the tactile contact. When he lifted his head to take a breath, she lapped at the mist on his chest, her tongue following tiny beads down his belly. His hands moved over her, finding every spot that could make her cry out with passion, that would inflame her more.

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Rachael melted into him, skin to skin, rubbing and caressing and needing to touch him, every square inch of him. There was never enough kissing, never enough tasting, and there would never be enough time to explore him the way she wanted before her body made urgent demands.

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“You’re purring,” he murmured softly. “I love the way you purr when I touch you.” His mouth wandered down her throat, lingered in the inviting hollow there, drifted lower to taste the droplets of water running over her. His hands went lower, shaped her hips, smoothed over her buttocks to lift her off her feet.

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Rachael locked her legs around him. “Do I purr? I didn’t know that. I can’t help myself.” Her teeth nibbled over his shoulder, up his neck to the point of his chin. Her breath was warm and inviting like the soft satin of her skin. “You’d make anyone purr, Rio. Do you feel the leopard in me merging with the leopard in you? How can that happen? How can we experience what they feel when we’re really one with them?”

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“You’re letting me all the way into your mind. All the way into your heart and body. That includes the leopard in you, and my leopard is eager for yours. We’re a mated pair, Rachael. Not all of us have that in a single lifetime. I suspect we’ve been a mated pair in more than one lifetime. You feel so familiar to me.” He lowered her body over his and closed his eyes as the incredible sensual pleasure engulfed him.

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His blood ran hot through his body, burst through his veins like a wildfire out of control, raced to his head to explode in a rush of heat and flame. She was tight and hot, a velvet sheath gripping his body, surrounding him with so much pleasure it rode the edge of pain. He felt

everything for her at once, wild lust, a greedy need, overwhelming love and tenderness. He wanted to take his time, surging in and out of her, rocking her while the water lapped at their bodies, but the pleasure was too intense, even with his slow thrusting. They were too hot, the heat arcing between them and rising fast no matter how hard he tried to slow them down. Her nails dug into his skin. Her head was thrown back, the line of her throat exposed.

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Deep inside where it counted, they moved together, blended and merged, becoming one being in one skin. Rachael's soft cry took the last of his control. Her body tightened around his, gripped and clung and made demands. He lifted his face to the sky, soaring there, taking her with him while the water splashed around their bodies.

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"You're swearing," Rachael whispered. There was laughter in her voice. She kissed his shoulder, moved her hips in the rhythm of his, allowing the little aftershocks to ride over both of them.

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"You do that to me, Rachael. I think you're going to give me a heart attack. I could make love to you a hundred times a day." He lowered her gently until she was standing waist deep in water, leaning into his body, his arms enfolding her close. "I'm losing my staying power, have you noticed?"

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Her soft laughter tightened every cell in his body, washed over him like clean rain. "I thought that was me."

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A crash in the bushes near the embankment alerted them that they weren't alone. Rio whirled to face the danger, putting his body between Rachael and the wildly thrashing shrubbery. Two small cats tumbled out into the open, Fritz sliding down the muddy bank and landing in the water almost at their feet. Rachael's hand, on the small of Rio's back, felt the tension drain out of him.

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Fritz howled as he pulled himself out of the water, spitting and hissing at Franz. The other male cat clearly laughed, waiting beneath the ferns until Fritz shook off the wet fur. Franz pounced a second time, leaping on his brother and rolling him back down the embankment. They tumbled together in a wild frenzy of fur and claws, making more noises than Rachael had ever heard a cat make.

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She burst out laughing and hugged Rio around his narrow waist. "They're like a couple of kids."

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He shoved his hand through his mass of silky black hair. "I know." He sounded totally exasperated. "I can't do a thing with them."

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That made her laugh all the more. "You have no idea how incredibly sexy I find you." She kissed his chin. "I'm going to swim while I still have the chance. The rain is going to start up again any minute."

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"It is raining."

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“That’s just mist. Look at the rainbow!” She pointed overhead and dove beneath the surface, a flash of bare skin and black silky hair.

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He shook his head as he watched her swim away, then turned to look at the two clouded leopards pouncing on one another like leapfrogs. There was no stopping the young cats when they wanted to play rough. He waded through the water to the flat rock where he often lay to soak up the sun. It was always humid and hot, but the spray of water from the fall misted over him, keeping him cool. His gaze strayed to Rachael as she swam in the pool, her bare skin pale in the clear blue of the water.

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Rachael rose up under the waterfall, lifting her head to allow the water to cascade over her face. She pushed back the heavy fall of her hair and smiled with the sheer joy of being alive. The water was an amazing shade of blue, the white mist hovering above in the canopy like fluffy clouds. Twilight was falling, a soft gray sky that brought out the bats, wheeling and dipping as they darted for insects over the water. She glanced across the small pool toward Rio. He was stretched out full-length on a large gray slab of rock, his vivid green gaze fixed on her intently.

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“I love this place, Rio. Do you come here often?”

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“When I want a good long soak and a lazy swim.” He didn’t lift his head, just watched her standing waist deep in the water looking like a tempting water nymph. “There aren’t any leeches in the water here, so it’s safe to swim.”

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Rachael smiled at Rio and began wading toward him. Birds lifted up into the air from the branches of several trees around them, wings fluttering strongly, filling the air with a humming noise. She froze in midstride, looking up toward the airborne flock. Her heart began to pound. She looked across the water at Rio. He was no longer lying lazily but crouched on the rock, all senses alert. He signaled to her without looking at her, moving his hand in a semicircle.

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Rachael glanced at the two small clouded leopards lying partially hidden in the overgrown fern. Sleepy from their rough-and-tumble play, the two had been drowsing in the shelter of the fronds; now they were as alert as Rio, mouths open wide, ears up, scenting the air. She forced her body to move, heading in the direction Rio signaled. He wanted her out of the water and into deeper cover immediately. The forest sentinels were on the alert. A hunter had moved into their realm.

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Rio’s arm swept around her. “It’s all right. We knew this was coming. It’s important for him to spot you.” He brushed a kiss across her temple. “Just not until you get clothes on. We left a fairly clear trail leading to the small hut Tama and Kim and I put up for you. You’ll look like a native woman trying to make it on your own.”

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Rachael leaned into him for comfort. Rio’s arm tightened. “We don’t have to do it this way,sestrilla. If you’re afraid, we can find another way to let him see you.”

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She shook her head decisively. “No. I want to be the bait. Armando has held my life over Elijah for so long, it feels good to be able to do something positive. I don’t care if it is acting like a ninny in a native hut to put on a show for Armando’s spy. It makes me feel empowered against that horrible monster. He destroyed Elijah, and he used me to do it.”

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He nuzzled her ear, all the while walking her out of the water and into the shelter of the trees. “We shift here, Rachael. Armando’s spy can’t see you as a leopard. We have to give him a wide berth and get you back to the hut. We don’t want him coming across your scent as a leopard and identifying you as a shifter. Let him see you from a distance in human form. I’ll be covering you. If he makes a wrong move, I’ll kill him.”

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She winced over his bluntness. That was so like Rio. “You’re certain he’s alone, it’s just the spy and not my uncle?”

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“Listen to the animals. It’s the leopard, and he’s heading toward the hut.”

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She let her breath out. “What about Fritz and Franz? You’ll have to make certain they stay away. I don’t want them to get hurt. You know they’ll follow you wherever you go.”

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“Don’t worry, we’ve hunted many times together. This will work, Rachael. Your uncle has too big an ego to just let his leopard handle it. If he thinks he can kill you under Elijah’s nose, that’s what he’ll choose to do.”

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“Don’t worry about me. I’ll admit to being afraid, but in a positive way. I finally feel useful to Elijah.” She turned her face into his shoulder and rubbed affectionately in the way of the big cats. “I’ll be fine.”

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“He may try to grab you to bring you to your uncle, but I doubt it. I’m counting on this being a scouting trip, just to confirm your presence. Be alert anyway, Rachael, just in case I’m wrong.”

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He stepped up onto the embankment and pulled her up with him so they were nearly hidden in the thick brush. He was already shifting, his fur brushing her bare skin as he did so. That always amazed her, the miracle of change. It seemed incredible that she could plunge her hands into the fur of a leopard, even more incredible that she could stroke its back and rub its ears. In spite of the very real danger from her uncle, Rachael smiled happily as she allowed the change to take hold of her.

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The trip through the forest was much longer, slinking carefully along the path leading away from their home. A small hut had been erected in a particularly thick grove of trees. The trunks were thinner and the trees closer together. Rio wanted to make certain a marksman would have a difficult time shooting through the trees. If Armando’s hit man wanted to kill Rachael, he would have to do it up close and personal. He would have to use his leopard form to attack her.

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Rachael stayed close to Rio as they moved through the trees, making certain to show the gibbons and birds they weren’t hunting. They didn’t

want the intruder alerted to their presence as they wound their way through the trees and brush to the three-sided hut. The fourth side was open and sheltered by the overhead canopy and thatched roof. It was the type of travelers' hut often used by the tribesmen as they moved from place to place.

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Rachael's clothes were already stashed in the hut and she hastily shifted to pull them on. Rio remained in his leopard form, his unblinking, watchful gaze fixed on her as she tugged on her jeans and pulled on a shirt. She smiled at him, leaned down and brushed a kiss on top of the leopard's head. "Be safe, Rio. Keep Elijah safe for me." Her heart was pounding, she knew her leopard could hear it, could smell her fear, just as she could taste it in her mouth. When the big cat rubbed up against her leg she wrapped her arm around the thick neck. "Don't underestimate him. Armando Lospostos is a monster. You can't forget that, not even for a moment."

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Rio wanted to shift, just for a moment and hold her in his arms to comfort and reassure her, but he didn't dare. The forest had come alive with news. Her uncle had done the unexpected, arriving with his large contingent of men along with his leopard spy. Armando was taking no chances of missing his opportunity. He sent the spy from his hunting camp already being established a few miles upriver. Rio hoped Elijah was listening to the chatter of the creatures as well as their human allies as they carried the news up and down the river and through the trees.

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Rio rubbed against Rachael's body in a long caress one last time before leaping into the low-hanging branches of a tree near the open side of the hut. She looked alone and vulnerable. It was just the way she was supposed to look, but damn it all, it still twisted at his heart. He disappeared into the thick foliage, knowing she couldn't see him, hoping she would feel him close. If the spy leopard made a move against her instead of just confirming her presence, Rio had no doubt he would have to make a kill.

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It took the leopard a day and night of searching to find Rachael's little hut. She lay alone in the bed, her heart pounding, breathing deep, fighting off the wild side of her nature, trying to be a lamb to lure in the monster that had ruined their lives. She ate alone, did endless, useless chores, found busywork. She went so far as to begin a semblance of a garden, replanting herbs closer to the hut. All the while she felt Rio close to her. She never saw him, but she knew he was there and it warmed her. She was unafraid for her own safety. She trusted Rio, knew his capabilities.

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Rachael was in the small garden when she heard the first whisper of unease among the birds in the canopy above her home. The flutter of wings as some took flight. The trilling of alarm as sentinels sounded a warning. She pretended not to hear, drawing on the skills she'd acquired over the years to appear calm and relaxed in the face of every crisis. The leopard spy was stalking her. The monkeys reported his movements as he neared her little hut. The animal was casting for signs of Elijah, of a trap for Armando. All he was going to find was Rachael attempting to make a home in a travelers' hut.

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She stood up and smelled him. The wild, feral scent of the intruder creeping up on her. She felt the impact of his gaze as he watched her, excitement taking him. The knowledge that he could take her life, that she was alone, an easy target for a predator such as a leopard. The leopard was certain she didn't have the gift. Armando had assured him she was not a shifter, tied to the human form and not worthy of life. Although she couldn't see him, she could almost feel how his body shook with eagerness for the kill. The hair on the back of her neck stood up. Goose bumps rose on her skin. A chill slid down her spine.

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Rachael hummed softly to herself, deliberately walked to the nearest tree trunk laden with perfumed orchids and cut several to place on the wooden slab that served as her table. She stayed outdoors within striking distance, knowing Rio had his rifle trained on the leopard at all times. She went inside her little hut and casually arranged the flowers. Her legs were beginning to turn to rubber so she sat on one of the stumps and stared out into the beauty of the forest, attempting to look at ease with her surroundings.

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To her astonishment Tama and Kim arrived with four of their tribesmen, talking and gesturing as they asked for water. Kim winked at her. It was the only way to ensure the spy leopard didn't try to grab her and carry her back to Armando's camp. He could give Armando reassurance Rachael was alone and Elijah was nowhere near her, but they would have to return to the hut a second time in order to capture her. Even so, she felt the leopard's presence for most of the night. The tribesmen settled down around her, talking long into the night, giving her the courtesy of the hut but successfully preventing the spy from making a move against her. It seemed forever before the feeling of danger passed. She remained still, waiting, wanting to curl up in a little ball and cry with relief.

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Rio arrived at dawn, dragging her into his arms, raining kisses over her face. Elijah was with him, real and solid, hugging her hard, telling her how brave she was.

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"Did it work? Did he go back to Armando and tell him I was living here alone and you didn't know about it?" Rachael's voice was muffled against Rio's shirt. She inhaled him, touched him, needing to feel his enormous strength when she felt so fragile.

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"It worked, Rachael," Elijah assured. "He went back to Armando like the good little spy and reported everything he saw."

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"I felt how eager he was to kill me," she said. "I don't know what he would have done if Kim and Tama hadn't shown up."

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"I did too," Rio acknowledged. "He was in my sights the entire time. He never had a chance,sestrilla. "

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"Now what do we do?" Rachael asked.

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"Tama and Kim are going to escort you to their village. You'll be safe with them. Armando will send his men back here to the hut and they'll find it empty. They'll stake it out thinking you'll come back. In the meantime,

we have to get rid of his big-game hunters. It looks as if Armando instructed them to bag him a leopard. He knows he can't take Elijah at his camp with all the guards there, but he believes Elijah is shifting at night and hunting for signs of you."

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Elijah grinned at her. His gaze remained flat and cold. "It's like him to bring in professional hunters. He couldn't very well tell them I'm a shifter. That would take away one of his big secrets."

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"The hunters staked out a goat hoping to draw in a leopard. There aren't supposed to be any big leopards in these parts, only the clouded leopard and the smaller cats. We don't want to take the chance on any other leopard prowling around getting killed. We sent out the word, but we can't be too careful."

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"Four big-game hunters?" Rachael echoed. "You mean men who hunt big cats for a living? That's like Armando. I should have guessed he'd do that."

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Elijah touched her shoulder gently. "I knew he would. We're prepared for it. You'll be safe with Tama and Kim."

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"Don't you think the leopard spy will come back to watch me? I should be here, where he can give his little daily reports to Armando."

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"He would never be able to resist killing you," Rio said. "You felt him, his need for the kill. We can't risk it again." Rio caught her face between his hands. "I will not risk you. He's dangerous, and I have to help Elijah with the hunters. We can't afford them at our backs. In any case, Armando would send his men here to grab you. You have to go where it's safe."

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At once her heart leapt. Rio could do that with a touch, with a look. Rachael forced a smile when she met his gaze. "You know what you're asking of me, don't you? I had to stand by and watch Armando ruin Elijah's life, torture and torment him over me. He used me to hurt my brother. He can't take you both from me. I would never survive it. You both have to come back to me." She didn't look at her brother, but her voice was choked with tears. "Elijah is going to try to sacrifice himself because he thinks there can be no redemption. Rio, you have to find a way to bring him safely back."

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Rio brushed her mouth with his. "You promised to marry me,sestrilla. My beloved one. We need Elijah to give you to me in a proper ceremony. You can be very sure I'll bring him back."

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"Thank you." Rachael went with the tribesmen. She only looked back once, and both Elijah and Rio were watching her until she was out of sight.

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The two men looked at one another, stripped hastily, and without a word shifted into their animal forms. It was time to go hunting.

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The first night Rio and Elijah took the first hunter. He was lying in the blind, his eye glued to his scope, his finger on the trigger of his rifle. Below him, on the forest floor, a small goat cried out in fear. Rio knew

the spy leopard walked close, a lookout for the hunters, but they were already inside the hunter's trap, high in the canopy watching.

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The second night the spy leopard was waiting in the trees above their kill. His yellow eyes glittered with menace, with a promise of retaliation. They had made him look bad, a creature who felt superior to those he worked with, and he had failed in his job. He didn't want to fail a second time. It was Elijah who made the second kill right under the spy leopard's nose, slipping down into the blind and dispatching the second hunter where he lay in wait.

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The leopard discovered the kill on one of his sweeps of the area and went berserk, roaring with rage, promising retaliation. He raced through the forest in the direction of Rachael's small, deserted hut. Rio was grateful she was long gone. The leopard was in a killing mood and wanted desperately to rip something or someone to shreds. Rio followed at a much more leisurely pace, letting the intruder expend energy. He watched from a distance as the shape-shifter ripped apart the small, makeshift hut. He was so enraged, he tore furniture into small sticks and smashed the little bowl of orchids.

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Rio gave him no warning, no room to fight, leaping on him from the roof above, teeth sinking deep and hanging on while the leopard rolled and clawed and raked at him. Rio spent most of his life in the forest, most of his life running through the trees both in human and in animal form. The spy leopard had left his normal life for the city and the promise of power and money. He wasn't nearly as fast or as ruthless. Rio accorded the body the respect of his kind, burning it to a fine ash and scattering the remains before joining Elijah.

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The third hunter was taken at dusk on the third day, and this time they waited until the last of the professionals realized what happened and hurried away from the scene of death. Elijah padded after the lone hunter, a grim elation spreading through him. The hunter had finally conceded defeat and was stumbling back to camp, horrified at the loss of his friends. He clutched his gun to him as if that single item could save him from the terrors of the darkened forest. The man winced when he heard the low moan of the clouded leopards. He ran when he heard the grunting cough answering the smaller cousins. He burst into the heavily armed camp, clothes torn, parasites on his body and his friends' blood on his clothes.

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Armando reacted in his typical fashion. Aggressive, furious that his plans were thwarted and not in the least listening to the hunter's account of his nightmare hunt. Elijah had witnessed the scene many times in the past and knew his uncle was quite capable of erupting into extreme violence. His men knew it too, looking at one another uneasily as the lone hunter tried to explain his failure. Even in the high humidity, the heat of the forest, Armando wore his usual turtleneck sweater, stretched tight over his chest. It was his trademark, that soft expensive shirt that screamed of money and power. He was sweating, but his ego would never allow him to remove it. The leopard curled its lip in a silent snarl of contempt—of hatred.

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“What the hell are you talking about?” Armando snapped, fingering his gun continually as a threat. His face twisted with black anger. “I hired four big-game hunters. What’s so damned hard about capturing a leopard? You’re being paid enough money not to care whether I want the thing alive or dead. Throw a net on it. Wound it. I don’t care how you do it. Tranquilize it. Do I have to think for you? If you fail me after the money I’m paying you, you aren’t walking out of this forest alive and I can guarantee that. There are four of you and one of him. It can’t be that difficult. So get the hell out of my sight and do your damned job.”

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The man stepped back, this time careful to keep his rifle in front of him, ready to bring it up if he were forced to defend himself. “You aren’t listening to me, sir.” He glanced warily at the bodyguards, all armed to the teeth. “There aren’t four of us. The leopard killed Bob the first night. He just ignored the goat we staked out and went straight to the blind. We left Bob there to lure him in, all of us up in the trees with scopes. He took out Leonard the second night. Craig went last night. Whatever that thing is, he’s a man killer. He’s as cunning as hell. He didn’t even eat them, it was as if he was playing with us all.”

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Armando swore as he jumped to his feet. The hunter stepped back, gave way immediately. “I don’t like any of this. If Rachael isn’t back at that hut tomorrow we get out of here. All of us are going to pay her a little visit.” When the hunter started toward his tent, Armando caught his arm and jerked him around. “Not you. You have a job to do. You took the money, go get the leopard. Get out of here.”

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Elijah crouched in the tree, hidden in the foliage overlooking the camp watching the last of the professional hunters reluctantly leave the safety of the site. He waited with endless patience, knowing the rhythm of the hunting camps. Talk died down when the mosquitoes came. Men slapped at the insects, tempers rising. The rain began, a steady downpour increasing everyone’s misery. They were essentially city men, only the four hunters were professionals and now three of the four were dead. That put a pall over the campsite. Men disappeared into tents, leaving only the guards at the perimeters. All of them tried to shelter beneath trees. None paid attention to the branches above them. Still he waited, patient. Leopards were always patient. He didn’t mind the insects or the rain. This was his world and they were the intruders. He settled down to wait, to get the rhythm of the camp and the men in it.

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It was important to go in quietly, get the deed done and get out unseen. The camp was heavily armed. Elijah didn’t want a bloodbath here in the forest. They didn’t want an investigation. This had to be a stealthy, silent assassination. He crouched there in the bushes not ten feet from one of the sentries and watched his uncle. The light from the lamp illuminated the inside of the tent. One side remained open to give Armando a wide sweep of the area with his gun. And the gun was never more than an inch from his fingertips. One by one the lamps were turned out so that darkness settled over the camp.

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The wind blew. The rain fell. Elijah waited until the guards began to grow sleepy. The leopard suddenly came to life. Elijah crept closer, using the freeze-frame, slow motion stalk of the skilled leopard. His focused

gaze never left Armando moving around in his tent, gun inches from his fingers. Demon incarnate. Murderer. Every dark deed Armando had committed against his family raged in Elijah’s soul. He slipped passed the first guard. The man looked right at him twice and never saw the leopard slinking into the camp.

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A man emerged from his tent and stumbled to a nearby tree. He nearly stepped on the leopard, missing the creature by no more than a few inches. Elijah crept forward out of the man’s path, gaining another yard. Armando went to the entrance and swept the area for the hundredth time, uneasy with the way the night felt. The rifle was cradled in his arms, snug against his chest. Elijah didn’t take his eyes off his target, lying hidden in the small shrubbery only a few yards from the tent.

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Armando turned his back and the leopard crept forward in silence, moving like fluid over the uneven ground, paws cushioning the heavy body so there was no noise. Only the steady sound of the rain. Elijah paused at the entrance to the tent, careful to stay in the shadow where the light spilling from the lamp couldn’t reach him. His gaze settled on his target, his muscles bunched, coiled tight until he was a living spring. He felt the power rush through him, over him.

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As if sensing danger, Armando turned back, half lifting the rifle, his eyes searching the night frantically. The leopard hit him hard, driving him backward, teeth sinking into the throat. The powerful jaws crunched down hard in a crushing blow, but the teeth hit metal, not flesh. Elijah tried to power through the protective barrier, bringing up claws to rake at the exposed belly. The same coating of metal covered the soft parts of the body.

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Armando had gone over backward, landing hard on the ground, dropping his rifle in the process. The jaws clamped harder, crushing his throat, cutting off all air in spite of his hidden armor. The knife, hidden up his sleeve, sprang into his hand, and he plunged it into the leopard’s side repeatedly. The leopard hung on grimly, the yellow-green eyes boring into him. Armando thrashed wildly, but no sound emerged from his laboring throat.

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A guard, alerted by the darker shadows, rushed to the opening of the tent, rifle to his shoulder. A second leopard dropped from the tree above, taking him to the ground in a stranglehold. It was done in absolute silence. Rio shook the man one last time to insure he couldn’t possibly raise an alarm. He dragged the carcass inside the tent and doused the lamp, plunging the tent into darkness so there would be no shadows to give away the life-and-death struggle between the two combatants.

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Rio partially shifted, catching Armando’s wrist and twisting to rid him of the knife. He was already dying, black venomous hatred congealed in his eyes as he stared at the face of his nephew, into the eyes of the leopard that slowly crushed his airway, cutting off precious oxygen.

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Elijah lay gripping the throat, his sides heaving and slick with blood. Rio nosed him, pushed at him in an effort to get him up and moving before they were discovered. Rio shifted into his human form. “He’s gone, Elijah.

He’s dead.” Just to be certain Rio checked the man’s pulse. “You’re losing too much blood, come on, let’s get out of here. Go for the branches just outside the tent.”

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Elijah couldn’t believe the monster was dead. He stared dumbly at Armando, at the open, glassy eyes and knew he looked on the face of evil. There was pain, but it was distant and far away. He pawed clumsily at the shirt, ripping the material to expose the meshed braided steel plate beneath it.

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“Elijah, we don’t have much time.” Rio caught the large male around the neck and tried to pull the head around, away from the monster lying crushed and beaten. “You’re losing too much blood. You aren’t going to survive if we don’t get out of here now.” When the leopard remained standing over Armando’s body, Rio changed tactics. “Rachael’s waiting, Elijah. She’s afraid for us. Let’s get home to her.”

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The leopard lifted his muzzle and looked at Rio with sad eyes. Despair was there. Confusion. A deep, deep sorrow. Rio touched the furred head again. “You’re free. Both of you are free. Your life belongs to you now.” Rio shifted shape, taking his animal form, leading the way out of the darkened tent. Leading the way back to Rachael. Back to life.

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Twenty

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There was music playing. Rio hadn’t heard anything other than tribalmusic in so long he’d forgotten how beautiful it could be. There was the powerful scent of flowers, orchid blossoms bursting out all over. All over the trees, in the hair of the women. And there were people. There seemed to be people standing everywhere he looked. He’d never been around so many people, not in years.

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“You’re a bit pale there, brother.” Elijah stole up behind him in his silent way, still favoring his right side. It had taken Tama and Kim’s father to save his life. He was still recovering from the severe wounds inflicted by Armando. “You aren’t going to faint or anything, are you?”

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Rio glared at him. “Who the hell are all these people? Where’d they come from? Don’t they have homes or something?”

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“Rachael said you were going to be a big baby over this,” Elijah said. He pulled a twig from a tree and put the end in his mouth, his strong teeth chewing on the green stem.

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“Your seven stab wounds aren’t going to keep me from kicking your butt if you call me that again.”

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“Twelve,” Elijah corrected. “It’s true five weren’t that deep, but still . . .”

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Rio scowled at him. “A little bit of overkill, don’t you think? Letting that son of a bitch stab you twelve times? You could have gotten the same amount of sympathy with just three or four times.”

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Elijah nodded, straight-faced. “True, but the story isn’t as good in the retelling.”

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“Well, the number’s probably going to grow with the retelling anyway so you could have saved yourself a bit of trouble and a hell of a lot of stitches,” Rio pointed out.

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“I didn’t think of that.”

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“How are your teeth?”

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“Still in my head, but they hurt like hell. Don’t talk about my teeth.” Elijah groaned, “I think they’re still loose.”

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“You wouldn’t be such a pretty boy without all those teeth,” Rio observed. “It might not be such a loss.” He slapped his palm against his leg. “Where the hell is she? I should have had Conner or Joshua stand guard and keep her from running away. Are you sure she’s here?” His chest was tight and his lungs screamed for air. He ran his finger around his collar to loosen it.

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“She’s here. She looks beautiful.”

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The burning in his lungs lessened, and Rio could breathe again. “Don’t look at me like that. I want to do this, it’s just that all these people are a little too close.”

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Elijah grinned at him. “I hate to admit it, but I feel the same way and I’m always surrounded by people, by my crew.” He waved his hand toward the surrounding trees, wincing as his body protested. “It’s different here. I feel different here.”

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“This forest has a way of doing that, Elijah, although maybe with Armando finally dead, you’re beginning to feel the relief.”

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“It hasn’t begun to sink in yet. At this point I’m telling myself every few minutes I don’t have to look over my shoulder. It doesn’t seem real. I don’t know if it ever will. I’ve watched every word I’ve ever said and made certain I was absolutely alone so he couldn’t do to anyone else what he did to Rachael. Frankly, I don’t know how to act.”

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Rio touched the man’s shoulder briefly. Elijah wasn’t a man to encourage physical contact or sympathy or compassion. “It will come with time.”

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“I’m sure you’re right.”

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Rio suddenly stiffened, looking past Elijah. Rachael’s brother turned to see an elderly man and a young boy of about twelve walking toward them. He recognized the older man. “What’s wrong, Rio?” Elijah shifted slightly to put his body between Rio and the newcomers.

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“You don’t have to do that, Elijah,” Rio stepped in front of him. “I appreciate that your protection would extend to me, but I’m perfectly

capable of defending myself. Relax, you're at a wedding. All you have to do is give me the bride."

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Elijah's shrug was casual, but there was nothing casual about his eyes. Alert. Suspicious. A mixture of cold ice and hot flame. He looked every bit as ruthless and merciless as he was reputed to be. There was a sudden silence in the trees where monkeys had been chattering to one another. Several birds took flight.

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Rio nudged him. "Give it a rest, Elijah, you're going to scare the guests."

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"I thought you wanted less people around," Elijah murmured, but managed a small nod when the elderly man and young boy reached them.

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"Elder Delgrotto, this is a surprise," Rio greeted. "You've met Elijah."

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"Not formally." Peter Delgrotto bowed slightly. "This is my grandson, Paul." The older man dropped his hand on the boy's head. "He is much better thanks to you, Rio. I've come to perform the ceremony, of course. I spoke with Shaman Pang and explained it would be better if one of the high council performed the binding as it is customary in our lair."

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Rio just stood there, staring blankly. "I thought you had resigned, Elder."

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"It seems my resignation was not accepted."

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"And the council knows you've offered to marry us? To perform the ceremony outside the circle of the lair?" Rio was shocked and it showed.

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"I must perform the ceremony," Delgrotto said. "Your Rachael is one of us, and your successful mating is essential for the good of the lair. Look around you, Rio. Every member of your unit is here, with the exception of Drake, and he would be here if he could. Those with families brought them. Others have come to support you. Nearly half of the lair is here. That should tell you something."

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Rio wasn't certain what the attendance record was supposed to tell him, but he wasn't going to rain on the elder's parade. He knew what it must have cost Delgrotto to go up against the council. There was always a penalty of some kind. He didn't want to throw the old man's gesture of peace back in his face. "It's an honor to have you, Elder. Tell me how Drake is doing." Rio knew Drake would have moved heaven and earth to stand up for him, but he was locked away in a hospital with one of their surgeons.

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Delgrotto looked grim. "Our kind heal fast under most circumstances, but the leg was shattered, the bone in fragments. They operated of course and used steel pins and bolts to hold it all together. You know what that means to him."

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Rio turned away, swore under his breath. "Is that what he wanted? Was that his choice? He could have had it removed."

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Delgrotto shook his head. “Drake’s a strong man. He’ll find a way to get past this. Who is standing for you in his place?”

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“Joshua. I’ll go see Drake as soon as possible.”

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“That would be wise. Is Maggie with Rachael? I see that Brandt is here.”

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“Yes, Maggie offered to help her get ready. Maggie’s the first female shifter Rachael’s had the opportunity to meet, so I thought it would be good for her to make a friend on our wedding day.”

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“It was a good idea,” Delgrotto agreed. “Everyone is assembling, Rio, you should take your place in the circle of the lair.”

□□□

Elijah had slipped away to go to his sister. Rio looked around him at the large gathering of tribesmen. Tama and Kim’s people. Scattered among them were his own people, drawing closer, members of his lair. He had to look away. He hadn’t known they would come. He had never imagined they would share this day with him. His team would be there, men who stood with him to guard the forest and do the things needed to protect one another, but not so many of the others. He didn’t know what to think or feel.

□□□

A murmur went through the circle and they opened a path. His breath stopped in his lungs. His heart ceased to beat. He could only stare at her. Rachael walking toward him on Elijah’s arm. Rio’s world narrowed. Everyone disappeared. There was only Rachael coming to him. She wore some lacy dress that alternately clung and flowed as if alive, enhancing every feminine curve. Her hair spilled around her face and down to her shoulders in a cascade of black silk. A crown of flowers circled her head. She looked a vision out of a fairy tale. Not for him. Never for him. For a moment his vision blurred. All for him.

□□□

She lifted her head and her gaze met his. Struck him hard. Pierced his skin and went straight to his heart. He knew they belonged, knew it with every cell in his body. Rachael could make him so angry he wanted to break off branches and throw them like the apes. Rachael could make him laugh over anything. Rachael could make his body come alive with just a look or a touch. Rachael could make him feel like a poet or a warrior, and she could steal the breath from his body at the mere thought of losing her.

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Rachael wanted to weep with happiness. Rio was standing there waiting for her, looking like the god of the forest. She loved everything about him. She said his name softly to herself, amazed at how he had wound himself so tightly into her heart and mind. She had come to the forest with such a grim future, but Rio had changed all that. He had given her a gift more precious than all the money in the world. He’d given her himself.

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Rio felt Elijah place her hand in his, felt his fingers close around hers. Hard. Tight. A lifeline. He drew her to him, beneath the protection of his shoulder, into the shelter of his heart. Rachael tilted her head to look up at him, her black eyes laughing, soft with love. He leaned down, his lips brushing her skin. “You did this. You gave me this. You changed

my entire life, Rachael.” He whispered the words, meaning them. Astonished by them. How could one person, one woman, have made such a difference?
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She touched his face, her fingertips moving intimately over every feature. “And you changed mine, Rio.”
□□□
Delgrotto cleared his throat to draw their attention to him. He began the ceremony of joining. “The circle of life continues. The lair grows stronger with the joining of these two. No couple stands alone. The lair protects the safety of our mated pairs so that the circle of life continues and the lair grows ever stronger . . .”
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□吁栀椀狒 椀狒 愀 明褧嫲欀 褧昀 昀椀振琀椀褧济□ 一愀洵攀狒□ 振栀愀嫲愀振琀攀嫲狒□ 澺氈愀振攀狒□ 愀济搀 椀济振椀搀攀济琀狒 愀嫲攀 攀椀琀栀攀嫲 琀栀攀 澺嫲褧搀甄振琀 褧昀琀栀攀 愀甄琀栀褧嫲□猰 椀洵愀最椀济愀琀椀褧济 褧嫲 愀嫲攀 甄狒攀搀 昀椀振琀椀琀椀褧甄狒氈碉□ 愀济搀 愀济碉 嫲攀狒攀洵戀氈愀济振攀 琀褧 愀振琀甄愀氈 澺攀嫲狒褧济狒□ 氈椀瘀椀济最 褧嫲 搀攀愀搀□ 戀甄狒椀济攀狒狒 攀狒琀愀戀氈椀狒栀洵攀济琀狒□ 攀瘀攀济琀狒 褧嫲氈褧振愀氈攀狒 椀狒 攀济琀椀嫲攀氈碉 振褧椀济振椀搀攀济琀愀氈□□□

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